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The
Keepsake

Per 27cs d. $\frac{462}{1851}$.



London.

W. H. Mort.

The Virgin Mary with the Christ Child
by *Antonio Canova*

THE

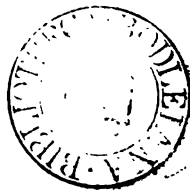
KEEPSAKE



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THE
K E E P S A K E
1851.

EDITED BY
MISS POWER.

WITH BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED ENGRAVINGS,
FROM
DRAWINGS BY THE FIRST ARTISTS,
ENGRAVED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF
MR. FREDERICK A. HEATH.

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MRS. ARDY.

CALDER CAMPBELL. LE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN.

HENRY F. CHORLEY. BARRY CORNWALL.

MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

E. M. F. G.

MRS. S. C. HALL. CHARLES HITCHINGS.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

AUTHOR OF "MELTON DE MOWBRAY," ETC.

DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE. LORD JOHN MANNERS.

THE HON. JULIA A. MAYNARD.

NICHOLAS MICHELL. R. MONCKTON MILNES.

GEORGINA P. MUNRO.

MARIA NORRIS. MRS. W. P. O'NEILL.

MISS POWER. P*. A PSEUDO-PHILOSOPHER.

MRS. ROMER.

MRS. SHIPTON. ALBERT SMITH.

ALFRED TENNYSON. W. M. THACKERAY. ADA TREVANION.

ELIZA WALKER. ELIZABETH YOU'ATT.

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The Keepsake.

ON THE PORTRAITS OF
THE PRINCESS MARIE OF BADEN,
MARCHIONESS OF DOUGLAS,
AND THE EARL OF ANGUS.

BY HENRY F. CHORLEY.

PRISONED in towns, I look, as in a dream
Without the cruel yearning slumber brings,
On the fair shows of foreign lake and stream,
And grasp the joy of their forbidden things.

Dwelling alone, without embittered mind
That hates to see companionship more blest,
In stranger homes society I find,
And in the sunshine of their life, my rest.

Thus thrall'd—in solitude—I am not all
From human love and company exiled.
'Tis no mere picture mute upon the wall
I sing in this bright Lady and her Child :

But an old truth from Nature's gospel clear,
Saying to hearts by care in prison bound,—
"Earth is no waste, while angels still appear ;
Life not accurs'd, while their sweet voices sound."

B

BEATRICE CENCI AND POPE CLEMENT VIII. *

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

CLEMENT.

WHO art thou ? and what art thou ?

BEATRICE.

What I am

I dare not utter, holy father ! Tears
The bitterest ever shed from sleepless eye
Announce me : none so wretched ! none so lost !

CLEMENT.

Thy name ?

BEATRICE.

'Tis Beatrice.

CLEMENT.

Thy surname ?

BEATRICE.

Was . . .

CLEMENT.

Speak, thou sobbing fool ! Then speak will I.
Cenci. No doubt thou gladly wouldst forget
Thy father's name ; it burns into thy soul ;
Thou canst not shake it off, thou canst not quench it.
Thou, ere thou camest hither, didst forget
Thou wert his child. What wouldst thou urge thereon ?

* The true history of Cenci, by Adionello, is greatly more pathetic than Shelley's noble tragedy. Throughout my dramatic scene the horrible is kept in deep obscurity ; the merit, if there is any in it, is this. .

BEATRICE.

Never did I forget he was my father ;
He did forget . . forget . . I was his child.

CLEMENT.

Passionate tears drop from unholy lids
More often than from holy. The best men
May chide their children ; may dislike ; may hate . . .

BEATRICE.

Oh, had he hated me !

CLEMENT.

Perverse ! perverse !
Bold interrupter of my speech, vouchsafed
To lead thee from the wandering of thy thoughts.
I would have said, where daughters are untoward,
Chiefly where they are wanton, sires may hate.

BEATRICE.

Urge not that fault, O holy father ! spare it !

CLEMENT.

I thought so. I *will* spare it. There are more.
Not only hast thou with that little hand
Transfixt the breast which cherisht thee . . Ay, shriek !
Stamp, spread the floor as 'twere with yellow straw . .
Here are no youths to gather that fine gold,
And treasure it, and gloat on it unseen.
Not only hast thou done so, but hast torn
Thy ancient house from its foundation. Crime,
Like lightning, at one stroke pierces the roof
And penetrates the obscurest stone below.
Ay, writhe, groan, beat thy bosom, dim the light
Of those vain ringlets with those tears as vain ;
All, all, shall not avail thee.

BEATRICE.

Nought avail'd
They all, nor ever can avail me now.

CLEMENT.

I said it. But thy house must suffer shame,
Which timely full confession may avert.

BEATRICE.

Alas ! alas ! no, holy father ! no,
But darken it for ever. Save a branch
From the sad rot that eats into it ; bid
My sister live, my brother be absolved.

CLEMENT.

Thou fearest an impeachment of thy guilt
From kindred tongues.

BEATRICE.

Fear is too weak to reach
An agony like mine. I once did fear,
And when that fear was over, courage came
With heavenly power ; courage that showed the tomb,
But not dishonour opening it.

CLEMENT.

Again ?

Maniac ! again ? Well shriekest thou *dishonour*,
And turnest (what none ever did before)
Thy back on me. Shame, shame, thou insolent !
I have no patience with a wench so wild,
So wicked . . setting this last scorn aside . .
Enough that I have heard thee ; to forgive
Were impious.

BEATRICE.

Yet the Son of God besought
The Father to forgive his murderers.

CLEMENT.

Darest thou utter the word *Father*, wretch ?

BEATRICE.

Yes, yes, *that* Father ; and *that* Father hears :
That Father knows my innocence.

CLEMENT.

He knows it,
And I, and all the city. What then brought thee
Before this footstool, at our throne of grace ?
For pardon ? pardon of a parricide ?
And opens not the earth beneath thy feet !

BEATRICE.

The earth, O holy Father ! opened not
Beneath the cross, beneath man's impious feet,
When God's own Son was murdered.

CLEMENT.

And thy tongue
Can speak of murder ?

BEATRICE.

Could it were I guilty ?
Ah ! for that death none grieves so bitterly
As I do. Gone ! gone ! O unhappy man,
With all his sins upon his head . . the last,
Worst, unrepented.

CLEMENT.

Thou shalt have good time
For *thy* repentance of one worse than all . .
Parricide.

BEATRICE.

Holy father ! say not so !
It tortures me.

CLEMENT.

Worse tortures there await
Thy dainty limbs.

BEATRICE.

Worse tortures they have caused
Already than man's wrath can now inflict.

CLEMENT.

We shall see that, thou murderous miscreant !

BEATRICE.

Spare, holy father ! spare reproachful words.

CLEMENT.

Audacious ! vengeance, not reproach, is mine.
Justice, God's justice, I pronounce against thee.

BEATRICE.

Ah ! be it but God's justice ! be it His,
And there is mercy ; else what soul could live ?

CLEMENT.

Simpleton ! here none argues. When I speak,
I breathe God's spirit and proclaim His law.

BEATRICE.

Forgive an inadvertence in a girl
Who hath not graspt the flowers of fifteen springs,
Nor held sweet converse with the riper age
Of girls two fingers higher, nor learnt the ways
Of courtly life ; but ever bent the head
O'er breviary, and closed the gayer leaves
Left open to engage her, which had taught
Perhaps some better customs than appear'd.

CLEMENT (*pondering abstractedly*).

An inadvertence peradventure yea,
Never a parricide . . Peace ! peace ! Within
These walls unseemly are such ecstasies.

BEATRICE.

Pity me, blessed Virgin ! pity me !
 There is none other careth for my grief,
 Thou carest for all sorrowers. Hear me, hear me,
 In my last anguish.

CLEMENT.

This is not thy last.
 Halts and pulleys may uplift those arms
 Again, which thou upliftest impiously
 To the most blessed. Hope from her is none
 Before confession of thy heinous crime.
 I, I myself will hear it (out of grace
 To that nobility thy father bore)
 And may remit, in part, the penalty.
 Confess, thou obstinate !

BEATRICE.

I will not bear
 False witness . . no, not even against myself . .
 For God will also hear it.

CLEMENT.

Get thee gone,
 Parricide ! hie thee from my sight. The rack
 Awaits thee.

BEATRICE.

Holy father ! I have borne
 That rack already which tears filial love
 From love parental. Is there worse behind ?

CLEMENT.

Questionest thou God's image upon earth ?

BEATRICE.

Sire ! I have questioned God himself, and askt
 How long shall innocence remain unheard ?

CLEMENT.

Say thou art guilty, and thy bonds are loose.

BEATRICE.

Oh, holy father ! guilty I am not.

CLEMENT.

Die in thy sin then . . unrepentant, curst !

BEATRICE.

My sins are washt away, not by the blood
Of him whose name to utter were opprobrious,
But by His blood who gives you power to rule
And me to suffer.

God ! Thy will be done !

February 24th.

THE EARLY CALLED.

BY MRS. W. P. O'NEILL.

. . . . "Wohl dir ! köstlich ist dein Schlummer."

SCHILLER.

Oh, weep not when thou lay'st the sod upon the young child's
breast ;

Oh, weep not when on morning's wings a spirit flies to rest !
With heart unsear'd, and brow unsunned, better to soar away,
Than struggle through the burthen and the travail of the day.

Because it has not lived to faint beneath the glare of noon,
Ah, say not that the early flower was gather'd hence too soon !
Because it has not stay'd to hear the evening's plaintive sigh,
Ah, say not, in thy selfishness, it was too young to die !

The blossom that is early pluck'd escapes the mid-day storm,
Which, in its fiery haste, perchance had stripped its fragile
form.

The early-gather'd flower goes hence in all its dewy bloom,
Before its blush has faded with long yearnings for the tomb.

How many a young, high heart, in its first agony, hath said—
"Would that I had in infancy been gather'd to the dead !
Then should I ne'er have tasted of this wearing woe which now
'Graves heavy furrows on my heart, though none are on my
brow !

“Then should my soul have ne’er been crush’d, as it is crush’d
to-day;
Nor haunted by a fatal dream that will not pass away!
Then should I ne’er have known the pain of forcing smiles to
hide
The inward pang! Oh, would that I in infancy had died!”

Yet, God of mercy! oh, forgive that wild, rebellious cry,
Which madly lifts itself against Thy dealings, O Most High!
Forgive the bursting heart, in this its hour of fierce despair,
And pour the oil of comfort on the waters raging there!

But thou that mourn’st beside the couch, where sleeps thy early
dead,
Remove the tear-drops from thine eye—the ashes from thine
head;
Remember all the agonies to which the flesh is born,
And think of all that is escaped by those who die at morn!

A REMINISCENCE OF ST. CLOUD.

AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE.

BY MRS. ROMER.

"Yes ; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither Heaven nor man grieve at the mercy."

Midsummer-Night's Dream.

SINCE the destinies of France have been once more confided to the custody of a Buonaparte, everything connected with that family has acquired a revived interest ; and anecdotes that had lain *perdus* for years are again brought to light, and invested with more than their original attraction. The following incident, in which the mother of the President of the French Republic, the graceful and captivating Hortense, played so prominent a part, is among the most interesting episodes that have been registered in the early annals of the Empire.

One morning in the month of June, 1804, a young girl, whose dress and demeanour showed that she came of gentle blood, presented herself to the officer of the guard on duty at the gate of St. Cloud. The beauty of her person, the extreme agitation visible in her manner, and her unprotected situation, were calculated to excite surprise, if not suspicion ; but there was a modesty in her whole deportment, and an earnestness in her tone, that silenced unworthy thoughts, and at once commanded respect. She eagerly inquired of the officer the road to the château ; and upon being told that it was before her, she asked, with emotion, if she could speak with the Emperor. The officer

advised her to address herself to the *concierge*, and pointed out to her the way to the entrance-hall, whither she hastily repaired. A portly menial, in the Imperial livery, was seated there.

"Monsieur," said she, in a low and timid voice, "I wish to speak to the Emperor."

"Have you a *lettre d'audience*, mademoiselle?" he inquired. She had none, and she told him so.

"Then I regret to tell you that your request is inadmissible."

The young lady earnestly asked of him how she could procure a *lettre d'audience*; but, without listening to her, the self-important official turned away and resumed his seat. In a moment afterwards, perceiving that she was still there, he desired that she would retire, as it was forbidden for any one to remain in the court of the château.

"But I must see the Emperor before I go," persisted the young girl, in accents of distress. "For the love of Heaven, monsieur, do not drive me away!"

"Bah!" he exclaimed. "If I allowed all those to remain who desire to speak with the Emperor, I should have the court full of people from morning till night. Retire then, I repeat, mademoiselle, or I shall be obliged to have you turned out by force."

The young lady burst into tears of mingled grief and indignation. "Driven out by force!" she exclaimed: "and must I be subjected to such a degradation?" And sinking under the consciousness of her inability to compete with the insolent threat of the *concierge*, her courage was fast abandoning her, when she perceived one of the Imperial gentlemen-ushers approaching, and, rushing up to him, she implored him to listen to her. Touched by her tears and the deep distress of her manner, he immediately paused, and asked what he could do for her.

"Monsieur," she exclaimed, "in the name of pity I implore you to procure me an interview with the Emperor!"

"The Emperor has been absent since the morning on a hunting-party, and will not return before evening," was the reply. "But what do you wish from him?"

"What do I wish!" she ejaculated, as though astonished that her sufferings and her wishes were not known to all the world. "Alas! monsieur, are you not aware that I come to ask for the pardon of my father, General Lajolais, who has been condemned to death by the Emperor?"

"Poor child!" exclaimed the gentleman-usher, in accents of the deepest commiseration, and brushing a tear from his eye: "but, unfortunately, the Emperor is not here."

"Well, then, conduct me to the Empress, or to the Princess Louis Buonaparte." For, recalling to mind the eulogiums she had heard bestowed upon the Empress's daughter, a sudden inspiration seemed to direct her hopes to that quarter.

"Follow me," said the gentleman-usher, deeply moved by what he had heard.

Mademoiselle Lajolais hastened after her conductor as though she feared that the momentary protection he had accorded to her would be withdrawn, or that she would be too late to save her father's life if she hesitated a moment. Her feet scarcely seemed to touch the ground; the appearance of fatigue which had previously been visible in her person, disappeared as though by enchantment. Poor girl!—a glimmering of hope had revived all her energies; the slightest check would have as speedily thrown her into despair.

The usher stopped at the entrance of a small saloon, the walls of which were hung with green damask; and directing the attention of Mademoiselle Lajolais to a young lady whose back was turned to the door, and who was intently occupied in examining some rare flowers placed upon a stand, he whispered

in her ear, "That is the Princess Hortense; speak to her without fear. She is goodness personified." And having said this, he retired.

Marie Lajolais stood motionless where he had left her: the throbbings of her heart caused her to gasp for breath. A cold or haughty reception, an evasive answer, a harsh word, would have annihilated her; for she felt that her strength was exhausted, and that, unless encouraged by a compassionating voice, all would be lost. Trembling and speechless with emotion, she remained transfixed to the spot, her eyes following every movement of the Princess, whose flexible and graceful form, and beautiful fair hair, bound up *à la Grecque*, were all that she could discern. After a time, seeing that no attention was paid to her, Marie ventured to pronounce the word "Madame"——

At the sound of that low tremulous voice the Princess turned round, and to her surprise beheld a young girl bathed in tears standing before her.

"Who and what are you?" she asked, with that kindness that captivated all hearts.

"I am the daughter of General Lajolais," replied Marie, sobbing convulsively.

"Poor young creature!" said the Princess, compassionately; "and what can I do for you?"

"Enable me to speak to the Emperor, madame."

"Impossible, my poor child!" rejoined Hortense, seeking to soften by the inflexion of her voice the bitterness of a refusal.

"Oh, say not that it is impossible!" exclaimed Marie. "If you knew all that I have endured in order to seek your presence, you would take pity on me — you would not blast my hopes by such a word!"

"Alas! I must speak the truth," pursued Hortense. "The

Emperor is filled with indignation against the authors of this conspiracy."

"God help me! And yet I cannot believe my father to be guilty; for if I did, all my courage would abandon me. No, no! he is not guilty!"

Hortense, taking her hand, drew her towards the sofa, and compelled her to be seated. Encouraged by the kindness of her manner, the young girl resumed her mournful appeal, and detailed all the heart-rending circumstances which had thrown her into her present melancholy position.

"Figure to yourself, madame," she said, "the agony felt by my mother and myself when we heard of the conspiracy, and were told that my father was implicated in it;—and then, when he was condemned to death! I know not how it was that that dreadful intelligence did not kill us both. But greater sufferings were still in store for us. One morning, just as we had arisen, the door of our chamber was burst open, and a number of *gens d'arme* entering desired us to follow them. Without allowing us to ask a single question, they hurried us into a carriage, in which we were carried away from Strasburg, and which, after travelling night and day, stopped at the gate of a prison. Poor, dear mother! We were, at least, not separated then; and that was a consolation. But no! they would not allow us to remain together, and notwithstanding my cries, my struggles, and my prayers, they tore me from my mother's arms; and while they shut her up within the prison walls, I was cast forth fainting at the door. For a moment I believed that I was dying; but when my senses returned, I thought of God, and prayed Him to give me strength and courage to drag myself to the Emperor's feet. It seemed to me, that if I could only see him, my father's life would be saved—and now, you tell me that it is impossible! Alas! is there no hope for me? Is all over, indeed?"

"Calm yourself," said the Princess, whose own tears flowed at the simple and touching recital of this young creature's sorrows. "We will see what can be done. But first you must take some refreshment, for you look worn out with fatigue and suffering."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Lajolais, "I feel neither hunger, nor fatigue, nor exhaustion. I feel but one thing—that my Mother is in prison, and that my Father is condemned to death!"

There was something so heart-rending in the look and voice of Mademoiselle Lajolais, as she pronounced these words, that the Princess, hastily rising, said, "Wait for me here; I will go for my mother, and we will consult together on the best means of obtaining for you an interview with the Emperor."

"Who wishes to see the Emperor?" inquired a soft voice; and suddenly the Empress Josephine entered.

"Mamma," exclaimed Hortense, running towards her mother, and drawing Marie after her, "this is Mademoiselle Lajolais."

"The daughter of the man who would have assassinated my husband!" said Josephine.

Marie buried her face in her hands.

"She is not responsible for the acts of another," pleaded Hortense. "If you only knew how much she is to be pitied—how much she has suffered!"

"God alone knows that!" said Marie, in a tone of such profound conviction as to rivet the Empress's attention.

"Who brought you hither, mademoiselle?" inquired Josephine.

"Nobody, mamma," hastily interposed Hortense; "she came alone."

"So young, and alone!" exclaimed the Empress, in a pitying voice.

"Yes, alone!" exclaimed Marie, in an agony of grief. "And if through your intercession I cannot obtain mercy for my father from the Emperor, I shall soon be alone in the world — alone for ever!"

"We will never abandon you," said the Empress and her daughter in the same breath.

"I believe you both to be full of goodness and pity for me. But what, oh God! can replace a mother's love?"

The Empress was visibly affected, but still she hesitated; for Buonaparte had so often enjoined her to spare him such scenes, that she feared to disobey him.

"We must first see what can be done," she said, "and then Mademoiselle Lajolais can return here."

"And when?"

"To-morrow, or the day after. I must have time to prepare Buonaparte for this new appeal to his mercy."

"But between this and then, mamma," said the Princess, "her father will perhaps be executed."

The Empress reflected for a moment; then, perceiving the agony of anxiety portrayed in the pale and expressive countenance of Mademoiselle Lajolais, she said to her daughter, "You must keep this young person here with you. But let no one see her; for if Buonaparte suspected what we are about, all our efforts might be defeated. To-morrow we can see what further can be done."

Accordingly the Princess Hortense conducted Mademoiselle Lajolais into her private apartment, and kept her concealed there the whole of that day and the following night.

* * * * *

Nine o'clock struck, and the gallery of the Palace of St. Cloud, through which the Emperor was obliged to pass in order

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to reach the council-chamber, began by degrees to fill. On either side were ranged the persons composing the Imperial household, the military officers in the Emperor's suite, individuals who had come to solicit favours, and others to present petitions. Amidst the crowd two ladies were conspicuous: the one for her beauty, the elegance of her dress, and the gracious manner with which she received the respectful salutations of all those who passed near her; and the other one for her extreme youth, the death-like paleness which imparted an unearthly expression to her lovely features, and the profusion of beautiful fair hair, which fell in wavy masses over her shoulders.

"Courage," whispered the former to the latter; "I will not leave you." And she pressed her young companion's hand with tender interest. The melancholy eyes of the young girl were fixed gratefully upon her for a moment, and then turned anxiously towards the door through which the Emperor was expected to enter. Her whole soul seemed to have taken refuge in that look, and to have left the rest of her frame motionless and inanimate as that of a statue.

And thus two hours passed—two hours of watchful, agonising expectation; and during those two hours neither one nor the other of those young women had moved.

The youngest, with her eyes rivetted upon the closed door, felt as though the breath of life depended upon its opening. The elder one, absorbed in anxious contemplation of her companion, seemed to be conscious only of her presence there. The deepest silence reigned throughout the gallery, and nothing was to be heard but the irregular respiration of the crowd of expectants.

Eleven o'clock struck, the folding-doors were thrown open, and a gentleman-usher announced the Emperor. Several persons then entered together.

"Which is the Emperor?" inquired Marie with the greatest anxiety.

"The only person who keeps his hat on," replied the Princess.

Mademoiselle Lajolais waited not to hear more; in the crowd that surrounded her she beheld but one person, and rushing forward, she flung herself at the feet of him who had been pointed out to her, and, with her clasped hands upraised to heaven, exclaimed, "Pardon! pardon!"

The Emperor, thus suddenly arrested in his progress, knit his brows, and exclaimed angrily, "What, again! I thought that I had forbidden the recurrence of such scenes as these!" And crossing his arms upon his breast with an air of decision, he would have passed on, but the young girl—to whom grief and the sacredness of the cause she pleaded had imparted an energy beyond her years—clung to his knees. "Hear me, Sire!" she exclaimed. "In the name of your mother, I adjure you to hear me! In the name of your father, I implore of you to show mercy to mine! It is for my father I plead. He has been led away—deluded—seduced by others: but he is not guilty! Oh! Sire, you hold his life—my life—in your hands. Have pity upon an unfortunate child, who supplicates for the life of her father! One word! one word, Sire! Mercy!—pity!—pardon!"

"Let me go on, mademoiselle," said the Emperor, endeavouring somewhat roughly to extricate himself from her grasp.

But rendered desperate by her grief, Mademoiselle Lajolais, still clinging to him, was dragged for some paces along the marble pavement of the gallery, shrieking in agony, "Pardon for my father, Sire! Mercy!"

There was something so heart-rending in that young voice,

imploring for the life of a parent, that the Emperor, touched in spite of himself, paused and cast his eyes upon the youthful suppliant.

Mademoiselle Lajolais was naturally very lovely; but at that moment there was something almost superhuman in her beauty. Pale as death, her long fair hair streaming over her shoulders, her large blue eyes raised, with an expression of passionate grief, towards him upon whose breath hung the fiat of life or death for one so beloved, her small white hands clasped with the energy of despair, she knelt at the Emperor's feet, breathless, voiceless, tearless, exhausted by the intensity of her emotions.

"Are you not Mademoiselle Lajolais?" asked the Emperor.

Unable to reply, Marie grasped his hand and pressed it convulsively.

"Are you not aware," he continued, with severity, "that this is the second time your father has been guilty of treason against the State?"

"I know it, Sire," replied Mademoiselle Lajolais, ingenuously; "but the first time he was not guilty."

"But this time, *he is!*" replied Buonaparte.

"And therefore it is your mercy that I implore," rejoined Marie. "Grant him your pardon, or you will see me die at your feet!"

The agonised expression of her countenance, the death-like paleness that overspread those fair young features, spoke more eloquently of her feelings than the words she had uttered. Unable to surmount the emotion that was fast gaining upon him, the Emperor stooped down, and said, "Rise, mademoiselle; the pardon you ask of me is granted!" And disengaging his hands from her grasp, he passed rapidly on.

The sudden transition from grief to joy was more than the

tender heart of Mademoiselle Lajolais could support. As those blessed words of mercy reached her ear, she fell heavily forward, and lay senseless upon the marble pavement of the gallery.

Two hours later, Mademoiselle Lajolais was on the road from St. Cloud to Paris; but this time not alone, or on foot, but in the Empress's carriage, and accompanied by one of her chamberlains. Arrived at the prison gate, one word only escaped her lips—"Quick!—quick!" And scarcely had the bolts of General Lajolais's cell been drawn back, when, rushing forward, she fell upon her father's neck, exclaiming, "Father—the Emperor—your life—pardon!" But she could say no more; her voice became lost in hysterical cries, and each word, as she attempted to utter it, died away in convulsive sobs.

For an instant the General believed that the supreme moment had arrived, that they had come to conduct him to death, and that his daughter had cheated the vigilance of her guardians, and had braved all to bid him a last farewell.

But the persons who accompanied Marie soon undeceived him; and perceiving that her agitation deprived her of the power of speech, one of them said to him, "The Emperor has granted your pardon, General; and you owe your life to the courage and tenderness of your daughter." And then, with an emotion he in vain endeavoured to control, he related to General Lajolais all that his child had done for him. And oh! how did that moment repay her for all that she had previously suffered! The desperate anguish of the past was forgotten as her father strained her to his heart, covered her face with kisses and tears, and called her his child, his preserver, his providence!

When their first transports were a little calmed, Marie thought of her mother; but the excellent Princess Hortense had not forgotten her. Through her intercession, the pardon

of Madame Lajolais, who had been condemned to transportation, was obtained, and she was restored to liberty and to her husband and daughter. It was then, and only then, that the happiness of Mademoiselle Lajolais was complete: we will not attempt to describe it. God, in His goodness, vouchsafes such ineffable moments to his elect, as a foretaste of the holier joys reserved for them in a better world.

STANZAS.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

WHAT time I wasted youthful hours,
One of the shining wingèd powers
Show'd me vast cliffs, with crowns of towers.

As towards that gracious light I bow'd,
They seem'd high palaces and proud,
Hid now and then with sliding cloud.

He said, "The labour is not small;
Yet winds the pathway free to all:—
Take care thou dost not fear to fall!"



T. C. Le Roy

at 1783

Madame de Pompadour

DRESSED FOR THE BALL.

BY THE HONOURABLE JULIA A. MAYNARD.

GLANVIL.

WELL, niece, you are array'd becomingly !

SIR CUTHBERT.

A strange admission that for one like you,
Who feign to scorn all attributes of grace,—
A very woman-hater, to my thought.

LADY TREVELYAN.

Nay, Cuthbert, he hath eyes, and ears, and sense.

SIR CUTHBERT.

And you have beauty, which you know full well,
Yet can ape modesty all actress-like.

LADY TREVELYAN.

I'm not a fool. These mirrors are most true.
I know what pleasing vision fills them oft.
Others are beautiful, and so am I.
Although fair looks are doubtful boons at best,
Oft leave a thorn behind, though rare the rose.

GLANVIL.

You moralise ! strange time for sober mood !

Those waxen features must put on the smile
That hides what barrenness the heart contains.
Are you unhappy, then ?

LADY TREVELYAN.

Oh, by no means !
I glory in my dress, my taste, my gauds.
I have a will to dazzle butterflies
Who flutter round with flattery of speech.

GLANVIL.

A dangerous game ! the would-be biter finds
Herself how oft the victim and the dupe.

SIR CUTHBERT.

You love dark views of things.

GLANVIL.

I love plain truth !
Few worship more ! Though simulated much,
Plain truth's how oft a hag all swart and grim,
Who wins hard kicks for dealing harder stuff.
Go, tread the velvet stair of royalty,
Oh, pamper'd pair in purple of fine woof,
Nor heed that others starve, blaspheme, and die
For lack of that you give not your lapdogs.
Go where a host of youths of sinew firm,
Whom nature made for labour, troop along
Perfum'd and slothful, full of airs and spleen,
Fast drivelling down to things beneath contempt !

LADY TREVELYAN.

In faith, your strictures on our harmless mirth
Are quite reviving—seasonable too,
When one would look one's best, and conquest gain.

GLANVIL.

Conquer your vanity : take my advice,
Upon that fatal rock are thousands lost.

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT.

The carriage waits, Sir Cuthbert.

SIR CUTHBERT.

"Tis the time ;

We've had enow of moralizing cant,
Enow to fill three tracts of average trash.

LADY TREVELYAN.

Which well diluted would a sermon form.

GLANVIL.

Good night ; I wish to both of you success,
A sweeter temper, and a better heart.

[They go out different ways.]

MY FRIEND GRAHAM.

BY MRS. ABDY.

A PRETTY, elegantly-dressed girl, was sitting alone in a handsome drawing-room ; she looked somewhat grave and troubled ; and although books, musical instruments, and materials for work and writing were within her immediate reach, she sat listless and unoccupied. Yet Annabel Falkner's countenance was not formed by nature to express depression, still less peevishness ; nor was listlessness of mind or body at all among her usual characteristics. At present, however, she was somewhat in the state of the heroine of Mrs. Norton's lively ballad of "Fanny Grey," who had been long "waiting with her bonnet on" for the appearance of a dilatory lover. Annabel's intended had promised to accompany her aunt and herself to a picture gallery ; two hours had elapsed since the appointed time, nor was this by any means his first transgression.

Annabel Falkner was an heiress, and although turned of one-and-twenty, was not in possession of her property ; her father chose to entertain a different opinion from the laws of the country as to the precise period wherein a young lady attains the years of discretion, and had willed that Annabel should not take possession of her fortune till she was twenty-five years of age, unless she married in the intervening time, with the consent of both her guardians. These gentlemen were very like the guardians usually met with in real life, and very unlike those depicted in plays and novels ; they neither wished

to embezzle their ward's property, nor to gain her affections, nor to lock her up till she had consented to marry a suitor of their own choosing. They were honest, straight-forward men, who were perfectly willing to resign their temporary power into the hands of a husband, if Annabel fixed on one who was likely to do credit to her choice. When Annabel, however, informed them that she wished to accept the addresses of the lively, thoughtless Vere, they could not thoroughly approve of her decision. They held a private colloquy with Mrs. Sherwin, the aunt of Annabel, who had come to reside with her on the death of her father. The aunt, like the niece, had been pleased and dazzled by the handsome person, easy temper, and agreeable manners of Vere; but she readily agreed with the guardians, that he appeared of a light, versatile disposition, deficient in stability, and of no very high measure of intellect. Vere also was, in worldly parlance, a match far beneath that which Annabel might reasonably be expected to command; but his father, who made him a liberal allowance, had promised to transfer to him, when he married, an estate of tolerable value: and, on the whole, the guardians were willing to allow that Annabel might do worse. At the same time, they were desirous of giving her an opportunity of doing better, and therefore promised to consent to the marriage at the end of a year, if each of the parties remained in the same mind. Neither were to consider themselves affianced, and Vere was to be allowed unlimited access to the home of his beloved, her aunt especially agreeing never to chill him with an icy welcome, nor to look at her watch while he remained in the room. Annabel was particularly grateful for these concessions of the seniors; but they were men of the world, and knew that lovers, like pastry-cooks' apprentices, are apt to be surfeited by an unlimited profusion of sweets.

“Twas in the month of dark December” when this implied

engagement was entered into by Annabel and Vere; and the cold, gloomy winter which followed, was to them a scene of perpetual sunshine; and the leafless garden of the square, in which they frequently walked, was considered by them as being rather an improvement on the Valley of Cashmere! This delusion continued all through the east winds of March; but in April, when London was rapidly filling with gay company, Vere began to think that it would be pleasant to vary his amusements a little; and that, although it was unquestionably very delightful to walk with Annabel, read aloud to her, turn over her music-book, and escort her aunt and herself to sober concerts and scientific lectures, it might be well to associate occasionally with his former friends, and allow boat-races, cricket-matches, balls, and operas, to occupy, as of yore, a part of his days and nights.

About this time, Vere was introduced to the O'Connors, a fascinating Irish family, consisting of a hospitable father, a kind-hearted mother, three animated daughters, and two spirited sons. The house was a remarkably pleasant one, constantly full of entertaining society; visitors dropped in at luncheon and dinner-time, and found places at a table which appeared to be gifted with elastic powers to accommodate everybody. *Tableaux vivans*, acted charades, carpet dances, and music of every style, age, and nation, were provided for the evening guests. Vere was a great favourite with the family; he had a good address, a good person, was an unwearied dancer, and an agreeable singer; and insensibly he got into the habit of passing a great deal of his time with them.

Let not my readers, however, imagine that Vere for a moment faltered in his faith towards Annabel Falkner; not even the slightest outwork of his heart was touched by the combined attractions of the three Misses O'Connor; to him they were mere pleasant acquaintance, and nothing more. The

eldest, who was very handsome, was engaged to be married to a wealthy young Irish baronet. The second was good-natured, lively, and clever, but remarkably plain. The third had more than the beauty of her eldest sister, and more than the cleverness of her second; but she had so insufferable a fluency of speech, so alarming a readiness of repartee, that, although her chair was always surrounded by men, they listened to her witticisms just as they would have listened to those of Beatrice in "Much Ado about Nothing," or Constance in the "Love Chase." All men delighted in her keen and brilliant repartees, but no solitary man was bold enough to wish to secure to himself a companion for life who would, in every discussion, be certain not only of having the last word, but the wittiest.

On the morning in question, Vere, when he entered the drawing-room of the O'Connors, found them busily engaged in a still more exciting employment than that of devising charades for acting; they were planning private theatricals, and Vere was eagerly seized upon as a fitting member of the *corps dramatique*. The play was to be chosen, and the characters were to be cast. This, as may well be surmised, was not the work of five minutes; and Vere was absolutely astonished, when the discussion came to an end, to find that he should not be able to fulfil his appointment with Annabel till at least two hours after the time that had been fixed. To add to his troubles, the day, that had hitherto been so fine and brilliant, had suddenly become dark and gloomy; it would not be a day for visiting a picture-gallery.

Vere entered the drawing-room of his ladye-love with an embarrassed air. Annabel received him coldly, and her aunt somewhat proudly: the former, after uttering a few words, turned to the window, and watched the rain-drops descending the panes; and the latter sarcastically expressed a hope "that he had not hurried himself."

Vere was greatly perplexed for a plausible excuse. Annabel was ignorant even of the existence of the O'Connors, and he wished her to remain so, considering that his great intimacy in that quarter would hardly meet her approbation. He had repeatedly alleged various excuses for his want of punctuality in appointments: he had a horse to purchase for his father, greenhouse plants to order for his aunt, or books to select for his uncle; while a tribe of country cousins, as exigent as those in Mathews's song, harassed him with all sorts of commissions, from "a mummy dug up by Belzoni," to "a skein of white worsted at Flint's!" All these affectionate offices of relationship were now, however, fairly worn out, and Vere almost felt reduced to the necessity of telling "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

A pause ensued, only broken by the pattering of the rain-drops against the window-pane, and the cracked voice of a ballad-singer in the street, setting forth in most lugubrious tones that

" Blythe and merry were they a'
When they gat on their breast-knots."

At length, Annabel spoke. "I trust you have been pleasantly engaged," she said.

At this moment, the Genius of Invention suggested to Vere what he considered as a very happy idea. "No engagement can be pleasurable that keeps me from you," he said, "but I have been performing a duty; I have been sitting with an invalid friend, and reading to him. He has few visitors, and was very unwilling to part from me."

Annabel's countenance cleared. "I am sorry for your friend's illness," she said; "is he one of those of whom I have heard you speak?"

Vere knew that it would not be safe to affix a serious illness on any actual and tangible man, who might be proved to have

been at that very moment cantering about the parks in rude health; so he replied that his friend's name was Graham, and, in answer to subsequent questions, stated that he had first known him at college, and that he had just come up to London for medical advice.

Vere's first experiment in deception was very successful. Annabel and Mrs. Sherwin immediately resumed their former manner to him; he passed the rest of the day with them, and Annabel looked, sang, and conversed more charmingly than ever.

Vere determined after this day to make unsparing use of his friend Graham. He was more than ever with the O'Connors—the private theatricals requiring many rehearsals; and it was therefore convenient to define Graham's disorder as “a nervous, low fever, which rendered him wretched to be left alone.”

At length, the kind-hearted Mrs. Sherwin volunteered a personal visit to the poor invalid. “At her age,” she remarked, “she might show a little attention to a young man, with safety; especially when he was the intimate friend of one likely to be soon connected with her family; and she very much wished to persuade Mr. Graham to consult Dr. Willis Moseley, who had given advice to thirty thousand nervous patients, and did not know of forty uncured: she would put the Doctor's pamphlet in her pocket, and read it to Mr. Graham on her very first visit.”

Vere saw that it would not be good policy to let Graham linger any longer under the influence of nervous depression; he therefore cured him quite as effectually, and far more quickly, than Dr. Willis Moseley could have done. The spirits suddenly acquired tone and elasticity, and nothing now was wanting to complete the recovery of Graham but frequent little excursions into the country, in which Vere had promised to accompany him.

Vere's *penchant* for the O'Connor family was by no means confined to the daughters of the house. The youngest son, Gerald O'Connor, was a remarkably lively, agreeable young man, and Vere frequently accompanied him to races and reviews, all of which consumed so much time, that it was quite necessary to have an excuse at hand for his frequent engagements. Vere now considered his friend Graham as an unfailing refuge in every difficulty. He felt all the triumph of Frankenstein, in creating a man: but he had no apprehension that his creation, like that of Frankenstein, would ever acquire strength and power to haunt and torment him. Graham could be as easily summoned, dismissed, and re-summoned, as any shade that ever glided forth from the recesses of a magic-lantern.

Annabel, however, began to be somewhat displeased at Vere's devotion to his friend; and as she possessed much spirit as well as sweetness of temper, she was not disposed to "pine in thought," but determined to give Vere some insight into her feelings on the subject.

"Your friend, Mr. Graham," she remarked, "must have singular recommendations, else you would scarcely devote so much of your time to him."

Vere responded that Graham was "a capital fellow,"—a favourite phrase with young men when eulogising a friend, but scarcely of sufficiently definite meaning to satisfy the inquiring spirit of Annabel.

"Is he of literary tastes?" she inquired. "Has he great powers of conversation?"

"Very great, indeed," replied Vere, who thought that there was no occasion to be niggardly in heaping perfections on his phantom friend.

"And as he is your chosen friend," pursued Annabel, "there is little need to inquire whether he bears a perfectly correct and irreproachable character."

Vere replied (which was perfectly true), that he had never heard even a whisper to the contrary.

"Do not suppose," said Annabel, "that I am asking these questions from idle curiosity. My aunt, yesterday, kindly suggested to me, that it might be equally pleasant to you and to ourselves if you introduced Mr. Graham to us. We should be happy to receive him as a frequent visitor, and you could then enjoy his society without depriving us of your own."

Vere was thoroughly abashed and confounded, but contrived to stammer forth something about his friend Graham's excessive dislike to society in general, and to the society of ladies in particular.

"That is not much to his credit, I think," said Annabel, "and is rather inconsistent with the great powers of conversation which you tell me he possesses. Perhaps, however, he is afflicted with our national malady of shyness?"

Vere eagerly rejoined that such was, indeed, the case, and drew a vivid comparison between his friend Graham and the unfortunate though highly-gifted Cowper. Falsehood was gradually ceasing to be a foreign language to Vere; he began to speak it as his native tongue.

It was now "the merry month of May," and Vere was engaged to accompany Annabel and Mrs. Sherwin to a flower-show in the Botanical Gardens. Annabel was becomingly dressed, and looked remarkably pretty, and Vere was the model of a handsome, spirited young lover. The pair appeared as if they had just stepped out of the frame of one of Frank Stone's pictures. The party arrived early at the gardens, inspected and admired the flowers, and then began to look round for their friends and acquaintance. Flower-shows are delightfully social meetings; you are sure to encounter a great many "familiar faces:" but there is this drawback,—you may pace up and down the broad walk, or diverge into the narrow ones, and con-

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stantly miss those individuals whom you are most anxious to greet; while "the people you don't want to see" are sure to meet you at every turn.

Vere, Annabel, and Mrs. Sherwin ascended to the top of the Mount, and found, seated on the bench there, the Misses O'Connor, guarded in the back-ground by their brothers and half-a-dozen attendant cavaliers, who had an unmistakeably "man-about-townish" air. The O'Connors, like most "fast" young ladies, had a peculiarly energetic and demonstrative way of welcoming their gentlemen friends. They started up at the approach of Vere, and greeted him with out-stretched hands and a volley of delighted exclamations, just as if they had met after the separation of years, or after immediate rescue from some imminent peril. It appeared, from their united exclamations, that Vere had not called upon them for two days; and the witty Miss O'Connor drew a lively sketch of all the dangers and disasters that they had conjured up as the probable causes of his absence. Vere, as quickly as possible, bowed himself off; but he had never felt in a more uncomfortable position.

When fairly out of sight and sound of the bevy of gay damsels, Annabel said to Vere, in a tone somewhat cold and dry, "Pray, may I inquire the name of your fair friends? Two of them are remarkably handsome."

"Do you think so?" said Vere, evading an answer to her question.

"And they also seem to have much vivacity and ease of manner," pursued Annabel. "I wonder you never mentioned them to us, since it is evident, from the tone of their remarks to you, that you are very intimate at their house."

"Pardon me," said Vere, "I know very little of them. I was introduced to them by my friend Graham, who is a prodigious favourite in their circle; and as they are lively, warm-hearted girls, they take a great interest in me as his friend;

although I believe they take a far deeper interest in his smart little tiger, "berry-brown steed," and Blenheim spaniel.

"Mr. Graham's shyness cannot be very deeply rooted," observed Mrs. Sherwin, sarcastically, "otherwise I think he could scarcely have succeeded in making himself a favourite with such very volatile young ladies as those from whom we have just parted."

"Sometimes people prefer those companions who are the reverse of themselves," said Annabel, good-naturedly.

"Perhaps so," said Mrs. Sherwin; "and if the young ladies in question could catch a little shyness, I think they would find themselves considerably improved by it. But I thought, Mr. Vere, you told us that your friend particularly disliked the society of ladies?"

Vere would have been much puzzled to parry this last thrust, but, fortunately for him, a party of Mrs. Sherwin's friends then came up and accosted her; they were on the point of leaving the gardens, and, to Vere's great relief, Mrs. Sherwin proposed that they should all quit them at the same time.

Annabel did not feel so displeased with her lover as might be supposed. She had originally pictured Graham to herself as a "learned Pundit," engrossed with books, and immersed in study, and holding the society and the acquirements of ladies in supreme contempt; but now that she had heard him spoken of as the chosen favourite of sprightly, stylish girls, it struck her that he was a kind of "Admirable Crichton," uniting brilliant and solid qualities in so remarkable a degree, that Vere felt uneasy at the thought of introducing him to her, lest, as in many other cases, a friend should assume the character of a rival. This construction of the matter was gratifying to her self-love, which, sooth to say, had received several wounds of late from her admirer's neglect; and, therefore, the unexpected *rencontre* at the flower-show was rather of service to Vere than otherwise.

He did not long, however, remain unscathed. The private theatricals of the O'Connors took place. The "Honeymoon" was the play selected. The two handsome Misses O'Connor took the parts of Juliana and Volante, and Vere looked Aranza very well, and acted about as well as amateur actors generally do. All went off as smoothly as private theatricals are sure to go off where choice refreshments are handed round between every act, and the festivities are crowned by a splendid supper.

The next morning, Vere went to call upon Annabel immediately after breakfast. It appeared to him that both Annabel and Mrs. Sherwin were cool in their manner towards him; but he knew how impossible it was that the tidings of the private theatricals could yet have reached them. Poor Vere! he did not consider that there are newspapers, and that families who give expensive entertainments are very apt to draw up an occasional account for insertion therein.

After Vere had passed nearly half an hour in vain attempts to force a conversation, Annabel quietly said, "Why have you not yet mentioned to us your brilliant success of last night? The 'Morning Post,' however, has enlightened us on that subject, and praised you more highly than you will perhaps be inclined to praise yourself."

Vere, indeed, felt not at all inclined to praise himself; but he had recourse to his usual safeguard. "Dear Annabel," he said, "I am quite vexed that you should know anything about my blundering performance. My friend Graham was to have sustained the character, and would have done it admirably, but he was seized with sudden illness; and rather than suffer the whole plan to fall to the ground, I consented to supply his place."

Annabel looked distrustfully at Vere, and immediately changed the conversation; she was quite aware that the part of Aranza could not be studied in a day. She did not, however,

suspect that Graham was an ideal being ; but she began to conjecture that Vere often used his name as a matter of convenience, to account for his own follies and inconsistencies.

Vere determined in future to be less free with the name of his friend Graham, but he was not able long to maintain his resolution. Vere had suffered Gerald O'Connor to introduce him at the house of Mrs. Emerton, a dashing widow, who, although she had done nothing absolutely to compromise her reputation, was in the habit of admitting to her parties many persons of doubtful character, and many who practised all the intricacies of high play. Mrs. Maldon, a lady intimate with Annabel and her aunt, had in early youth been the intimate friend of Mrs. Emerton, but had for some time seen fit to drop her acquaintance. Very warm friends generally, when alienated, become bitter enemies ; and Mrs. Maldon was uncommonly fond of gleaning all the scraps of information in her power respecting Mrs. Emerton's levities and indiscretions, and she possessed a correct muster-roll of all the guests who presented themselves in Mrs. Emerton's drawing-room, either spell-bound by the bright eyes of the lady of the mansion, or victimized by the scientific card-playing of her particular friends. Mrs. Maldon did not, to do her justice, wish to make mischief between lovers, but she told Mrs. Sherwin all she knew (and perhaps a little more than she knew) about the gay reception-rooms of her quondam friend, which she represented as very little inferior in atrocity to the Hall of Eblis, and concluded her graphic sketch by indignantly demanding "whether human patience could endure to hear that the suitor of a charming and amiable young heiress should be in the habit of frequenting such a scene of temptation ?"

Mrs. Sherwin, the next time Vere called, received him alone, and plainly and candidly told him what she had heard, and how highly she disapproved of his proceedings. Vere had a little

while ago resolved that he would not speedily again have recourse to his friend Graham, but keep him, like a service of gold plate, for state occasions. But he had not now any choice in the matter ; no inferior power to that of Graham could extricate him from his present embarrassing position.

"Your remarks are very just, my dear madam," he replied. "I disapprove greatly of all I see and hear at Mrs. Emerton's house ; but my friend Graham has unfortunately become entangled in her set ; he already plays deep, and is only deterred by my vigilance from playing still deeper. I feel it my duty, as a friend, to watch over and guard him."

"Considering your youth and inexperience," said Mrs. Sherwin, drily, "I think you should feel it a duty to yourself to give up the society of a friend who requires so much care and watchfulness. He cannot be deserving of the interest you take in him."

"Graham is of an enthusiastic nature," answered Vere, warming in defence of his phantom friend ; "and such persons are easily led astray."

"Doubtless," said Mrs. Sherwin, "they are often led to the very brink of ruin, and a single step forward will hurl them over the precipice."

"Very true," replied Vere, cooling rapidly, as he reflected that Graham was but a shadow, and that it was safe to lay any amount of blame to his charge. "I have for some time, my dear madam, entertained very serious thoughts of lessening my intimacy with my friend Graham ; and your kind counsel will confirm me in my resolution."

Somewhat pacified by this concession, Mrs. Sherwin said, "I have long feared that Mr. Graham was not a companion who could be beneficial to you ; and the love of cards is one of the most fatal tastes that a young man can possess. Mr. Graham I presume to be a Scotchman, from his name. He

does little credit to his country, which is so famous for the wisdom and prudence of her sons."

Vere had not the most remote idea to what country his friend belonged; but as Mrs. Sherwin thought proper to consider him of Scotch parentage, he did not see fit to contradict her, but replied, "Graham, although born in Scotland, has long been resident in England, and has imbibed, I am sorry to say, many of the follies of the young men of the present day."

Annabel then entered the room, and the conversation became general.

Vere had now received a serious alarm. He was really fond of Annabel, and knew that her fortune was far more than he had any pretensions to expect in a wife. He thought, that if he lost her merely through his intimacy with the O'Connors, for whom he cared little, and who, probably, cared still less for him, he should present an example of the fable of "the substance and the shadow," more striking than satisfactory. Fortunately for the stability of his good resolutions, the O'Connors just then removed to their seat near Dublin, from whence the eldest daughter's marriage was to take place. Vere's time was once more his own; and duty and inclination alike impelled him to devote it to Annabel. Having no further use for his friend Graham, he despatched him on a visit to a family in the country. The thought now crossed his mind, that when he was married to Annabel, she would certainly expect to see this oft-talked-of friend; but Vere had been so long in the habit of deception, that he began to verify the saying, that "practice makes perfect." He resolved, as the only way to get fairly and honourably free of the annoyance of Graham, that he would put him to death! It was now July; he would wait till September. Graham should go out on a shooting-party; and either his own gun should recoil, or that of a friend should hit him in a vital part!

While, however, Vere was laying this very plausible plan, he little thought that suspicion was already awakened in the mind of Mrs. Sherwin. When she had asked him the name and residence of the family where his friend Graham was staying, she had taken him by surprise. He had not anticipated the question, and had improvised a reply to her inquiry in so very awkward and embarrassed a manner, that, for the first time, the idea struck her that Graham was merely a visionary shade, conjured up for the convenience of Vere.

She felt angry and mortified, and determined to probe Vere with some very searching questions on the subject. Before, however, she had any opportunity of doing so, she received a letter from a very old and valued friend. Mrs. Bruce had for many years resided with her husband in their native country, Scotland; but they had lately come over to England, and purchased a pretty place in Hertfordshire. Mrs. Bruce was most anxious again to see her early friend; and the letter contained an invitation for herself and her niece.

Some time ago, neither Mrs. Sherwin nor Annabel would have thought of going to stay at a house where Vere was a stranger; but now both ladies, especially the elder, thought that he deserved a little punishment for his many acts of neglect; and when they departed on their journey, each had a strange sensation in her mind that she did not communicate to the other. Annabel thought that she did not feel the parting from Vere half so much as she should have anticipated; and Mrs. Sherwin thought that Vere was very unworthy of her niece, and reflected with great pleasure that her guardians had forbidden any direct engagement between them.

As for poor Vere, he lamented the absence of Annabel much more than he would have done a month ago. The O'Connors had departed; others of his acquaintance had left or were leaving London; and his time hung heavily on his hands. He

read novels, fed the fancy ducks in St. James's Park, attempted to write a sonnet on Separation, and practised "Do you ever think of me, love?" on the flute. Writing to Annabel would have been an excellent escape-valve for *ennui*; but her guardians, among their other stipulations, had strictly interdicted correspondence. However, Vere wrote to Mrs. Sherwin, and received a brief answer, telling him that her niece and herself were perfectly well, and highly delighted with their visit. In her letter was this remarkable sentence: "Several guests besides ourselves are staying in this house. You will be surprised to hear that Mr. Graham is among them, and is already an especial favourite with Annabel and myself."

Vere felt completely mystified. He imagined that Mrs. Sherwin had fathomed his deception, and was fighting him with his own airy weapons; feeling herself at liberty to conjure up for his torment the very phantom who had for several months caused so much uneasiness to her niece. Such, however, was only in part the case. Mrs. Sherwin certainly took a little pleasure in playing off her Mr. Graham against Vere's: but her hero had the advantage of being a tangible reality; a Mr. Graham was actually staying with the Bruces.

The day after the arrival of Mrs. Sherwin and Annabel, Mrs. Bruce mentioned that she was expecting a visitor, of the name of Graham, an amiable and highly-intelligent young man. "He is extremely clever," she added, "and has great abilities for conversation; but he is reserved, and requires encouragement to draw him out."

Annabel, when alone with Mrs. Sherwin, said, "My dear aunt, I cannot help entertaining a strong persuasion that this expected guest is the friend who has obtained so much ascendancy over Vere. I am glad of it. I am anxious, for Vere's sake, to study his character; but it will require time to do so,

and I do not wish to put him on his guard : I shall not, for several days, mention Vere's name to him."

Mrs. Sherwin encouraged Annabel in this plan, not because she believed Vere's friend Graham to be a substantial being, but because she wished to give her niece every facility in studying the character of a young man of high character and fine understanding. The more she thought of Vere's conduct, the more she was convinced that he did not feel deep, devoted affection for Annabel ; and that he who was so remiss respecting "love's bonds new made," would be little likely, in the days of wedlock, "to keep obliged faith unforfeited."

Graham arrived, and Annabel immediately began her projected study of character. Graham's character was one well worth studying ; he was deeply read in books and in human nature, and united common and uncommon sense in a manner not often to be met with in any but a Scotchman. He certainly was somewhat reserved, and so far Vere's description of him was correct ; but Annabel could not recognise in Graham the hero of the O'Connors' private theatricals, and the devotee of Mrs. Emerton's blue eyes and green card-tables. Annabel, however, persuaded herself that she must take more time to study Graham's character, before she proposed the important question which would convince him that she studied it "with a purpose." I rather think, however, that she only wished for an excuse to prolong an investigation which had imperceptibly become extremely interesting to her.

Reading characters may be a very dreary or a very delightful study. Now Annabel was so charmed with the first page of the book she was perusing, that she felt greatly inclined to turn over the next leaf. At length she asked the question, and the answer was such as might well be anticipated,—Graham had never seen or heard of Vere. Yet still Annabel continued to

converse with Graham. She said that "she liked to talk to him, because she was so particularly fond of the Scotch accent," and her reason was readily accepted by all the party; indeed, nobody had expected her to allege any reason at all for what was, in their opinion, such perfectly natural conduct.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Bruce knew of the existence of such a person as Vere. Annabel was believed to be perfectly disengaged, and Graham was becoming gradually, but deeply, attached to her. Mrs. Sherwin beheld the aspect of affairs with great complacency. She felt that it would be for Annabel's happiness that her intimacy with Vere should be broken off, and was glad to see that a source of future consolation was likely to open to her.

The aunt and niece returned to London, and Graham suddenly discovered that London must be remarkably pleasant in the summer, and that many people had averred that it was far cooler and shadier than the country. Accordingly, he arrived in London the day after his fair friends, called on them, and received an invitation to dinner on the ensuing day. Mrs. Sherwin also indited an invitation to Vere, simply requesting him to come and meet Mr. Graham. Vere did not venture to refuse the invitation; but he entered the house in fear and trembling, expecting either to see an empty chair, like that at Macbeth's banquet, placed for the visionary Graham, or else—still more likely—that a stranger might be tutored to accost him as a dear friend, even as young Wilding, in Foote's clever farce of "The Liar," is thunderstruck by a fictitious Lydia Sybthorp throwing herself into his arms, and calling upon him to welcome his dear wife; such having been the name assigned by him to a partner for life who was as much a phantom as Vere's visionary friend. His fears, however, were not realised; he was received politely, though not warmly, and

introduced to a very handsome and intelligent young man as Mr. Graham.

Soon after dinner, Mrs. Sherwin said to Graham, "Your name has long been familiar to us. Mr. Vere's most intimate friend bears the same, and is also a countryman—perhaps even a relation of yours."

Graham immediately interrogated Vere concerning the family connexions, the birth-place, and the Christian name of his friend. Vere's answers were confused and hesitating; he met the keen, clear eye of Mrs. Sherwin, and saw in a moment that he was suspected. He was absent and dispirited all the rest of the day; and Graham certainly never considered him in the light of a rival, but thought of him as an awkward young man, with very limited conversational powers, and very easily agitated nerves.

The next morning, Annabel, who appeared unable to settle to any of her usual occupations, addressed Mrs. Sherwin: "My dear aunt," she said, "I have always received so much good counsel from you, that it seems very presumptuous in me to venture to dictate to you; but I really do not think you are acting quite right in inviting Graham to the house. Although my guardians do not wish me to consider myself engaged to Vere, I feel that I cannot in honour deem that I am free. I own that, could I at the same time have become acquainted with Graham and Vere, my preference would have been given to the former; but this very conviction is an additional reason why I should not continue an acquaintance which can only end in sorrow to Graham and to myself."

"Dearest Annabel," replied her aunt, "trust to my judgment. I certainly wish you to be 'on with a new love,' but not till I shall have shown you good and sufficient reason why you should be 'off with the old.' Vere has far worse faults than

those of instability and love of pleasure; he has been pursuing a regular system of deceit towards you. He never had a friend of the name of Graham."

"My dear aunt," exclaimed Annabel, "I am certain you do him injustice. I believe his friend Graham to be a very dangerous companion for him, and I think he now begins to lament his infatuation, and appears embarrassed in speaking of his friend. He is, I fear, chained in bonds which he will not be able easily to unloosen."

"Do not give yourself the least anxiety on that account, my dear," said Mrs. Sherwin. "Depend upon it, his bonds will be as easily broken through as if they were formed of cobwebs."

"But," said Annabel, "you cannot know for a certainty that Vere has no friend of the name of Graham. Surely he has not confessed it to you?"

"No," said Mrs. Sherwin; "had he possessed candour enough to do so, I should have been more inclined to forgive him. But you shall both hear and see my proofs. You will remember that Mrs. Maldon told me that Vere was a visitor at the house of Mrs. Emerton. I wrote to the former lady, a few days ago, requesting her to ascertain if Vere's friend, Mr. Graham, had ever been on Mrs. Emerton's visiting list. In her answer, she said that Vere's constant companion had been Mr. Gerald O'Connor, and that no one of the name of Graham had ever visited at the house. She mentioned as her authority a young man, whose name I remembered to have seen in the newspapers, as one of the performers at the O'Connors' private theatricals. I again wrote to Mrs. Maldon, requesting that she would ascertain from the gentleman in question whether the principal character in the 'Honeymoon' had originally been intended for Mr. Graham. Here is her answer, which I have just received: the part was from the first allotted to Vere; the

name of Graham had never been mentioned by any of the O'Connor family in the hearing of her informant."

A pause ensued. Annabel seemed much affected.

"Now, my dear girl," said her aunt, in a cheerful tone of voice, "do not think of enacting 'Beauty in Tears;' it would be an illustration quite out of keeping with the subject in question. Fair ladies, I am aware, are very ready to make excuses for their adorers when their faults have proceeded from the excess of love: but the fault of Vere proceeded not from too much love, but too little; and you should always bear in mind that he conjured up this shadowy friend, not for the sake of getting into your society, but of getting out of it."

Annabel dried up her tears, and told Mrs. Sherwin that she requested she would act in the matter as seemed best to herself. Accordingly, Mrs. Sherwin enclosed Mrs. Maldon's two letters to Vere, accompanied with a long one from herself, in which she clearly told him that an union with Annabel was quite out of the question, after the neglect and disrespect with which he had treated her, and his repeated deviations from truth, all which were now perfectly known to her niece and herself. She recommended him to discontinue visiting at the house, without seeking another interview with Annabel; in which case, she promised secrecy in regard to his late conduct, and volunteered to tell the guardians of Annabel—what, indeed, would be strictly the truth—that their ward had, on seeing more of Vere, fully concurred in their opinion, that he was of too light and thoughtless a disposition to conduce to her happiness; and that the acquaintance was therefore, by mutual consent, broken off.

Vere was more mortified by this letter than astonished at it. He had for some time suspected that Mrs. Sherwin was in possession of his secret, and had felt himself somewhat in the

situation of a man standing on a block of ice which is gradually melting from beneath him. He had no resource but to write a few lines to Mrs. Sherwin, acknowledging his error, and entreating her "to bear his final farewell to the still loved Annabel, whose preference he had so unworthily requited, and whose unsuspecting trust he had so culpably betrayed."

Mrs. Sherwin immediately waited on the guardians of Annabel, and made her proposed communication to them. They were delighted with the turn that affairs had taken, and full of compliments to each other (and private admiration of themselves) on the very judicious course that they had adopted for the cure of a foolish attachment.

Their good-humour lasted so long, that when, some time afterwards, Annabel told them that she had received an offer from Graham, which she wished to accept, they did not subject him to any repetition of the former stipulations and embargoes. Graham, indeed, was ten years older than Vere, had a much better income; and the dignified quietness of his manner, and irreproachable correctness of his character, rendered him in every respect a more suitable match for Annabel than the first object of her choice. Their marriage took place in three months, previously to which Annabel informed Graham of every particular relating to the conduct of Vere; and although he was the very soul of truth and honour, he could not prevail upon himself to be extremely severe upon the discarded lover, who had, unintentionally, proved so great a benefactor to himself.

Vere did the wisest thing which any one can do who has entangled himself in small or great dilemmas; he travelled for a twelvemonth on the Continent. When he returned, he was quite cured of his love for Annabel, which, indeed, as my readers may have conjectured, had never been a very deep, absorbing passion of his heart.

It happened, that soon after his arrival in London he met with Annabel and her husband at a dinner-party. They accosted him kindly, and he entered into conversation with them with less embarrassment than he could have conceived possible. They invited him to pass the ensuing evening with them. Graham became much pleased with him, and discerned a great deal that was good and amiable in his character, beneath an apparently trifling manner. In a little while, Vere received a general invitation to the house of the Grahams, which was of incalculable advantage to him. They did not mix with the gay world, but they had frequent little meetings of the enlightened, the accomplished, and the excellent. Graham took great interest in improving the tastes and habits of Vere, and soon obtained that influence over him which strong minds easily obtain over weak ones.

The O'Connors have returned to London, and Mrs. Emerton still gives her weekly card-parties; but Vere has lost all inclination for intimacy in either of these houses: he prefers books and music to billiards and *écarté*; likes little social *réunions* better than balls and private theatricals; and, strange to say, the name that he used to mention in fiction he now repeats in sober truth, and when pressed to join the parties of his gay acquaintance, continually excuses himself under the plea of "a prior engagement with his friend Graham!"

THE PLEA FOR MERCY.

BY MRS. SHIPTON.

Be merciful! Poor, feeble, human ken,
May never read aright the Inner Soul,
Veiled from the curious gaze of scornful men;
Yet they who ask not, well may claim a dole
Of more than common pity. Would'st thou here
The scale of Justice balance? Go, and weigh
The Erring's fault, with every hidden tear
At midnight wept; take each dread fear, that Day
Can soothe not nor dispel—the unutter'd thought—
The sharp temptation—the unguarded hour—
The great and glorious dreams, that once were fraught
With beauty, canker'd. If thou hast this power,
And *thou* hast never err'd, judge thou this man,
This fallen brother, harshly as e'en now,
And place him 'neath a fellow-mortal's ban,
And bid him to a fellow-mortal bow.
If not—be pitiful, and gently speak,
And win the sorrowful and sinning back.
Harsh words cold hearts will harden—warm ones break;
And tears are rife enough on Life's dark track.

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Be merciful ! The day may now be nigh,
Though thy harsh judgment hath been long forgot,
When thou shalt raise *thy* shame-averted eye
And plead for pity—and yet find it not.
Oh ! will it not be grief enough to know
The bitter pangs of self-upbraiding then,
Without the wounds that harsh rebukes bestow,
And scornful glances of thy fellow-men ?
Oh, gently, gently speak ; dry thou the tear
That dims the earthward glance : there is a spell
In Love, to charm the whisperings of Despair,
Bidding sweet Hope its tale of music tell.
E'en with the froward, deal with tenderness,
And they shall live the guiding light to see ;
The lips that curse thee now, may learn to bless ;
Oh, deal with them, as thou wouldst have God deal with thee !

THE CHANCE EVIDENCE.

BY GEORGINA C. MUNRO.

MOONLIGHT was sleeping on the old walls of Ellersby, and shining through the tall windows on the polished oaken floor of a quaintly-furnished room, which had, unaltered, beheld the snows and summer-flowers of two centuries at least. In one of the deep embrasures of the windows a girl stood alone, looking forth on the distant hills and quiet hamlets, and the silvery pond, fringed by willows, which lay gleaming in the moon-rays. Through a half-open door lights were streaming brightly, and glimpses might be obtained of rich carpets, gilded mirrors, and silken couches; while the sound of gay voices came at times to the ear, in merry contrast to the loneliness which, with a happy heart's caprice, she had chosen for a time.

Very fair was the scene which she had stolen away from the gay group to gaze upon. And yet her thoughts seemed not with it, but were wandering far beyond that calm, still hour, to days and years still slumbering in the deep shadows of the future. Suddenly a quick, light step crossed the wide room, and one of the guests from the lighted saloon advanced to her side.

He was handsome; yet there was a haughtiness, a boldness, and determination in his air, and in his countenance—as far as that faint light permitted it to be seen—which indicated a spirit unwilling to yield aught which might be obtained, or draw back from any course once entered upon. But it was in his softest voice and most winning manner he now said,

"Bear with me awhile, Lady Evelyn; do not discard me utterly and at once, but pause—think—ere you cast away a heart which loves you so devotedly!"

"Nay, Sir Marmaduke," replied Evelyn, gently, "I am not changeful. I know that I can never return the affection you proffer to me, and therefore I bid you think of me no longer."

"And this," exclaimed Sir Marmaduke, impetuously, "this is the treatment I receive!—this is the reward of all my ardent and immeasurable devotion! And all because a wild dream fills your mind, and an imaginary love occupies your heart, and closes it against me!"

"You are over-bold, sir!" said Evelyn, indignantly. "This neither befits you to speak nor me to hear."

"Nay, listen to me one moment!" cried Sir Marmaduke, stepping before her, as she would have left the recess; "I may never claim your ear again—you cannot deny my words. Now will you have the portrait of the idol for whom you scorn me?"

"I need it not," replied Lady Evelyn, anger struggling with girlish timidity.

"Ay, the face and the form hang in the gallery, fairly painted to the eye. But is that all? I will tell you. He is a vain, empty-headed fop, whose whole thoughts are of himself, whose whole ambition is to be esteemed the most elegant man wherever he goes, and to possess the means of shining in the world. He expects to wed you; but it is only of your wealth and your broad lands that he thinks: and as to heart, he has none to give you, for its love is all centred in himself. Such, Lady Evelyn, is the man for whom it grieves and irritates me to see all others are to be disdained!"

"You need not concern yourself," said Evelyn, haughtily. "Lady Evelyn Derwent requires not your counsel, nor will she wed any who is not worthy of her. . . . Your pardon, sir, I can return to the saloon without attendance."

Her manner brooked no opposition ; and when Sir Marmaduke Conyers followed to the gay circle, Evelyn formed its brightest ornament, and no fleeting look betrayed a shadow on her spirit. But when silence rested in the proud halls of Ellersby, and some whose tones had wakened their glad echoes were dreaming of happy hours, and one was brooding over a disappointment he was little fitted to endure,—then the courted beauty, the wealthy heiress, sat weeping alone in her chamber, mourning over the fading of a dream in which, though it was but a dream, she had thought and lived for years, as if it were reality. For in her childhood, Lady Evelyn's father had willed that she should marry Leonard Barrington, the nephew and heir of her guardian. She had grown up in that expectation ; and though there was a strong tincture of romance in her nature, it had not tended to arouse a desire to avoid this contract, but had, on the contrary, expended itself in rendering her unknown betrothed the subject of her girlish visions. So far, perhaps, old Sir Roger Barrington's whim of keeping the young people apart had favoured his views ; for imagination can invest its idol with perfections no mere mortal ever possessed ; and such had been Evelyn's shield against the soft words and flattering professions of the suitors, whom her loveliness and her fair heritage had already drawn to Ellersby.

Thus Evelyn's life had been a dream, and Sir Marmaduke's words were the first breathed to awaken her to a recollection that her own fancy had set up the bright image, to which her heart had bowed down in worship, and that all might be even as he pictured ; and she felt that his voice had broken the spell which had surrounded her with happiness.

But Conyers was little likely to paint his rival in fair colours. So Evelyn knew ; and with the shadow of night her sadness passed away, and the morning's sun shone on a smile, which was all the more radiant for the tidings that Sir Marmaduke

duke had left Ellersby at the first gleam of day. How often are trivial events omens of the more important which are at hand! It was well for Evelyn she could not look beyond the calm, clear horizon of the present. Alas! there are but few of whom the same might not be said.

Morning and noon had fled by, and Evelyn sat looking forth on the sunny hills and waving woods, while her spaniel, crouching at her feet, with his bright eyes fixed on her face, seemed trying to read in it why she went not abroad to shine, like other fair things, in the sunlight.

"Art going to sit there all day, girl?" demanded her guardian, as he entered the room: and a better or nobler specimen of the old English country gentleman never made happiness a constant guest within his hospitable walls.

"Nay, I was just thinking that I would rather hear the free birds sing on the boughs than my captive canary in his cage."

"Ay, you're not over-anxious for captives of any kind, I know well," replied Sir Roger, with a meaning smile, which summoned the colour to Evelyn's cheek; "and I love you all the better for it. But come, pretty one, what say you to a walk with me on the terrace? My fair niece Mildred is there already, smiling on the flatteries of her courtly lover; but if you will have no better cavalier, an old man must even serve your turn."

Far through the grounds of Ellersby ran the terrace-walk, facing the west, and overlooking a wide expanse of fertile country; while on the other hand a miniature forest cast its leafy branches over the stone seats, and stretched away, shadowing for acres the broad domains of Sir Roger Barrington. And the hour was lovely as the scene; the air was full of sunshine, and the brilliant butterflies floating along looked like blossoms wafted from the trees.

Thither, then, came Sir Roger and his fair ward. No wonder the old baronet looked on her so proudly, for Evelyn



THE GARDEN

THE GARDEN

THE GARDEN

was rarely beautiful, graceful as the swans that floated on the sunlit pond, and bright as the roses that glowed in her hair, which, drawn up from the forehead over a low cushion, and falling in rich curls on each side, was suffered to retain its own hue of golden brown, instead of being disfigured by the powder usually worn by fashionable ladies of her degree. But Evelyn was a stranger to courts and courtly tastes; she had dwelt always in the country, and the frank, upright character of her worthy guardian, had had a considerable influence in the formation of her own.

"'Fore George!" said old Sir Roger, glancing, as they passed, towards the seat where Mildred Ashburn was looking coquettishly on her choice bouquet, while her betrothed, with his three-cornered hat under his arm, stood before her, paying his *devoirs* after the most courtly fashion of the old school. "'Fore George! I think that idle boy, my nephew, had better make the best of his way hither, if he would not have some of these gay gallants carrying off the prize he comes to woo."

"Perhaps he thinks she needs but little wooing," said Evelyn, drawing her slender form proudly up. "What seems secure, is often lightly valued."

Sir Roger looked uneasily on the flushed cheek of the half-indignant girl. "Nay, if he prove unworthy either of you or of his name," said he instantly, "far would it be from me to claim fulfilment of the contract. But you wrong him, Evelyn; there has been some cause detaining him, or Leonard had been ere now at Ellersby. And here, in truth, he comes, to tell his own tale," added the baronet, as a young man sprang up the broad steps of the terrace. "Welcome, Leonard! Here is a fair lady to whom I have much pleasure in presenting you. Lady Evelyn, my nephew will think his home but a cheerless one if your smile bid him not welcome."

From the first moment he beheld her, Leonard's eyes were

fixed intently on Evelyn, with mingled surprise and admiration : and all the courteous deference of his salutation lessened not the earnestness of his gaze, beneath which Evelyn coloured with embarrassment, in which, despite her lately wounded pride, pleasure bore a part. Meanwhile Sir Roger watched his fair ward keenly, to mark what impression his nephew made upon her ; and the little Fido barked furiously at the new comer, as though divining in him a dangerous rival in his mistress's favour. But there was one, whom neither guardian watched nor loving spaniel feared—a dark form lurking unobserved among the trees, and noting every look with the most malicious eagerness.

“ I have looked for you, boy, this month past,” said Sir Roger, saying what he knew Evelyn longed to do, but dared not.

“ A thousand things, I then felt important, but now see were trifles, delayed me,” stammered Leonard, “ or I should have hastened here, my dear uncle, the instant you permitted me.”

“ Hem !—a consultation with your tailor on the best-fancied cut of a sleeve, or newest mode of trimming it, I suppose,” said Sir Roger, drily, with a meaning glance at the care, amounting even to foppery, with which his nephew's handsome person was arrayed. “ I fear you will find us but dull people here, and little fit to hold such important discussions.”

Leonard coloured deeply, but his eye still lingered on Evelyn's face as he replied,—“ If I have sometimes trifled, it was because objects of deeper interest were denied me : but at Ellersby I find all which was forbidden to me in exile. Do not, then, banish me, because I could not prize, as they deserved, the blessings which were utterly unknown.”

Evelyn's look sought the ground, but her smile betrayed that Leonard's words were not unwelcome, but were calling back the lost sunshine of her dream-life. So on they went along

the terrace, old Sir Roger favouring the opportunity of his young companions forming acquaintance with each other, and watching with delight how Evelyn's beaming glance and silvery voice were called forth, in all their fascinating beauty, by his nephew's earnestness.

And through the trees, unseen, unthought of, glided the dark watcher by their side, gathering each word, and tone, and glance, to bear to one who, had he possessed power to prevent it, would scarce have allowed the sun itself to look down on Evelyn's sweet face, or the wandering wind to listen to the music of her voice.

He was a strange, elfish sort of being, this Moor, who had been picked up by some caprice at Tangier by his present master; and he seemed to have left all his better nature in his fatherland, and brought away only the worst portions, to serve as an ill sample of his countrymen. One good quality only he retained—fidelity to the Englishman he served. Yet one might have doubted even that, on seeing the malicious delight which sparkled in Yuseif's bright black eyes, as he appeared before his master with tidings he knew would mortify and enrage him.

"How now, Yuseif!" exclaimed Sir Marmaduke. "Hither so quick? You have soon tired of the watch on which I set you."

"I waited till one came to fill my post who is not apt to tire of it," replied the Moor. "And by the Prophet, the lightning of his eyes has already burnt the heart of his beloved up to a cinder."

"Silence!" thundered Sir Marmaduke: but finding no other choice save that ignorance which seems more irritating than any knowledge, he speedily demanded from his elfish attendant an explanation of his words. And merrily danced the Moor's dark, glittering eyes, as he witnessed the anger

which his minute recital kindled; for he cherished a secret hatred of his own against Leonard, who, in the insolence of thoughtless youth, had treated him with contempt and ridicule on some occasions, not many months before, when, by his attendance on Sir Marmaduke, he had been thrown in the young Barrington's way.

"If Yuseif saw a snake in his path, he would know what to do," observed the Moor, during the first pause in Conyers' fierce burst of passion.

Conyers stopped suddenly in his wild pacing to and fro, and fixed his keen eyes sharply on the Moor. "What would you say, imp?" he demanded, with an impatience which brooked no delay.

"Allah gave but one life to every man, and the golden chain that binds it to him is of fragile links, which the sword can quickly sever," replied Yuseif, pointing to the weapon his master wore. "Then could his beloved only smile upon the proud boy's grave!"

"She would weep on it!" exclaimed Conyers, stamping his foot furiously, as though he would dash the flooring through. "She would weep upon his grave!—and I would die any, every death, to win such happiness! Wretch, slave, fiend, begone! Your only counsel is to make her shrink from—loathe—detest me; to regard me with all the abhorrence I would give half my life to know she felt for him!"

Yuseif vanished, as if he had been nothing save the dark spirit which was incarnate in his form; for his master's wrathful mood was dangerous. And long that fierce mood lasted; and there is a legend, that the room next morning bore ample tokens of having been the battle-ground of evil passions.

But, unheeding and unknowing what might be others' wrath or hatred, Evelyn and Leonard sailed gaily along the sunny stream of life, plucking the flowers, as they floated past,

and smiling on each foam-bell that danced upon the current, as though such only could arise upon their course. For the love which in one heart had slumbered, and in the other been a dream, had sprung forth at once into reality and life; and Sir Roger was wont to rub his hands in ecstasy at the fulfilment of his hopes that his beloved ward, and the nephew who could not be dearer than herself, would win each other's hearts, as well as accept each other's hands.

But there was one who would gladly have made that matter doubtful for a while: for Mildred Ashburn was not content with her share of worldly blessings, in the devoted attachment of a lover whose whole study was the not over-easy one to please her, but she would have liked, also, to flirt a little with the handsome Leonard Barrington, her cousin by her mother's side. Only to flirt—so she told herself; for she preferred Vincent Trevor to all the admirers she had ever had. But it was provoking to think that one who should be so fitted, as was Leonard, to appreciate them, should altogether overlook her style and fashion for the rusticity of Lady Evelyn, who never wore powder in her life, and had not even been taught the proper management of her fan.

It was so, however. All Mildred's attractions shone idly in her cousin's eyes, and her coquettish airs availed only to annoy Trevor, and make him regard Leonard less cordially than in the earlier days of their acquaintance.

Thus weeks had glided by. June was shedding her early rose-bloom over the gardens when Evelyn and Leonard met; and now August had come, with sultry breath and cloudless smile, to prepare a golden harvest for the husbandman. Leonard Barrington stood gazing on the sunset hues that flushed the sky, and thinking how very much those two short months had done for him, and for his happiness. How the thoughts and feelings of that brief time seemed to outvalue all

he had ever felt before ! Then in his mind rose the strange reflection, how few in all the dwellings which, scattered or clustering over the hills and in the valleys, rested beneath his eye, were as fortunate as himself ; and without an effort on his part, all the gifts that blessed him had been won. True, he was grateful for them ; and yet a proud emotion swelled within his heart, as though their very possession argued his superiority to those who owned them not.

As Leonard mused, he sauntered on. It was a wild but lovely path which he had taken, leading by the side of a limpid stream, along the hill-side, and down into a grassy dell, where a lightning-struck oak spread abroad its huge bare arms over two paths which crossed in that shadowy spot.

The hour of nine was pealed forth by the loud-toned clock of Ellersby, yet still Evelyn and Mildred walked on the lawn in the clear moonlight, like two unwooded and unloved damsels. A few minutes more, and Leonard joined them.

"Where is Vincent ?" demanded Mildred.

"You are late," added Evelyn.

"Later than I thought to have been," said Leonard ; "but I encountered a stranger, who was anxious to reach Ellerston to-night. He had lost his way, and I walked on with him until I put him into the right road, so that he could not miss it. Then I had to hurry on to Farmer Hallet's, and arrived just in time to make the finest hunter in the county my own. But I saw nothing of your knight, fair cousin," he continued, to Mildred. "How long has he been missing ?"

"Ever since eight o'clock," replied Mildred, with a toss of her head. "But he is welcome to stay away as long as he pleases ; I am sure I care not !"

Yet she did care, when another and another hour passed by, and still Trevor came not, though he had gone forth but for a half-hour's ramble. And Sir Roger was undisguisedly anxious

about his guest ; and Leonard, though he said little, was obviously uneasy.

By daylight next morning all at Ellersby were astir, and parties were out seeking Vincent Trevor in all directions. For some time it was in vain ; and Leonard at length took a wider range, striving to discover at a distance those traces of his friend which he could not find near home. The tidings had spread, and others came to join in the search. Among them was Conyers, though of late he had been little seen at Ellersby, and with him was Yuseif, casting his glittering eyes around, as though they would read the thoughts of every one, and pierce through every tangled thicket, and into the depths of every pool. From bush to bush darted the Moor, peering behind stones and into grassy hollows, seemingly one of the most zealous in the quest.

After a time, he sprang down the hill to the dell where, as we have said, Leonard went the previous evening. Some of the men called out that it had been already examined ; but with a scornful look Yuseif proceeded, while his master and one or two other gentlemen stood watching his pertinacious repetition of the search. With the same eager haste he looked on every side, dashing apart the branches which overhung the streamlet, and plunging the long pole he carried deep into the brake at the hill-foot. Then he disappeared for an instant among the shrubs which filled a little unseen hollow, behind the stricken oak, and immediately a loud, shrill cry, told all within hearing that something terrible had been discovered. A dozen persons had rushed to the spot in a minute ; but before they reached it, the Moor was already dragging from the bushes the lifeless body of Vincent Trevor.

All had expected some such spectacle ; yet it was with whispered words and awe-struck looks they gathered round the stiff, cold form, they had last beheld in life and strength. The cause of death was at once apparent, for a sword had pierced com-

pletely through the body. It had been a dastardly blow, struck from behind, the weapon entering at the back and coming out at the breast; and there had evidently been no struggle; for though Trevor's hand was laid with the fixed grasp of death upon the hilt of his sword, it was still sheathed.

"Who can have done this coward's deed?" said Sir Roger, as he gazed on the young and well-esteemed guest, who was so soon to have been the husband of his niece.

The Moor was still crouching beside the body, scanning it with his keen bright eyes; and scarcely had the baronet spoken, when they flashed with sudden brilliancy, and he drew forth a glove, which seemed to have fallen into the dead man's bosom. A dozen hands were stretched forth to seize it, but—it might have been by chance—Yuseif placed it in Sir Roger's. It was of peculiar colour and texture, such as no gentleman in the neighbourhood was used to wear, save Leonard Barrington.

"God help me!" said the poor baronet: "I believe it is my nephew's!"

"He had but one glove," observed Farmer Hallet, "when he came to my house last evening."

"If he have done this," said Sir Roger, speaking firm, but quick, "if he have done this, I will not shield or aid him. But no! he could not! He is proud and fiery, but brave, and generous, and noble. My brother's son, the last of our name, could not so disgrace the blood that flows in his veins! But in this I cannot act, I leave all to you," he added, to a brother justice who stood beside him. "Command everything, act as you think best; it cannot be but Leonard Barrington can prove him guiltless of this deed."

Before Squire Wynyard could reply, the Moor, whose eyes seemed everywhere, pointed to footsteps on the soft bank of the stream, leading close to the bushes among which the body had been concealed. It was a small-sized gentleman's foot which

had trodden there, and since the midday sun last shone upon the bank. One eye there recognised the footprint to be Leonard's: it was his servant, who stole away unperceived to bear the tidings and the warning to the master whom he loved. And when the speedily-issued warrant for Leonard's apprehension reached the town where he had gone at last to prosecute his inquiries for Trevor, it was found that, immediately on the man's arrival, he had ridden rapidly away from the party that accompanied him. So at once constables were despatched in quest of him, and the knowledge deepened the gloom of sorrow and death which reigned at Ellersby.

It was near sunset on that mournful day, and the golden light was flooding the beautiful woods and hop-clad hills, when Lady Evelyn sought the scene of many happy hours—the terrace-walk, where first she had met Leonard. How like looked all around to what it had been then!—the waving trees, the glittering insects, and the castellated walls of Ellersby gleaming in the sunshine. But within those walls lay one whose death had cast more than the shadow of death upon her path, and all else seemed but to whisper how bright had been the happiness which she had lost for ever!

For ever!—How terrible are those words, when linked with sorrow, to the young! Evelyn flung herself on one of the seats, and wept in all the bitterness of that anguish which mourns over worse than the death of one beloved—over the disgrace and ignominy which threatened, nay, had already fallen upon, his name: for did not his flight proclaim him guilty—to all except herself? For, with the full trust and confidence of woman's love, she doubted him not; but she wept his danger, his disgrace, and the thought that every heart but hers condemned him.

Suddenly the little Fido at her feet started up, with pro-

jected ears and joyful bark, and sprang forward to meet Leonard, who was in another moment at Evelyn's side.

"You do not shrink from me, then?—you do not shun me? Thank God for that, at least!" he exclaimed, taking both the hands she extended to him, and looking sadly on her pale and tearful face. "Oh, Evelyn, the fear of that has been worse agony than any other thought!"

"But you did not—you could not—Leonard, I know you could not—yet tell me that you did not this deed!" said Evelyn, gazing on him with intense anxiety.

"Had I done it," said Leonard, impetuously, "I dared not have looked upon your face again; I dared not have touched that unstained hand, or insulted that spotless spirit by my presence. Evelyn, the sight of your innocence would have been madness,—I could not have borne it. But I am guiltless of this," he added, with a calm earnestness. "I did pass through the dell last evening; but before our poor friend Trevor could have left you I was on that hill yonder, with the stranger I told you of, and there I lost my glove. How it came with Trevor, God knows; I cannot tell. There may be something to explain it all; if not—— But why talk of that? The issue is in His hands who knows, whatever sins I have committed, this lies not on my soul."

Then it was for Evelyn, with her girlish and loving fears, to bid him fly, if, indeed, he thought the charge looked dark against him. But Leonard was firm in his determination to surrender. He had not meditated escape, but kept free, in the hope of by some means obtaining this interview, of denying this accusation to her he loved, and perchance winning an assurance that she believed him. Then, with a sad, sad farewell, they parted. Leonard went to his uncle's dwelling, to resign himself to his fate; and when he had disappeared, Evelyn cast

herself upon the grass, to weep tears more bitter far than Mildred Ashburn was shedding for the loss of her betrothed, though she had loved him as well as her vain heart was capable of loving any.

The little hope that Evelyn sought to cling to soon passed away. Trivial circumstances, when combined, formed a strong chain of evidence against Leonard. He had left Ellersby for the purpose of arranging with Farmer Hallet about the purchase of a horse, yet did not reach the farmer's house until a little before nine o'clock, and, after staying but a few minutes, sped quickly home, which he reached as fast as the shortest road could take him. Then, when at Hallet's, his right-hand glove was lost; and the farmer's wife had noticed that his sleeve was stained with blood, which a servant at Ellersby also proved. The glove found with Trevor's body was Leonard's; the foot-steps close to where it was hidden were likewise his; and there were some who swore that angry words, in which Miss Ashburn's name was heard, had passed between them that day.

To all this, Leonard's own statement was his only answer. He said the altercation referred to was but a few impatient words of Trevor's, quickly apologised for, and as soon forgotten; that he had trodden near the stream, idly throwing stones into the water, but that, soon after, he had met a stranger, who asked his guidance to Ellerston, and with him he had walked a long way, and before eight o'clock was more than a mile from the dell; that while with this stranger he had dropped his glove, when examining the foot of the traveller's dog, which had been cut, and so, he imagined, stained his sleeve; and that he had only parted from the stranger at half-past eight, upwards of a mile beyond Hallet's, and hurried thither, and then home, through the shortest paths, without going near the dell, which lay in the longest route.

How contemptuously people smiled at this statement, and

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sneered at the story of the stranger, who was so useful! And the most withering in his scorn was Conyers. Leonard looked at him; he had heard enough from Trevor to know that Sir Marmaduke hated him, and wherefore, and Conyers quailed beneath the prisoner's indignant glance. But he had his revenge, for the verdict of the inquest was against Leonard Barrington.

A few weeks of sickening anxiety brought the day of trial. In the interval, Sir Roger strove by every means to discover this stranger, of whom his nephew spoke, but in vain; he remained, as the world scoffingly called him, invisible. And in vain were all the efforts of the highest legal talent in Leonard's behalf, for the proud young heir of Ellersby was condemned to death.

Then, while poor old Sir Roger was crushed to the earth with grief, Conyers sat in his hall exulting, with his elfin Moor laughing in malicious glee beside him. And Evelyn, how bore she this fearful blow? She did not sink beneath it; for this, she felt, was not the hour for useless wailing. What will not woman's love attempt, and gold accomplish? Evelyn had wealth, and she lavished it as she would freely have lavished her life-blood in the same cause. There were other hands than his that pierced his prison-walls, yet made it seem his own act; and on the night that was to have been his last, Leonard was at liberty.

He was hurried to a lonely spot on the sea-coast, where a ship was ready to bear him across the Channel. And one, dearer far than the life and freedom she restored to him, was waiting for him there, not to bid him adieu for ever, but, in the strength of her love and devotion, to offer to be the companion of his life-long exile; to take upon her those vows which, years before, her father willed; to comfort in sadness, and cheer in the stern, dark trials of life, him whose sunny lot she had once thought to share. But Leonard would not accept the sacrifice of her young life and spotless name.

"No, no!" he said, "I love you too well to wed you to shame and ignominy. Were my lot poverty, I might have done it. I could have borne to place you in a lowly home; I might have bid you come forth with me to toil and struggle; but I must not—dare not—link you, so pure and bright, to an outlaw's wanderings, or degrade you to an equality with one whom the law has called a felon. No, Evelyn, the brand that is on me shall never touch your name! Sooner or later, the doom I have escaped may overtake me; and the thought of the ignominy it would cast on you, would madden me long ere that hour arrived."

Yet, with all the generosity of love, Evelyn persisted; and with all its generosity, also, Leonard resolutely refused the gift he prized more than all on earth, except her happiness. Wild and agitating was the interview; but it must be brief. Leonard bade her pity—pray for—but, if she could, forget him; and she, when he had torn himself away, felt as though her part in the stern drama of life were already ended; that thenceforth she might look on it as played by others, but could have no place therein.

She was young to feel this, for she was but eighteen; and Leonard, who was cut off from all he loved, as he had nearly been from life, had seen but twenty summers. Yet the winter of the heart had come with both; not in its frost and ice, but in its withering of all things beautiful, and bright, and gladdening.

Slowly year after year passed away; yet Evelyn would have told truly that there was little to mark their passage. Long since, Mildred Ashburn had dried her tears for Trevor's death, and wedded one whose rank and wealth enabled her to shine a brilliant star amid the galaxy of fashion. And long since had Conyers once more sought Lady Evelyn's hand, to be repulsed

with a decision which forbade all hope. Other suitors had wooed her also, but her heart was closed against all save him who, unseen, unheard of, still lived in its "innermost shrine," as though no shadow had ever hid him from her sight, or darkened his name unto the world.

Sir Roger had never recovered from the blow thus struck upon his heart. The proud fearlessness of his spirit, and joyous frankness of his manner, had passed away with the hour when he could say there was no blot upon his name. And often Lady Evelyn came to Ellersby to comfort the old man, and perhaps herself, in talking of the absent one, whose name they might not breathe to other ears.

Thus eight years had crept by, and during half their number, unmarked by Sir Roger or Evelyn, one name was often mentioned in the annals of India, the battle-ground then, as now, of the children of the East and West. There fame was to be won; and a young and friendless man had earned his full share of the laurels with which Glory crowned her favoured sons, until at length, when now he had landed in England, the name of Colonel Leonard penetrated even to the gloomy halls of Ellersby. And soon the hero of many a daring deed and bold exploit followed; for a letter, brought from an old friend of Sir Roger in the East, was delivered in person. Courteously the old baronet received his unexpected guest, and while he glanced over the letter, Leonard Barrington looked around him,—for it was he. Love is stronger than fear; and again, like a parted spirit, he had revisited the scene of his lost happiness. He was still young, still handsome, and yet so changed, that the eyes which had known him well could look without recognition on him. Climate, and war, and the yet fiercer warring of the heart's emotions, had swept away every vestige of the fop or the trifler. He was no longer a reckless,

thoughtless boy, but a man who had felt much, seen much, done much ; and the record lived in the dark, earnest eye, and thoughtful brow.

But there was one eye which could not be deceived—one heart which beat with trembling gladness at a return it feared, yet welcomed ; and, as soon as might be, Evelyn stole away to her favourite haunt, to sit, with clasped hands and quivering lips, musing what might be the result of this unlooked-for meeting. Leonard saw that he was recognised, and followed her, to hear again the accents of affection which had long been strangers to his ears.

And then he told her that it was but a selfish desire to look on her once more which had drawn him to that fatal spot ; for that, with the sword still hanging by a hair above him, he had not thought or dreamed of asking her to share his dark and doubtful fortunes. Yet Evelyn smiled sweetly as she asked if he might not, under his new character, seek and win her hand ; and earnestly he besought her not to tempt him, nor to shake his resolve to follow the solitary path which only in honour he might tread.

The words were still on his lips, and the features of each were eloquent with the deep feelings in their hearts, when there was a rustling amid the trees, and Yuseif glided forth. The wild glitter of the Moor's eye told at once that Leonard was recognised : then, with an exulting laugh, he vanished as suddenly as he had appeared.

"All is lost !" exclaimed Leonard. "It is in vain to struggle longer against the fate which I have madly braved."

"Oh, no !" cried Evelyn ; "there is yet time ; it is possible it may be shunned."

"True, dearest, I must not throw away the life that is your gift. Farewell, farewell !—it must be for ever now ! We must never meet again !"

He was gone; and Evelyn pressed her hands on her eyes, as though she would shut out the fearful pictures which imagination called before them. All the agony of the past seemed rushing on her again with redoubled force; and wildly she wept and prayed for the escape she dared not hope. But to Leonard the bitterness of death appeared already past, and he went on his way, swiftly, 'tis true, as one who knew the avenger of blood was on his track, but with the calmness of despair.

The next day's sun shone brilliantly on Ellersby, and the birds were singing, and the flowers spreading their bright garlands around it, while within were grief and anguish, and domestics gliding about with wondering looks and subdued tones; for the heavy gloom of doubt and fear hung over all.

In the library sat Sir Roger, with Conyers and Mr. Wynyard. The old baronet's head was bowed, and his heart was too oppressed for words. He knew that the emissaries of the law were in quest of Leonard, and that though his companions spoke to him in sympathy, their hearts were dark and stern towards the nephew that he loved, and whom but yesterday they had treated with admiration and respect. Then was heard the rapid tread of feet without. They looked at the door expectantly; it was thrown open, and Leonard Barrington indeed appeared, but accompanied only by a gentleman.

"Mr. Jerningham!" exclaimed Sir Marmaduke, while old Sir Roger clasped his hands, and gazed in sorrow on his nephew.

"I claim a few minutes' forbearance, gentlemen, then do with me as you please," said Leonard, calmly. "A few hours ago I met by accident Mr. Jerningham, with whose name I was until this moment unacquainted, though *his* face and form have been so deeply imprinted on my memory, that one glance told me he was the person I have vainly sought. This gentleman does not

remember me, but he can give you some account of circumstances which happened eight years since."

And fully Mr. Jerningham's relation bore out all that Leonard had so uselessly asserted. A stranger in the county, yet rambling about, he had lost his way near Ellersby, at a time when he was peculiarly anxious to keep an appointment at the neighbouring town; then, long before eight o'clock, he met a young gentleman, whom he described such as Leonard was at that time, who walked with him a long way; and while they were together, his dog's foot was hurt, and they both examined it, and afterwards his companion mentioned having lost his glove, which Mr. Jerningham had before seen in his right hand. When the road was clear before him, their conversation was broken off abruptly, and they parted hurriedly at half-past eight, at the very place which Leonard had stated, and which, with his delay at Hallet's and the time of his reaching Ellersby, allowed no possibility for his again passing by the dell.

In consequence of his interview with the person he desired to meet, Mr. Jerningham had set off at once for Italy, where he remained for years, with little intercourse with England, whither he did not return until the story of Leonard's trial and Leonard's flight had passed from the public mind; and thus he had remained unconscious that his absence had left a chain of circumstantial evidence to form a deadly coil around his youthful guide.

With a brow dark as midnight, Conyers listened to his rival's exculpation; but he dared not pretend to doubt the truth of one of such high character and spotless honour as Mr. Jerningham was known to be. The latter looked on Leonard's portrait, which hung in the gallery, and affirmed it the exact resemblance of that eventful evening's companion.

A few days more, and Leonard's steps were free, and his name cleared from the dark stigma which for long years had

clung to it; and gladly and proudly old Sir Roger welcomed back the heir who, friendless and unaided, had won rank, and fame, and high esteem; whom prosperity might have spoilt, but whom trials and misfortune had taught how to add a brighter lustre to the honoured name which he inherited.

The summer flowers were still glowing in all their beauty on the earth, when the old walls of Ellersby resounded with the half-forgotten tones of merriment, and kindred and friends were gaily gathered to the long-delayed bridal of Lady Evelyn, who, yet lovelier than in the days of her careless girlhood, plighted to the heir of Ellersby those vows which the wandering outlaw would not accept.

Yet though all was bright, and every doubt seemed satisfied, there was one cloud in Leonard's sky which, unseen by any eye save his, cast a shadow on his spirit; for Trevor's death, he felt, was still unexplained, and the mystery of his glove being with his dead friend unsolved; and while this was, he could not be completely happy, even though Evelyn's bright smile was on him, and Evelyn's sweet voice breathing melody around.

And Conyers—his impetuous and ungovernable spirit seemed urged to frenzy by Leonard's restoration to happiness and the world's esteem. He plunged madly into the wildest excesses; drinking and gaming were his constant occupations, and many a fierce quarrel did they lead him into, until more than one deadly duel gave to his name an unenviable notoriety. To his attendants, also, his violence grew unbearable, and even Yuseif shrank from him in fear. At length the dark spirit, which so long had served him faithfully, turned against him, and exasperated by his fierce passions, the Moor stabbed Conyers with his own sword, and fled where none could trace him.

Then, on his death-bed, with the world passing away and the dark future frowning before him, reflection came on Conyers, and remorse, which there now was neither wine nor dice to

drown. And so he told, that riding homeward on that fatal evening, by a path leading through the dell, he had there encountered Trevor, and sought in vain to irritate him against Leonard on account of Mildred Ashburn; and then by his sneers had provoked a scornful retort concerning his own rejected love for Evelyn, which prompted the idle malice; and with this Vincent was turning contemptuously away, when, stung by his words and their truth, Conyers drew his sword, and had passed it through the speaker's body ere he well knew what he did. He was overcome with horror when he gazed on the form his rash hand had robbed of life; but Yuseif assisted him to conceal it among the bushes, and reassured him by asserting that the deed would never be known as his.

Policy bade Conyers join at once the search for Trevor, but on the way to Ellersby Yuseif found the glove, which, with his native acuteness, he knew to resemble those he had seen Leonard wear, when with a cold bow he passed Sir Marmaduke the previous day. It was triumphantly borne off, and dropped in Trevor's bosom by the Moor, as the sure means of turning suspicion from his master and fixing it on one whom they both hated with a deadly hatred.

"And yet that hatred has in the end wrought me no evil," said Leonard Barrington, as in the fulness of his happiness he gazed on the beautiful face which looked up into his own with such sweet affection. "It has made me less unworthy of you, dearest, and taught me the strength, and truth, and perfect devotedness of that love, which else I might have never fully known."

STANZAS

SENT TO A LADY, WITH A BALLAD ON THE DEATH OF
MONTROSE.

BY LORD JOHN MANNERS.

LADY ! perchance thou'lt not disdain
To read this simple story,
Which tells how trial, shame, and pain,
May end in deathless glory.

That hero-bard all things above
Placed high the claims of duty ;
Above the lures of ease, or love,
Above the smiles of beauty.

All earthly hopes — all earthly fears,
By that iron will were shattered ;
The foeman's curse — his young bride's tears —
To Heaven's winds were scattered.

Thus, after conquest's bright career,
Unmatched for deeds of daring,
He met with calm, undaunted cheer,
The taunts of foes unsparing.

And while he felt those traitors' power,
Their threats and offers spurning,
He triumphed in that dreadful hour,—
Disgrace to glory turning.

And thou, in early womanhood,
Hast known both care and sorrow ;
And learn'd, in sad, desponding mood,
To trust not to the morrow.

Yet in the darkest hour of grief
Would Faith thy gloom enlighten,
With daily duties bring relief,
And all the future brighten.

So courage and a constant heart,
Through all life's cares and changes,
Upbear the soul that will not start
At aught that God arranges.

THE LADY NEEDLEWOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MELTON DE MOWBRAY," ETC. ETC.

THE short but sad history which I am about to tell is founded in fact. The particulars were furnished by an old friend, now holding the rank of General in the English army: with little variation, I give it in his own words. Truth which flows from a warm heart needs not the study of form and speech; it is, in itself, the purest fountain of that eloquence which speaks to all who have hearts to feel and eyes to read.

"There was a girl of infinite beauty and grace, an only daughter and an only child: her mother was one of a family of four, an only daughter, with three brothers. Like the child whose destiny I trace, the mother was richly endowed by nature with the charms of mind and person. In all things she had outstepped the current of her years; at sixteen, she appeared the perfect woman. Idolised by her brothers, who were senior, idolised by her parents, she caught in infancy the thought, feelings, and manners of those around her; but with all this she preserved that freshness and beauty of youth which nothing can replace. At one and the same moment she was as the rose-bud,—a thing of innocence, of hope, and promise, of purity unsoiled, of dreamy happiness to come; and with this she united the riper beauties of the rose, when its tender leaves have answered to the rays of heaven, and changed the bud to the flower.

"It were needless to say that such a being had worshippers beyond the range of her own family. One who had contracted

the high calling of the Church won her affections; they were married. Within the first year a girl was born, and within less than two years the mother died. She died, as she had lived, in beauty which surpassed all earthly imagining. Consumption, which had sown the canker within, spared the beauty without. When Death had gathered the rose and laid it in the coffin, there was no trace of human suffering, no type of coming decay; she lay like beauty in repose. Alas! alas! for the poor orphan who survived, it was the sleep of death, though the coffin closed before mortal eye had seen that change which crumbles into dust the heirs of flesh.

“At that time,” said the General, “I was only six years old, and yet I remember it as if it were but yesterday. My father’s estate joined that of the divine thus rudely turned to widower. We were intimate, and rarely did a day pass by that the two families did not meet, in some one or other of their many branches. I know not how it happened—it might have been that, being one of ten children, there was no spoiling and not much petting under my father’s roof, or it might have been that talismanic charm which all feel, though none can explain;—be this as it may, the fact is, I loved the deceased better than my own mother, and she, in return, doated on me as if I had been her own son.

“They told me of her *death*;—the word was new to my ear, and I could not, or would not, comprehend the meaning. They told me she had left the world and gone to heaven; I would not believe it, for she never left home without a kind ‘good bye’ and kissing me. No explanation could convince me; neither words nor kindness could pacify me; I insisted upon being taken to the house, that I might see her who was ‘no more,’ as they called it, but who, I felt certain, must still be a dweller in her home. At last, my request was granted. A thousand and a thousand times had I ran along the path which led from one

mansion to the other; that day they led me by the hand in silence, and slowly. Neither my father, who held me, nor two of my elder brothers, who accompanied us, said a word. The romantic comb which we threaded, the inland rocks on either side, with the oak, the beech, the birch, and dark wild holly, springing from their clefts, seemed that day as they had never looked before; their spreading branches cast a gloom which I had never heeded till then. For the first time in my childhood's life I felt an awe and mystery which chilled my young blood: I, too, could not say a word.

"Presently we came to where fields united had assumed the form of park. On a swelling mound, somewhat higher than the rest, stood the well-known house: its pinnacles of fretted limestone, its terrace, laden with flowers, and my own little garden, in a nook by the library window, all were there, and the sun was bright and gay as ever; but there was a change upon the house which struck my infant observation. All the shutters were closed; the birds were singing, and all nature seemed merry and awake; but the house appeared to sleep.

"I kept my small communings to myself, and as we approached the entrance I only thought of the beautiful lady whom, right or wrong, I loved something better than my own dear mamma, and her little pet daughter, whom I loved rather better than my own little sisters. With a determination far beyond my years, I had insisted upon seeing once more my 'lady mamma,' as I called her; nothing could turn me from my purpose. At length it was deemed wiser to comply with my stubborn wish, and that wish was now about to be realised.

"'My dear Charlie,' said my father, kindly, as we ascended the grand staircase, 'remember what we have told you: your dear 'lady mamma' is dead, and her spirit is in heaven. You will see her sleeping; but it is the sleep of death, and she will never awake again on earth.'

"I quite understood my father's kindness as he kissed me ; but as to his words, I would not or could not understand them. Death is a hard lesson for little children, and I knew it not. I could not, or would not, believe that any one I loved so dearly could or would go to heaven and leave me without a fond kiss and 'good bye.'

"The bed-room door opened as we approached the landing, and at the same time some one within folded back the half-closed shutters : they were prepared for our visit. At the foot of the bed was the coffin—the first I had ever seen, and to my eyes it might have been a couch. The summer sun came streaming in, like merry smiles from heaven, and the warm breath of scented flowers inspired the sense of light and life. What could they mean by talking of death ?

"My father still held me by the hand, and treading as if he feared to awake the being who slept, he led me to the foot of the coffin. There lay my 'lady mamma.' Many a flower, but lately gathered, was ranged around her head, and some were on her bosom ; they looked as fresh as if they still were growing : but she looked more fresh and lovely than the chaplet which slept upon her brow. I looked on in silence, fearing to awake her. From the smile around her mouth, and the roses which lingered on the cheek, my eyes wandered to her small and matchless hands ; they were folded the one on the other, and in the right was *an heartsease from my own little garden*. I knew it in an instant, as a shepherd knows his lambs : it was the child's child ; I had watched it from its infancy, and promised it, when blown, to her who now held it in her hand.

What passed in my little mind I know not ; but, urged by sudden impulse, I snatched my hand from my father, and, borne on tiptoe, I rushed to the head of the coffin and pressed my lips to hers. It was my first lesson in death, and I was quickly taught. The icy chill of the lips I had pressed, the breathless

stillness of the lovely sleeper—the still, unchanging smile—made me recoil in terror. I did not speak—I did not weep; I know not what I did, and never had the courage to inquire. All I remember is, that on the evening of that bright summer's day I awoke as from a long and troubled sleep. I was in my own home, and my own mother was sitting by my side; she took me in her arms, and was all in all to me. The memory of my 'lady mamma' was shrined within my heart. I saw her no more—I heard and saw nothing of the funeral; and, as if I had done a guilty thing in kissing the dead, I never ventured to name it to the living.

"This sketch of childhood's sorrow," continued the General, "may appear puerile and overwrought. How deeply children can feel, few arrived at manhood will allow, or care to study. But this one fact I know—since that first lesson in death, war and all its horrors have met my eye, death in a thousand forms has been my familiar, but no one scene, of the many I have witnessed, has left an impression so deep—so indelible—as that which I remember when a boy of six years old.

"That lady was the mother of the poor orphan whose sad trials I now wish you to commit to paper. Little Emily was too young to know the loss she had sustained. Come what may, the tides of human life flow like the tides of the ocean; storms and wrecks pass by and are forgotten; the living sail over the dead and heed them not; the wonted level of calmer events is re-established, and the world wags on, as was and ever shall be. Within a little the widower had ceased to mourn; within a few years he married again. Mammon had tempted the rich man. 'The love of gold grows with its growth,' said the sages of old; and time, down to one thousand eight hundred and fifty, has proved the truth of the observation.

"Up to this event, little Emily's life was a sort of paradise. Her uncles called her their 'cosset lamb'; her father seemed to

idolise her. She was petted and beloved by all who knew her, and by myself in particular.

“The child inherited all the charms, the beauty, and sweetness of her mother. Her form was exquisitely modelled: she seemed the small miniature of her who died in perfect beauty. The wedding-ring of her mother, treasured and shown as the smallest ever made, seemed as destined to fit her tiny tapered fingers; and oh! as a boy, how ardently and trustingly I pictured the day when I should buy another, made from this dear model. What happy, happy days were those!—

. . . ‘the morning time of life,
When by my side, a girl in years,
She felt in heart a wife;’

and when we built on the future, as if it were a rock which nothing could shake or move; when our thoughts, wishes, and hearts were all in unison; when all was in common between us, down to the small garden by the library window, and our only quarrel was, which should present to the other the blossoms which it bore.

“As one of a large family, I had early been taught that I must seek my own fortune: I had chosen the profession of a soldier. My father had interest, but on my own exertions depended rank and promotion. What of that? If the path were rugged, I never for an instant despaired of success; my courage never flagged; all difficulties vanished; I only saw the prize which glittered in the distance, the crowning wreath of happiness to come. ‘Stop till I am a General,’ I was wont to say to Emmy; ‘we will then defy the world, and you shall be my wife.’

“Years sped on, and every year we more rarely met. My father sent me to a military school, which was to prepare me for the profession I had chosen. With heart and soul I pursued

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my studies. If my progress were rapid, little did my masters and *camarades* dream of the inspiration which turned my toil to pleasure. But in that heart and soul there was but one image, which gave me strength beyond my years. Emily, the orphan child of her I had loved from infancy, was ever there. She mingled with my evening prayer; in sleep she was my blessed dream; my waking thought was—Emily; and that one thought was strength renewed to master the labours of the coming day.

“Alas, for poor Emily! In her home there was a change, and trials more bitter than fell to my lot. Year after year the mother-in-law presented pledge after pledge, until of either sex there was a large family, where once she had been the only child, the only daughter, the ‘cosset lamb,’ of her happy home. Expenses increased; the father, grasping at more than ample for all, entered into speculations, and lost: a base and little-minded economy was planned. The mother-in-law, *injusta noverca*, with jealousy which bordered on hatred, saw the surpassing beauty and talents of her husband’s first-born. To punish the former, she availed herself of the latter, and made the orphan a slave, a drudge, a governess to her own children.

“To work out her system of economy, there was to be a tutor for the boys. That cold and heartless spirit, which values the sweat of the brain far beneath a pampered menial’s worth, was in the woman’s thoughts; she advertised for a cheap tutor, and found one. The man who took to his bosom the frozen viper may be pitied; there might have been imprudence, but there was kind intent and goodness in the heart which was stung to death. But what shall we say of one who offers, as the pay of intellect, a salary which no man who had not fallen in self-approval—who had not lost the proud dignity of conscious worth—could accept? What shall we say of the mother who cheapens in the market of mind—buys carrion to nourish her

children ; who holds out with her niggard hand the base coin which can tempt corruption to the bosom of her home ?

“ In more senses than one it may be said, ‘ Every man has his price.’ The advertisement was answered ; she found her cheap tutor, and, within a little, a clever but unprincipled scoundrel was installed in the parsonage-house.

“ One and the same room served as the school-room for the boys and the girls. There was the tutor, there was the governess—for in no other light could poor Emily be viewed. The only difference was, she cost less than the tutor ; for her labours were unrequited. The two were thrown constantly together ;—the profligate and unprincipled man of a low world, and by his side a being, artless, innocent, and young—a wretched slave ; harsh, grating words, her only reward by day ; a flood of tears unseen, when midnight came, her only luxury. The result which many dreaded, and some foretold, was realised but too soon. Before Emily—— had completed her sixteenth year, she fell a victim to a demon of corruption, and eloped with the cheap tutor !”

When my friend the General came to this part of his sad history, feeling overpowered his utterance. He tasted anew of the poisoned cup which he had drank. He hid his face in his hands, and wept in bitterness.

“ Psha ! nonsense !” he said, half angry with himself, or attempting to be so ; and mastering his feelings, he continued as follows :—

“ Pursuit was given, but it was too late. The weak and wicked father felt for the moment all the agonies of remorse. He upbraided his wife, and called down curses upon his own head. Pursuit was given, and the fugitives were overtaken. What could this avail ?—it was too late to save. Innocence—that pearl above all price—had known the breath of corruption ; its worth, its beauty, had perished ; and nothing remained but

to compel to marriage the base seducer of an innocent and wretched child.

"When the news of this event reached my ears, I was with my regiment, far away from Old England. What I suffered is foreign to the purpose. It fell like a thunderbolt, and bore me to the earth: my senses were stunned: but I recovered, and here I am to tell you the sequel.

"I pass by in hurried words the more immediate consequences which followed this fatal step. The '*facilis descensus Averni*'—the easy descent to misery and the torments of a hell on earth, need but the first false step from right to wrong. How Emily fell and fell, until poverty and starvation stared her in the face, I pass by; how her own father, goaded by want, bought her birthright for a trifle, and robbed her of hundreds, I will not tell; how that trifle was squandered by a profligate husband, I pause not to dwell upon; but come at once to the day when I found her struggling to feed herself and children as a *poor needlewoman*!

"Leave of absence had enabled me to return to England. Home was first visited; but I confess my first thought was—Emily. If ever an angry thought had mingled with the bitterness of woe, such feeling had long since passed away; I had forgiven, and, in the kindest sense of the word, *I had not forgotten*. As the wounded who crawl from the battle-field may be tracked, and their sufferings read, till we find the blood-stained corn which forms their retreat, so, step by step, each sadder than the last, I tracked poor Emily, and found her at last. In a wretched room, at the top of a wretched house, I found the one who had been lapped in luxury, the only child, the lady bred and born, and heiress in her own right to no mean fortune. I knocked at the door; a tremulous voice bade me enter. I paused upon the threshold, while the being who had spoken was gazing in fixed attention on two children who

shared the bed she sat upon. I fancied there might be some mistake, and, forgetting all other names, I murmured 'Emily.'

"There was no mistake. As if a trumpet had sounded to wake the dead to life, she started up, pronounced my Christian name, gazed an instant, and rushed to my arms. *She, too, had not forgotten.* Poor bruised and broken reed! had I not received her there, she would have fallen at my feet. She spoke not—she could not look up; but the floodgates of the past had been opened, and, with convulsive sobs, their bitter records were poured upon the heart which had never beaten but for her.

"Amidst the signs of poverty, which needed no words to tell its depth—the one chair of tattered rushes—the one small table—the one uncurtained pallet for herself and children—the naked walls, with countless cracks—the broken window, repaired with wafered paper—the cheerless, empty grate—amidst all these were the attempts at cleanliness and order. The basin, cracked and grained—the ewer without a handle—the mottled soap in broken saucer—the small *et cæteras*, which formed the *table de toilette*—were arranged as if the force of early habits had struggled on with the wretched mother who was struggling for existence. Again and again I would rather have faced the forlorn hope, which once I led, than have looked upon the scene which met my eyes.

"When at length the power of speech returned, and words mingled with the falling tears, she unfolded the dark pages of her sad existence. Her uncles were dead; her father was ruined—had been a prisoner for debt; and her mother-in-law kept her settlement to herself and children.

" 'And how,' I asked her, 'do you support existence?'

"She looked in my face, and raising her small hand, showed me a finger furrowed by the needle; then, opening a cupboard door, she took out a pile of shirt-fronts, exquisitely fine, and

exquisitely worked. 'There is my daily bread,' she said; 'and half my nights are occupied in earning bread for the day. They who are to wear them were once my equals.'

"She had touched upon the chord of misery. Replacing the produce of her ill-paid toil, she hid her face within her hands, and the rushing tears streamed through her attenuated fingers. There was a time when in their perfect symmetry and roundness they nestled to each other, and not a tear of happiness could have forced a passage.

"We parted as we met, in sadness. A soldier's purse is rarely deep; but I put it, purse and all, into the hand of her sleeping child. On the morrow I received a letter, full of the outpourings of gratitude, but saying I must not come again, for she was unnerved for days. In vain she had attempted to resume her labours; the thoughts of early days had made her blind; the work in hand stood still, bathed, soaked, and saturated with the fountain which my voice had called to life.

"I read, too, the thoughts and usage of former times in the form and substance of the letter I received. Poor Emily had expended a fraction of the trifle I had left in buying a sheet of gilt-edged paper and a stick of wax; it was the folding and address of a lady, but it bore the seal of her misery—the impression of her thimble. In this letter there was a post-script, which removed the 'must not come again.' She implored me to come once more, and I did so.

"I had passed the intervening days in trying to sketch out some plan which might better her station. Whether it were a pride she could not conquer, or whether it were a consciousness of having forfeited all claims upon her relations, I know not; but it was a fact that, in her deepest misery, she had never, directly or indirectly, applied for relief. Still I could not help thinking of her cousin, a rich London banker, a father of a family,—one who had known Emily from her infancy. A

few hundreds from him would be as so many drops taken from the sea : his name figured in all public charities, and he ranked high amongst the worthies of the City. I determined upon using my persuasion in making an application.

“ Full of this intention, and flushed with hope which cheered my heart, I once more visited the Lady Needlewoman. ‘ How is it,’ I said, when at length I found the opportunity,— ‘ how is it that you have never applied to your rich cousin the banker?’ ”

“ Poor Emily started as I put the question, and a faint blush tinged for a moment her careworn cheeks. I repeated the question, urging all the reasons I could command ; but the only answer I could get was a mournful shake of the head. I again pressed for a reply, and hinted at unkindness in thus clouding the hopes I had cherished in her behalf.

“ ‘ You shall know all,’ burst from her lips at length ; and after one deep, deep sigh, and rallying courage to look upon the past, she thus confided to me one dark scene of the many in which she had played her part.

“ ‘ It was a cold, wretched evening in the month of December ; snow and sleet were falling. I had just received the pittance earned by my week’s labour, and was hurrying home to my hungry children. Turning the corner of a street, I came full upon a gentleman, shrouded beneath his silken umbrella : there was a halt on either side, and an immediate apology to myself. Bowing in acknowledgment, I was about to resume my course as fast as my trembling legs could carry me, when the word ‘ *Emily!* ’ arrested my steps. It was my cousin, the rich banker. You may remember the fancy he took for me, as a child, and how you, as a boy, could not endure him : children are no bad readers of human character. But to continue. My cousin expressed all the interest of a father who had met by

chance the child he had lost. He insisted upon knowing my address ; after much hesitation, I gave it.

“ ‘ One, two, three days—more than a week—went by, and I neither saw nor heard from my cousin. If hopes of brighter days had cheered my misery, they gradually passed away, and darkness fell upon my lot, with all the bitterness of hope deferred. I concluded that my rich cousin had forgotten the poor being he had met. My heart sickened, my strength, my health failed, and starvation stared me in the face.’

“ ‘ A curse upon the heartless wretch !’ I exclaimed, interrupting poor Emily’s story. ‘ And he never came—you never heard from him ?’

“ ‘ Would to Heaven that it had been so !’ exclaimed Emily, with undreamt-of energy ; and, like summer lightning, fire flashed from her large blue eyes. ‘ Yes, he came, and he wrote. On the tenth day I received an inclosure, with more than ample to relieve my wants, and with this a letter, taking no merit to himself ; explaining how he had been engaged in consulting my relations ; how he had set forth the urgency of assistance ; and how, in fine, he had been enabled, through *their* kindness, to secure a monthly payment, with means to secure an apartment more suited to my station in life. Of his own kindness he said not a word ; but I felt it doubly. There was a delicacy and consideration in all this, which led me to ascribe to *him alone* the merit of all that was promised. The following day he called in person. My voice was choaked with gratitude, and I could not find words to thank my benefactor.

“ ‘ The next communication was a note, giving the address of my new abode ; expressing his hopes that I should feel content with the humble endeavours he had made to secure my comfort, and that nothing remained but to take possession. That night was one of exquisite happiness. I made my children

kneel by my side, and raise their hands and voice to Heaven, to call down a blessing on the being who had rescued us from want. For myself, I could not sleep ; I pictured health and strength renewed, the means of independence, the certainty of happier days in store. There was a sunny happiness in my heart, which neither the darkness of night nor the damp walls of my room could extinguish ; it was light and life, and more refreshing than sleep itself.

“ ‘ I arose with the lark. The sun was bright ; and though its rays could not reach the dead wall which faced my window, I felt its influence, and fancied that I heard the merry lark as it soared to heaven. The feelings of childhood awakened memory, and I wept with joy. A hackney-coach carried myself, my children, and all my little property. I drove to the address which I had received ; the coachman knocked. A fat landlady, flushed and full of smiles, answered the door. She asked my name, said it was all right, and, turning to scream out — ‘ Susan, your mistress is come,’ she gave her officious aid to myself and children.

“ ‘ Picture my astonishment when I found myself in an apartment abounding in more than the comforts of life. There was a piano, a harp, and a thousand little luxuries, which had been my familiars in childhood. The change was so sudden that it seemed too much for me. Doubt and wonder mingled with delight, and I could not refrain from asking the maid if she was certain there was no mistake. The landlady, it seems, was at the door, and had heard my question. Unknown to myself, she was, probably, watching the first impression made on my arrival. Be this as it may, she stepped in at the moment, and said, ‘ Oh dear, no, marm, there is no mistake ; I knew you in a moment, from Mr. Thompson’s description.’

“ ‘ Mr. Thompson ! ’ I exclaimed, repeating the name ; and, as if stunned and stupefied by a sudden blow, I had hardly

strength to add—‘I know no Mr. Thompson ; there must be some mistake.’

“ ‘No, there be n’t, marm,’ said the landlady, with a familiar nod and smile, which, fallen though I was from my birthright, rather offended than cheered. I repeated my assertion.

“ ‘No mistake, marm,’ she continued ; ‘you knows Mr. Thompson well, and here’s a letter he left for you in coming.’ I took the letter mechanically ; it was my cousin’s handwriting. Before I could break the seal, the landlady began to quote Scripture, telling how the right hand should not know what the left hand did, and that the world did not know half the good which Mr. Thompson did, and little knew how liberal and generous he was. All but heedless of her words, I ran my eyes over the letter. With the art and eloquence of writing it confirmed her unpolished speech ; and the substitution of one name for another was so explained, that it partook of that delicacy which had hitherto marked his proceedings.

“ ‘There was no time for deeper reflection. The landlady hurried me away to see the little beds prepared for my children. She, though childless, knew the weak point of a mother’s heart. For their sakes I forgot all doubt and uneasiness which had crossed my mind, and I only felt I could never be sufficiently grateful to him who had restored me to my former self.’

“ ‘And where was your husband?’ I asked, interrupting Emily’s details. ‘Was he to share your good fortune?’

“ ‘No,’ she replied, ‘that was the only promise exacted by my cousin : he was never to pass the threshold. The reasons given were, that my relations would immediately withdraw their assistance if he came near me. My reason for assenting to this was, that to my husband I owed my ruin ; he had dragged me to the depth of misery, and then deserted his wife and children. For two years I had not seen him.

“ ‘I cannot dwell upon the sequel. For some days I was left to the sole enjoyment of my new-found paradise. My cousin did not make his appearance; but every day brought a letter, with a few kind words, and some trifling presents for my children. Determined not to eat the bread of idleness, I formed a thousand plans of turning my poor abilities to account. Sometimes I thought of teaching music, and with the thought, my fingers ran over the keys: my children looked up in wonderment and joy, and made me play by the hour. At length my cousin came. As I heard his name announced, I trembled with emotion. I flew to meet him; my warm and grateful heart wished to pour out my thanks; but my strength failed, I could only fall at his feet, and bathe his hands with my tears and kisses.

“ ‘ ‘My poor, lost child—my dearest, dearest Emily!’ he said, as he raised me up and bore me to a couch. He was that day, and for many days, all that a father could have been; and all the affection which my own father had forfeited I gave to my cousin. It was happiness too great to last. I had found a home, a father, and——’

“The recollection of these short-lived days overcame poor Emily, and she could tell me no more for a time. At length I begged for the sequel, and, with a determined effort for calmness, she continued:—

“ ‘The rest is quickly told. There needs but to withdraw the mask which hid the hypocrite, and the man whom I loved as a father will appear the villain that he was. Upon the plea of business by day, he had changed the hour of his visits to the evening. One night he had requested tea, on returning from a dinner-party; my children were in bed, and we were alone. A thousand times he had called me his child, and petted me as a father would pet his own daughter; but on that one night there was a change in his tone, and a look which I had never remarked

before. He took his seat as usual by my side; he admired as usual my waving hair, and took it in his hand. Our eyes met, and I shrunk from their gaze. I withdrew the hand which he held, and the curls which he fondled; he seized the one and passionately kissed the other. I tried to retreat from his side, but his arm had imprisoned me; with fire in his eyes, and passion on his lips, he breathed his adulterous love, his fondness, and adoration. The change was too sudden and unlooked for; I deemed him mad—that excess of wine had turned his brain. I called him to reason; but he would not hear. I tried entreaty; it failed. With scorn and indignation I heaped reproaches; they only added fuel to his fire. Force and violence were opposed to my struggles to get free. I rang the bell, but no one answered; I screamed, and no one came. The truth flashed upon my brain—*I felt I was betrayed*. With the wild effort of despair, I seized a knife which lay on the table: the coward trembled before me, and I was saved! He went, and came no more.

“ ‘My determination was quickly taken; but how to act upon it was more difficult. The night was far advanced, and how could I wander forth with my poor children? I ran to their bed-room, and found them awake and in tears. They had heard my calls for assistance, and would have ran to their mother; but my maid was there and detained them. She, too, had betrayed me. There were none beneath the roof in whom to trust—none to whom I might confide my sorrows and ask for aid. After the base hypocrite had slunk away from my presence, I heard angry words below; with blasphemy and curses, vengeance was denounced; then came a violent slamming of the door, and I heard my cousin’s voice no more.

“ ‘Oh, what a night of agony was that! I bolted, locked, and secured my doors, as best I could; for I dreaded some new

treachery—some insult or violence. With the lark I had risen to enter the harbour which seemed to promise salvation after a night of dreamy happiness; I had risen with the lark to take possession of a home which promised to be a paradise; with the lark, too, I rose to quit that earthly paradise, because—I would not sin.'

"Such, in brief, was the substance of the details which poor Emily gave me, and such are amongst the temptations which hourly await the friendless needlewomen. If virtue fall, who, amongst the pampered rich, should throw the first stone?"

Such was the reflection of my friend the General; and well might he make it. Little does the gay world of pleasure dream at what cost its finery is wove: the thread of life is stretched upon the loom. For one bright gala-day of Court, how many sleepless nights of labour overwrought are taken from the sum of life! Fashion is the husbandman of Death, sowing destruction in the flowery path which leads to the world of pleasure. Such were my reflections as I listened to his sad story; for there is a higher branch of needlewomen, whose sufferings are untold, and claim consideration. I speak of those employed by principal houses,—daughters of clergymen—of families ruined by reverse, *apprenticed to consumption*! If the law puts forth its strong arm to protect the poor mechanic's child, should it not extend its shield to protect the orphans reduced to want, and fix a limit to their hours of slavery? Let the reader forgive and ponder on these few lines, which are apart from the story we now hasten to conclude. Once more we resume the General's own words:—

"My leave expired. Two years and more had passed by before I had another opportunity of tracing the lot of poor Emily. Dark and darker days had come to pass. Like thousands who struggle on the stream of life, she had sunk, and was seen no more. I traced her from change to change, the one

more wretched than the other, and finally to a hospital; there the mother and her children were received by the hand of charity. Fever and sickness, born of poverty and want, released one child from the trials of the world: the other, and the mother, were saved from the brink of the grave. They were pronounced recovered; they went forth, but no one knew whither. In vain I applied to houses by whom she had been formerly employed. There are gradations in beggary; they knew her no longer.

"At last, I thought of the Church. I had been told that it had awakened from its lethargy, and that now, even in the great Leviathan, there was a Church which knew its poor. It was so. I found the poor curates were working men, seeking out distress, giving their mite from their humble means, and giving that which no gold can purchase—the balm of kind and holy words by the bed of sickness. It was from one of those good men that at length I obtained a clue. The very name had changed, in the mouths through which it had passed of late; but there was a something in the description which made me feel I could not be mistaken.

"Close to that labyrinth of filth and woe called 'Seven Dials,' there is a wretched street which has been turned from its original purpose. In other words, the builder's intention was that it should be 'respectable;' but its earlier tenants were the very antipodes to the word 'respectable:' there fell a blight upon the spot, which sealed its doom. The houses which let in their entirety at first, gave shelter in the end to multiplied misery; they were let by the room, and the ground-floors turned into shops. Unwashed and bearded Jews made it their 'Rookery,' and there they nestled, amidst filthy rags and cast-off clothes. Old bits of rusty iron, phials unwashed, second-hand shoes, and cobbled boots, impeded progress on the pavement; and the grimy blackamoor doll, with dress as

blackened as itself, swung by the head from many a door, to mark the 'dealer in marine stores.'

"The very air was tainted. It was a foulsome and repulsive task to pass the length of this wretched street; and yet, amidst this offal of rotting rags and threadbare clothes, was more than one eating-house. Paint, repair, and cleansing, had long since ceased. The name of the street was shrouded in soot, and it was only by inquiry that I could make out that this really was the one to which I had been directed. 'Gracious Heavens!' I said, within myself, 'it cannot be here that Emily is lodged.' Yet, determined to leave no stone unturned in my researches, I continued my inquiries. The houses had once been numbered; but the London smoke had rivalled the blackness of the paint, and the numbers were illegible. The clustered and clotted merchandise exposed to view made it difficult to count the houses, and find the number 20, which I sought for; it was, however, my only alternative. The dealers scowled upon me as I passed, and would not deign a civil answer. At length I came upon a chandler's-shop and eating-house, one shade cleaner than the rest, and I fancied I could make out '20.' I ventured in, and waiting until some pale-faced, haggard children, had got their farthing candle, or pennyworth of dripping, I asked if it were number 20.

"'Can't you read?' said the filthy slattern behind the counter; and having pointed to the window, resumed her sale of broken scraps and candles.

"I managed to detect my oversight, and saw 'No. 20' painted on the dirty windows, with the list of all for sale within. That point gained, I was determined to venture another question; and I asked her, as humbly as I could, if she knew whether Mrs. — was a lodger in her house.

"'My house!—it be n't mine. I knows myself, and don't know Mrs. anybody else. There's the door.' And she pointed,

as I thought, to her own. The hint was too plainly spoken to be neglected; but as soon as I regained the street, I found that I had wronged the woman; for, cheek by jowl with the shop-door, was the original door of the house. Years had probably passed since the door had been shut, for there was a thick ledge of dirt at its foot. It still bore a knocker; but this was fastened down by two or three large rusty nails. I partly entered the dark passage, and could just discern a staircase, black and rotting with damp. I was debating with myself how I might best pursue my inquiry, when a child, without shoes or stockings, took its seat at the door-sill. Unseen myself, I paused to look at the child. Amidst its poverty and rags there was an attempt at cleanliness—a cast of features which seemed apart from its degraded position. I went to the child, hoping to get some information as to the lodgers in the house; but when the poor little girl saw me, dressed as a gentleman, she was frightened; she stared an instant, then, as an untamed savage at the sight of Europeans, she ran away and hid herself.

“Nothing remained but to thread the dark staircase, and try door after door. I did so. At one, no sound was returned; at another, there was but the wailing of children, or the faint cry of some half-starved cat; at others, beings came forth like spectres bidden at my call—wretched children, who could tell me nothing—mothers with infants at their milkless breasts; one and all could give me no tidings of the one I sought. I breathed more freely, for I began to feel convinced I had made some mistake—that it was not here that Emily——had found a refuge which seemed more sad than the open streets.

“I was in the act of descending, and had reached a landing, lit by a decayed and broken window. I had just ran my eyes over the yellow fragments of glass, and, from idle curiosity, was trying to look into the dark courtyard beneath. I heard a foot-step; there was some one dragging their weary legs upstairs. I

heard a voice—a mother talking to her child. I fancied I knew the tone; nor was I wrong. The next moment Emily and the child I had seen at the doorway stood before me.

“Yes, the child in rags, with neither shoes nor stockings to its feet, was the grandchild of those who lived in luxury and affluence—the daughter of one who was cradled in a mansion, with park and acres around it; and now, the poor needlewoman reduced to this!

“The mother’s attention was directed to her child, telling of the dinner she had brought, and of a new pair of shoes. When she looked up and stood before me, she uttered an exclamation, and she, too, like her child, turned from my gaze, and sought to hide her wretchedness in flight. Her strength failed, and she sank upon the blackened stairs.

“In vain I entreated her to let me lead her to the room she rented. ‘No, no, no,’ she exclaimed, in hurried accents; ‘you shall not—you must not—see my home!’ And she would not allow me to look upon the depth of her destitution. I lifted her up, and we seated ourselves on the top stair of the landing. She had on a shapeless bonnet of straw, the one remaining riband pinned to the opposite side. She withdrew the pin, and gasped for breath. She untied her cloak—a long and tattered cloak, which hid the little dress still saved from the pawnbroker—and taking a basket, which hung from her arm, she displayed a new pair of shoes for her child.

“There was an evident endeavour to direct attention from herself. Taking the child on her lap, with tears, kisses, and smiles, she showed the new purchase, and clothed the naked feet. But hunger soon triumphed over the delight of something new, and the poor child asked for its dinner. Once more the basket was taken in hand, and she produced a slice of something called ‘plum-pudding’ in the language of cheap cookery; in other words, a roll of half-baked dough, showing the segment

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of a dried raisin at each cut ; and this was the dinner for the mother and child—for the poor needlewoman who had half starved herself to buy a pair of shoes for her child !

“ What a meeting !—and what a spot whereon to meet one whom I remembered clad in silks and lace ; a thing of grace and loveliness, lighting the sphere in which she moved with happiness and joy ! What a dark page in her chequered history did poor Emily unfold, as thus we sat by the window, shattered as her fortunes. I cast a veil upon the details. With health, the poor may struggle on and live ; but when that fails, and the machinery of life has lost its handicraft, it is ‘ death in life,’—the rack and torture of the King of Terrors.

“ The kind assistance of friends raised the mother and her child from the abyss into which they had fallen. I have but one more picture to present.

“ My short leave of absence had quickly expired, and a long interval elapsed before I once more visited London. This time I had less difficulty in tracing out the Lady Needlewoman. All things are comparative, and when last I found poor Emily, a brighter star had crowned her efforts ; she was a *mistress needlewoman*. In addition to the profits of her own industry, she had some ten or twelve poor needlewomen in her employ ; and a few pence per week deducted from their earnings placed her above the wants of life.

“ Startling and frightful as the picture may seem when we look upon the foreground, and truth is magnified, it is still the truth. In the distance, the view is softened ; but that does not change this fact,—that, from the highest to the lowest, we are but beasts of prey, living upon each other. The links of society demand it, and, despite its seeming cruelty, it may be for the interest of the whole. Be it the artist, historian, or blacksmith, he who lives by his labour, lives by his time. If his hours are consumed in searching for work, he starves ; he can neither sow

nor reap ; neither strength, health, nor talents avail : the produce of time lost is famine. Thus, in the sad picture before me, it was to the interest of the poor needlewomen to yield up a few pennies of the few they earned, in order to secure employment. They felt the superiority of her for whom they worked, and so did the master-shopmen. The lady would peep out in the midst of poverty and rags. There was a something in the manner and address of Emily which won attention, and she obtained orders and confidence where others would have failed. At the moment of which I speak, Emily was lodged in a purer atmosphere. The street was humble ; but it branched from one of those great arteries which run through the monster London. At the top of a house, and under the angles of the roof, was a long, low room. It was winter ; there was no fire, but the heat of human breath was suffocating. Pale faces and haggard looks were the leading features in this school of industry. Privation and the trials of the world had stamped their character ; sickness and the seeds of death were seen in many a cheek, where once were roses and the blush of beauty.

“ This time it was with difficulty that I could recognise the being whom I had known in childhood. There was a change, too, in her manner—a something which bordered on harshness in her tone—a reckless indifference to all things. Had her heart grown cold in the buffetings of this weary world ? Heaven alone, which can sum up the records of a life, can sit in judgment for the last account. She begged me to return in the evening, when the hours of work were over. I did so.

“ It was late in the evening when I returned. The air of the apartment had been changed ; its faint and clammy vapour had passed away ; but in its dim obscurity I pictured the haggard faces I had seen in the morning. At the farther end of the room a curtain had been drawn aside ; there was a bed, on which her child was sleeping. There was a small fire-

place, too, in which a few sticks had been kindled ; and of a few knobs of coal in a flat shovel, some three or four were on the wood.

“ ‘ But a sorry welcome ! ’ said Emily, as with her small hand she threw on a few more sticks.

“ I touched upon former days ; but she turned from the subject—from all but the present. Her child moved in its sleep ; she started up, ran to the bed, gazed in mournful silence, and beckoned me to come and look at it, but said not a word. Presently we resumed our seats and the conversation was renewed ; it was still the details of the present. When I hinted at a change for the better, she positively refused all offers of assistance. ‘ *We are provided for,* ’ was her only answer. Whether hope or dark foreboding mingled with her words, I know not ; neither tear nor smile gave echo to their meaning. Once she laughed ; but it made my blood run cold. Yes—when she told me how she lived on the pennies wrung from the poor needlewomen, her eyes sparkled, and, as if some glad and clever conceit had crossed her brain, she burst into a wild, hysteric laugh.

“ Strange perversity of human heart ! For the first time, I had found Emily placed, as she told me, above want : yet that last meeting clung to my memory as the saddest of all.

“ In something less than twelve months I was passing through London, and, thanks once more to the working curate, the poorly-paid man of God, I was enabled to catch one more trace of the Lady Needlewoman and her child. There was no mistaking the description, and I ascertained as a fact that the mother and child were both dead and buried in the same grave.”

To add one word of mine to those of my friend the General, were needless and uncalled for. The tale speaks for itself.

THE MOTHER'S LAST SONG.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

SLEEP! — The ghostly winds are blowing :
No moon's abroad ; no star is glowing :
The river is deep, and the tide is flowing
To the land where you and I are going !
 We are going afar,
 Beyond moon or star,
 To the land where the sinless angels are !

I lost my heart to your heartless sire ;
('Twas melted away by his looks of fire ;)
Forgot my God, and my father's ire,
All for the sake of a man's desire : —
 But now we'll go
 Where the waters flow,
 And make us a bed where none shall know.

The world is cruel ; the world 's untrue :
Our foes are many ; our friends are few :
No work, no bread, however we sue !
What is there left for us to do —
 But fly — fly,
 From the cruel sky,
 And hide in the deepest deeps — and die !

THE KING AND THE COUNTESS.

A DIARY.

BY MARIA NORRIS.

1662.—I am now eighteen, and am determined to keep a Diary, like my mother's. But God forbid I should ever have to record such bloody deeds as she has chronicled,—she who consoled the poor Queen during that awful tragedy of King Charles's execution,—she who from a farm-house saw the dreadful affair of Worcester,—she who helped the second Charles to escape after that signal defeat. My life has hitherto been one of singular calmness and retirement. I have, indeed, a dim recollection of my mother, in very deep mourning, and of a visit from King Charles the Second, a few days after his father's melancholy end, but nothing clear; for the mind of a little child cannot rise to comprehend the great tragedy of grief. Sorrow it may compass: I remember better the death of my goldfinch than that of King Charles, though for importance they may not be compared together. But to have done. In 1649 my parents left England, having collected their property, and with me came into France, where they took for residence an old mansion, formerly a convent, and very staid and dull in appearance. It is built round a square; the rooms are almost numberless, but few of them large. The gardens behind are very beautiful, sloping down to the river, which is bright and clear, and well stocked with fish. Here, with my dear parents and Mrs. Killigrew, my governess, I have resided since I was a

little child, and as yet have seen nothing of the world ; which, I confess, I somewhat regret. But there is a prospect of a return to our own dear England, to Arlesford, where I was born, and to the society of—I can scarcely say *my* friends, but of my father's and mother's.

March.—To-day arrived from England a young nobleman, Lord Woodstock, who has sought out my father by the King's desire, to beseech his return to his country. My dear father briefly explained that only the very precarious state of my mother's health had prevented his return at the Restoration. Thank God ! this spring has reinvigorated her, and we may see Arlesford sooner than we expected. Now for Lord Woodstock. He is a person of such excellent looks, parts, and manners, that I utterly despair of doing him justice by my weak, girlish pen. His countenance is fair and rather ruddy ; brow high, wide, and white, half shaded by the long natural curls of his bright brown hair. His mouth is small and *womanly*—I can no other way express my meaning. His smile has such extreme sweetness, that one is enchanted by it. Oh, how different is he to the French gentlemen whom I have seen, or to Lord St. Albans, whom King Charles's widow has privately married ! Dear me ! had I one husband slain on the scaffold, I think I could never love again. But so it is ;—and I wonder if she often recall Whitehall ?

Lord Woodstock tells us of the King's approaching marriage with Donna Caterina, daughter to John IV. of Portugal, and sister to the present Portuguese king. He told of the poverty of Portugal at present ; how the Infanta, before her betrothal, had but half a hen to her own table, but has now a whole bird, in consequence of her new dignity !

But I am sorry to hear fresh accounts of the scandalous life of the King. Lord Woodstock says he is quite under the control of Barbara, daughter to Viscount Grandison, and married to a

gentleman named Palmer, who, methinks, must have a singular temper not to take his wife away out of the King's reach, or part from her himself. Mrs. Killigrew says England's loose manners, if not checked, will bring fresh calamities; which God forbid should happen! But poor Mrs. Killigrew is ever desponding. My father says 'tis the reaction of a too-tightly-strung bow, and, now the string is loosened, will subside: I wish it may so happen. The people are scandalised by the King's behaviour, but hope a great deal from his marriage with the Infanta. Had not the ministers been very determined, Madam Palmer, who opposed the marriage of the King, would have carried the day, Lord Woodstock says. He also tells us she is the only person not pleased with the match, which promises well for England, as (whether France have contributed to it is not for us to inquire) the King offers with his sister a dowry of five hundred thousand pounds, with the possession of Tangier and Bombay, and a free trade to Portugal and her colonies. Our informant tells us it was on the day of the monarch's entry into London he was struck with Madam Palmer's beauty. Oh, methinks, he should have had other thoughts on such a solemnly joyful day. I grieve to learn that the King has promised his mistress a place about the Queen's person, and has seriously disputed with the Lords Clarendon and Ormond, who are both against this cruel scheme. And a peerage has been given to Mr. Palmer—the Earldom of Castlemaine in Ireland. What a man!—to wear as a title of honour the wages of his wife's frailty! My fancy never compassed such doings as these. I expressed my honest anger by an exclamation which escaped me unawares: Lord Woodstock's eyes met mine with a look of great sympathy. I am glad he goes not with the laxity of the times. I am pleased to hear that, in spite of all his faults, King Charles is idolised by his people. I shall never forget his visit to us here, some years back. How merry he was; and how he offended poor Mrs.

Killigrew, by tying the tortoiseshell cat and a family of kittens in her cherry-coloured hood. She scarcely forgives him to this day; and perhaps a little feeling of revenge causes her to prophesy bad things for England under his example. I was a little girl of twelve or thirteen then, and very fond of the King, and he of me. Many a time he told me of Strafford, of his father, until he fetched my tears, which he presently kissed away and began some wild sport. Mrs. Killigrew scolded me for it finely afterwards, but I loved the mischief if I rued the consequences. The King remembers me, and sends a gracious message by Lord Woodstock, and two fine strings of pearls for his former playmate. He will still have his jest, for in the casket with the pearls is a piece of paper inscribed in his own hand:—

“If the pearls be welcome, may the bearer prove still more welcome to the fair Amy.

CHARLES R.”

Happily, I crumpled it up without my mother’s eyes, or Mrs. Killigrew’s still sharper vision, perceiving the presence of the scrap. The bearer still more welcome, indeed!

He had not forgotten his offence against my governess; for he sent his gracious remembrance to her, and desired to know if cherry-colour still became her as well as formerly!

But I envy not the Infanta her husband, for all his good-natured jesting and merry tricks. Poor princess! ’Tis to be hoped he will reform: but he is thirty-two—no longer a boy!

May.—Lord Woodstock is still with us, and I have made great progress in his friendship. ’Tis delightful to hear him talk of scenes I love, but cannot clearly remember. A little time before he came here he went to our house at Arlesford, and as it was not dismantled with our other places, he abode there several days,—in “Lady Amy’s chamber,” too, with the little white and blue bed-hangings, and the eastern sun peeping

cheerily in of a morning, and the tall trees of the park outside visible as one lies in bed. And all this he described to me, so that I felt as 'twere but yesterday my mother used to hear me pray there every night, and kiss my pillowed cheek, and draw my curtains, and give me her cheerful "Good night, and God bless thee, my darling!"

And to think that Cromwell's soldiers made that dear old place their head-quarters for a fortnight—frightening poor old John and Dame Spencer almost out of their wits! Dame Spencer sends me word that the little grave I made my goldfinch has still its roses living that I planted, and the tiny tombstone is standing yet.

And the dear old church, which was dismantled by the Parliamentary army, is being repaired; and good Mr. Bennet the clergyman's house, too! His hair is white, Lord Woodstock says; but he is so full of gratitude and joy for the restoration of the Church and Monarchy, that he can scarcely be active enough in his parish.

Oh, what a happy time this has been! I sigh to anticipate Lord Woodstock's departure; for, though he has not yet mentioned it, 'tis not to be hoped but he will shortly leave us. And though I love Mrs. Killigrew, 'tis not so pleasant to sit day after day, making my eyes ache over the tasks of embroidery she gives me, as it is to wander through these old gardens, interchanging thoughts with one so gay, so frank, so friendly as Lord Woodstock.

Later in May.—This morning I was walking in the rose-garden before breakfast, when I suddenly felt an arm gently put round me, and heard a sweet voice address me as "Sweet Amy." I trembled and blushed sorely, though I was happy,—so very happy; and I scarcely know how, but before we went in to breakfast we were betrothed, and had exchanged kisses—how can I write it? But it was so; and if there be shame, 'tis in

the action, not the chronicle. But, oh ! when he led me in to my father, and begged his blessing, I was near swooning ; and had he not supported me with a strong arm, I must have done so. My father kissed me, and with some sly remarks coupled the fondest blessing that ever betrothed maiden received.

This done, I ran away to my mother's dressing-chamber, where I found Mrs. Killigrew, whom I overheard say—"and my rheumatism has been so bad again." I wished my governess away, but there was no help for it ; and, in a few broken words, I made my mother acquainted with my engagement. Oh, to see how Mrs. Killigrew opened her eyes and looked !—for she hath not suspected my many walks and conferences with my dear Philip.—(Oh, what a world of bliss in three words !) "It was not so in my time," quoth good Mrs. Killigrew ; "then proposals were first made to parents, not to headstrong girls, who scarcely know their own wills."

But my dear mother soon quieted her and surprised me by saying that Lord Woodstock's father and mine contracted us in our childhood, with the condition that we grew up to like each other. And I find that Philip knew this, and that his mission from the King to my father, though not a pretence, was only a secondary object ; for he came to fetch his wife, of whom he has from time to time received tidings through her father. Poor Philip ! His father fell at Worcester, and his mother died some years before ; so he has no parent to rejoice in his happiness. But my father and mother love him as though he were their own. I never thought myself capable of my present joy. We wandered in the gardens this evening ; and I could not but pray very earnestly to-night that God will fit me to be Lord Woodstock's wife. Oh, I will do my best to practise virtue and conjugal love ; though Mrs. Killigrew has somewhat sharply reprov'd my mirth to-day, as lightness and frivolity under circumstances, she says, that should weigh my spirits

down, and make me sober. But though I be merry, I think more deeply on the subject than good Mrs. Killigrew believes.

May 29th.—The King's birthday, and the anniversary of his arrival in England. This happy day brought us again to England, and to Arlesford. Philip came over with us; and we are to be married at the dear old church where I knelt, a little child, long ago. Our entry into Arlesford was almost too much to be borne; the tenantry and labourers of the estate lined the road, blessing us, and thanking God for our return and my dear mother's restored health. Good Mr. Bennet, just reinstated in his benefice, was among them, and his blessing yet lingers in my ears. The good people took the horses from the carriage and drew it from the lodge to the gate of the mansion. Old John, Mrs. Spencer, and the rosy maids her helpers, had deserted the old house to come and meet us; so we all returned together. My father, mother, and I fell on our knees at the threshold, and dear Mr. Bennet, pressing through the crowd, gave our prayers a voice—ay, extempore too—as well as any Puritan could have done it. Such crying, and sobbing, and laughter that was more like weeping than mirth, but was mirth for all that; such ringing of bells, and bonfires blazing on Arlesford and Greenholme hills! At night every cottage showed a taper in the window as though it were Christmas, and all this as much on our account as for the sake of King Charles, whose birthday it is. In honour of the anniversary of the happy Restoration, every creature in the place carried an oak-branch, remembering the hiding of the King near the Penderels' farm, in an oak-tree. But I must to bed and to sleep, happiness hath well-nigh turned my brain. As for Mrs. Killigrew, in spite of her sharp speeches about England's crimes, none was more pleased than she. She waved her oak-branch with the best of us, and for a little while forgot the cherry-coloured hood and the tortoiseshell cat. She was like a madwoman.

Oh, bliss ! To rest my head once more in my own dear little chamber, where the morning sun shines, and from whose window when I wake I shall look upon the village so full of faithful hearts that love me and mine.

June.—To-day was the first Sunday in England, and I once more heard our noble liturgy read in an English church. Mr. Bennet preached from the eighth verse of the seventy-ninth Psalm, "O remember not against us former iniquities." Scarcely a dry eye in the church, I think, while the good man urged upon us how undeserving we were of the great favour of God in restoring us our church and monarchy. Yet I cannot but grieve for the ejected ministers—who are many of them, by the Act of Uniformity, left without a home or bread. Surely, though the Puritans wronged and despoiled our church, mercy would best become us; and if this Act were necessary (as I cannot doubt, or the King's Majesty would not suffer it), I think it might have been carried out in a gentler way. Mr. Bennet, at his own house, hath maintained the two children of Mr. Obadiah Pearce, a non-conforming preacher in Arlesford, while their father goes to seek a livelihood. They are rosy babes and merry, but their names, Love and Virtue, and their dress so stiff and formal, that I was fain to smile when I entered the parsonage parlour, and saw them demurely seated at their books. But I presently got them at play, and we romped gaily in the dear old garden; and Love's strange little formal coif was tossed clean off her head, and for some minutes lost in a bed of flowers; whereat was crying: but I found it again, and tied it on, though I think it perverse folly to hide a child's hair, which is an ornament given by God himself, under an ugly coif, the work of man. To-morrow I am to be married; and not I only, but six village maids to whom Philip will give a dower, and their wedding feast is to be spread under the chestnut-trees in Arlesford Park. What a merry scene will it be !

I take advantage of my first spare time to chronicle how things went on Monday. First, there was a serenade of village music under my window, rather loud than melodious, but of good intent, and therefore pleasing. Colonel Knollys' daughter, Henrietta, and my cousin Mary from Acland Park (neither of whom had I seen since I was quite a child), were my bridesmaids; and very pretty ones, too. Mr. Knollys, the Colonel's son, kept pretty close to Mary all day, and I think there will be a wedding at Acland Park before long. Then the six village brides, all in white (which I gave them), met me in the great parlour, and there we waited until my Philip and the other bridegrooms had got into the church, when we started, walking gently up the May-copse lane, and so to the church, children all the way scattering flowers; and in the crowd I saw Love and Virtue Pearce, and little Isabella Bennet, all looking very pleased, and wondering, no doubt, if ever their turn will come! And at church I scarcely know what happened, for my tears checked my sight and my voice, and I felt faint; but Philip sent some person for water, which I drank, and it revived me. When we reached home again, they let me lay down for an hour, and I got up quite well to the feasting in the park.

The white, red, blue, and green dresses of the villagers looked vastly pretty among the trees, and we had a dance after dinner, and were all exceedingly merry: and Philip caught Mr. Knollys and Mary philandering under the hawthorn by the brook, and brought them back to the company with much merriment; which Mr. Bennet increased by saying he thought he had made an error in the morning, and married only seven couples instead of eight: but he begged Mr. Knollys' pardon, and hoped to-morrow would do as well. At which Mr. Knollys laughed, and said to-morrow would suit him very well; and poor Mary sat trembling, and blushing as red as the roses which in her perturbation she was tearing leaf from leaf. My

father was full of sly hints and jokes, which was quite too bad of him. But, oh ! how stately was Mrs. Killigrew in a flowered gown and blue knots, sitting by Colonel Knollys—a *widower* ! I could not but smile at her gravity while all else laughed, and to see how scandalised she was when Mr. Bennet and young Knollys joked about the wedding. “ It was not so in my time ! ” passed through her mind, I know. But she has never been married, and so has little indulgence for lovers. For all that, she was so very stately and polite to Colonel Knollys that (shame on me !) I half think she has a design on him.

July.—Having remained a month with my father and mother, I have now taken leave of them. Mrs. Killigrew remains to be company for them ; and, indeed, though I love her, I think she is better with them than with us : for, in the commerce of husband and wife, there must needs be confidences not meant for other ears. ’Tis not scandal for two married ones to speak their opinions about their neighbours’ faults or vices, not for talking’s sake, but only with the view to shun the like, of course : but it would be a grave fault in the presence of others. Philip and I are never so happy as when shut away from the world, as were Adam and Eve in Paradise. But, ah ! I fear we shall next year be drawn out of our retirement to court ; but my lord hath excused himself this year, and the King hath, jokingly, said, “ he hath married a wife and cannot come.”

Mr. Pepys, wonderfully elated at his restored position in the world, has been to my father’s. What a man is he for dress ! And how did his purple-velvet clothes attract the eyes of our simple villagers ! His wife is pretty, and he proud of her.

My lord has been some months away from his estates, and there is a great deal to be done ; his absence to look after his lands gives me more time than I like to spend without him, but it cannot be helped.

Woodstock House is a noble place, with a great deer-park, and a river running through the demesne; and a lovely flower-garden, with a marble terrace, and fountains, and stonework somewhat like Versailles. And my lord has had my rooms decorated very elegantly, and everything provided for my comfort and delight; but I weary of his absence sadly. The King hath sent word to my lord that he has every flower but the rose in his garden, and *that* he bids my lord will bring him quickly; but for all that Philip will not take me to court till next year.

I am vexed that silly Mr. Pepys must needs go back to London and tell Lady Castlemaine and my Lord Dorset a great deal of folly about my good looks, my skill in archery, and in singing. And my Lord Dorset, in a freak, has told the King, and thence comes this message, at which Philip only laughs, and bids me laugh too; for he says we are truly married, body and soul, and are lifted by our affections far above the follies and temptations of the court. Mrs. Killigrew has lately had sight of the first part of an epic poem in manuscript, by Mr. Milton, Latin secretary to the arch-tyrant Cromwell. It is on the Fall of Man, and Eve is tempted in the absence of Adam. I reminded Philip of this, but he stopped me with a kiss, and was good enough to say that Mr. Milton's opinion of our sex is the great blot of the poem, being quite untrue to nature. Mrs. Killigrew would be angry indeed, for she adores Mr. Milton, though I have heard that when she used to be in his company she was always incurring his sharp reproofs. Mr. Milton has not been happy in marriage, and, with his ideas of women, how should he? But I may be wrong; and perhaps his being a Puritan may prejudice me somewhat, though I would labour to keep my heart clean of so ugly a thing as prejudice.

January 1663.—We are bidden to a wedding—not Mr.

Knollys, with Mary, for that took place some weeks back, though I have not chronicled it. But—can it really be true?—to the marriage of Colonel Knollys, that pattern of stiff politeness, and of Mrs. Killigrew, now in her fifty-fourth year! Philip has laughed much about it, saying he would give the world to have seen the good, gouty gentleman on his knees, and Mrs. Killigrew blushing behind her fan, as is her wont on the slightest occasion. Mr. Knollys begged permission to *give away* his father's bride, but only in jest of course. He has been to see us, and tells us Mary makes so good a housewife that his income, though small, is more than sufficient for himself and his friends; and they are very happy. I am glad of it; I always loved my cousin, and her husband has my best regards for her sake, to say nothing of his own.

March.—The wedding of Colonel Knollys and Mrs. Killigrew passed off as grave as a funeral on the side of the contracting parties, though Philip and Mr. Knollys sadly shocked the good people by their light behaviour. I was glad to find my father well, and my mother quite like her former self. We spent a week very merrily at Arlesford, and have returned home, bringing Mary and her husband to stay a while with us. I am right glad of her company, and shall scarcely wish to part with her again.

May.—Thank God I am in health to write the happiest lines I ever penned! My baby is healthy and my husband well. I can scarce imagine how the bliss of heaven can outweigh the blessedness of a mother's happiness. I can do nothing but gaze lovingly on my infant's innocent face, and drink in joy with every glance. At my wish Mr. Bennet came to Woodstock to baptize the child. Philip Arlesford is his name, in honour of my lord and of my father. Mary is still with me, and a great comfort she has been; she is so good and affectionate. My father is quite elated, and—dear, kind old man!—already fancies his grandson knows him! Ever since

I have been well the house has been crowded with company; and after we have done our duty to our neighbours we go to Hampton, where the King and court at present stay. My lord and I have each a place; mine in the Queen's bedchamber. I half dread my colleague, Lady Castlemaine, in spite of Mr. Pepys' praise of her good-nature.

July 1663.—We arrived at Hampton in safety, though I somewhat dreaded the journey for my little boy; but he bore it well. I am charmed with the place. The King received us graciously, but gazed at me more than I liked, and I made some excuse to seek the Queen. She is dark, and good-looking in feature; but English eyes are so used to fair women, that a brown complexion is almost a fault here. When she was first presented to my Lady Castlemaine, or rather, when "the lady" was first presented to the Queen, her Majesty controlled her feelings at first, but presently burst into tears, the blood gushing from her nose, and she was carried to her chamber in a fit; and the King was angered at her "whims," as he said. He took the opportunity of a full court to present his mistress to the Queen. It was too cruel. The poor Queen is very dull, and her dark eyes wander listlessly from face to face, as if in search of a friend; and if the King but smile on her, she is gay for an hour. And in this mood he likes her. Then why does he not smile on her more frequently?

The gardens here are lovely, the fine trees in full leaf, and the great vine full of grapes; not yet ripe, of course. The roses are very fine. Last night the King plucked me a bunch, and bade Lady Castlemaine present them to me from him,—to try her temper, I suppose; for he is fond of trying people's tempers. But she was not jealous of me: she knows I am quite shut up to my lord; and she gave me the flowers with a smile so sweet, that I do not wonder at the King's infatuation. Dancing, feasting, revelry of all kinds, chase away day after day; and amid it

all there is one sad, lonely heart, with its full tide of love sent back upon a weary shore, stranding nothing but bitter thoughts and jealous memories. Lady Castlemaine strongly opposed the King's marriage with Catherine, and still dislikes her excessively, though she generally strives to conceal it; for indeed, as Mr. Pepys says, she *is* good-natured.

Yesterday evening, under the trees, on the beautiful green turf, the King, Lady Castlemaine, and a dozen more ladies, were sitting laughing and joking. I went into the Queen's room; she stood by the window, gazing on the gay scene without. Lady Castlemaine threw some flowers in the King's face, and ran away; the King chased her and brought her back, taking the cravat from his neck to tie her hands behind her; and so he bound her to a tree, and kept her there until she begged his pardon, when he kissed her and set her free. The Queen, with tearful eyes, watched it all. I was by her side: she turned to me, hid her face on my shoulder, and wept passionately. "Is it not too much?" she said. "I wish a thousand times I were a nun, in some quiet convent, away from royalty and vice. I would love the King if he would let me; but his cruel behaviour provokes me, and then I displease him. Foolish girl that I was! When I first heard of my prospect of marriage, I was elated and pleased. How glad should I be to change back again to my humbler maiden state! I thought once I had a vocation: perhaps Heaven is punishing me for neglecting it. I am a wretched woman; and presently I shall have to sit at supper on one side the King, and see her—Lady Castlemaine—at the other: and he will bid me hand her cakes, or sweetmeats, only to anger me. How can mortal woman bear it, Lady Woodstock? You are my only friend, my good friend, my dear friend, and I love you."

I soothed my poor mistress as I best could, and seating her by the table, so that she should not again see the scene that troubled her, I ran and fetched Master Philip, of whom she had

before taken fond notice, and so I beguiled her ; and my boy was playful and smiling, so that after a time she forgot her sorrow for a little. She whispered to me, " If I had a son, perhaps——" and then her tears fell again, and I reminded her that if a son were to be hers, it would come in Heaven's time. And she angrily answered, that my Lady Castlemaine's two sons had come in Satan's time, she supposed, and said she hated her worse for the children than aught beside ; and after this there was no calming her. So I took my child to his bed, and as I kissed him, prayed earnestly that he may never, never grow up to defile God's image in his fellow-creatures who are weaker than himself.

Well, supper-time came, and the Queen, with swollen eyes, took her place, my Lady Castlemaine hers, and the King called me to sit next my lady ; but the Queen countermanded the order, and bade me come by her. The King was in a most wonderful humour, for instead of being vexed at this contradiction, he said to the Queen, " As you will, sweetheart ;" and looking at her, he asked her why she had been weeping. But he did not wait to be answered, which was well, but put his arm round her, and bade her be comforted and not act like a fool. He looked into her dark eyes, and she smiled : she had forgotten all his offences for a time.

Through my lord, the King has given Mr. Knollys, Mary's husband, a place under Government, which will bring them a very fair income. Philip is so kind, and takes such great interest in all belonging to me, that he has exerted himself a great deal to serve my cousin. And the King to-night, at supper, asked me, " Is Mrs. Knollys pretty ?" To which I said, " Her husband thought so." The King laughed, and said he must be a most obliging young man to admire his wife, and asked the Queen, " Did not she think so ?" She answered, very sweetly, " Yes, indeed, your Majesty, and Mrs. Knollys a most

happy woman." At which he said, "Do you think so?" adding, "Come, Kitty, if you look so good-tempered I shall imitate Lady Woodstock's cousin, and admire *my* wife."

And so the supper passed off very well, and all retired in good-humour; whereat my lord and I were gratified, for we both love the Queen. Mr. Pepys has been here a day or two; and oh! the bravery of his dress! And the King had many a jest with him, which good Mr. Pepys failed to perceive: whereat Lady Castlemaine, in especial, laughed; which caused Mr. Pepys to tell me "my lady was more sweetly good-tempered than ever." And then he asked me, did I think green became his complexion, and how I liked the broidery on his cravat; for 'twas Mrs. Pepys' work. Heaven help the man! Mr. Milton would say he should have been a woman; but I say otherwise. I am sorry to hear that Colonel Knollys' wife and his youngest daughter do not at all agree. My old governess is too precise for little Mistress Alice, I suppose. But the Colonel's wife must beware; for Alice is a great favourite with her father, and the disagreement with the child might disturb the harmony of the husband and wife.

One night lately, as the King, the Duke of Buckingham, my Lord Ormond, and Philip, with Lady Castlemaine and myself, were amusing ourselves in the gardens, the Queen being at mass in her private apartments, a little quarrel came up, which at first threatened somewhat serious consequences. The King was telling my lady of his visit to my father and mother in France, and how he vexed Mrs. Killigrew by tying up a family of cats in her cherry-coloured hood. "And oh!" he said, "Lady Amy Arlesford kissed me and cried when I departed: I wonder when Lady Woodstock will do the like?"

Now my husband, and Buckingham, and Ormond had stopped behind to look at something, but I said gaily, "Lady Woodstock's kisses are for her lord, her tears for himself and his

friends, but she hopes neither his Majesty's fortunes nor behaviour will ever cause her a wet cheek."

"Well said, fair lady!" cried the King; "and if my Lady Bab here were not so jealous I would speak my mind, and tell you, you are the loveliest lady at present in the court."

"Nay, Rowley," replied Lady Castlemaine, patting his shoulder, "Bab is not jealous of Lady Woodstock, say what you please; she is as good as she is beautiful, and therefore you have nought to hope nor I to fear."

"As to beauty," replied the King, "no court can beat us, I believe; but I won't say much for our goodness, since my Lady Castlemaine undermined our virtue."

"No one could say much for it before you saw me," answered she, reddening.

"Oh! but you mistake, Madam Palmer," said the King, knowing well how it angers her to be so addressed, and he loves to see a woman angry.

"What!" said she, passionately; "do you tell me that after the affair of poor Lucy Wa——."

The King threw her a black look, and strode off in anger. She looked at me, and I said I was sorry she had offended him.

"Oh, I don't care," was the reply; "he must learn to take a joke as well as to give one—his temper is nothing new to me: he may come round when he pleases."

I very soon made an excuse to leave her, for she was exceedingly angry with me for attracting so much of the King's attention, at least after he was offended and went away. For, she said, the quarrel arose through my means; had I not been there, their peace would not have been broken.

I went to the Queen and dressed her with a sad heart, but just before supper I told my husband all, and he kissed me and bade me take no heed, and so I was happy again. At sup-

per the King said to me, "I remember Pepys once told me you were a famous markswoman; to-morrow I mean to offer a prize, which you and Mistress Stewart, and all the other ladies, shall contend for. The target shall be fixed to-night, and to-morrow you shall shoot for this silver arrow." And he held up an arrow set with diamonds, very beautiful.

I saw Lady Castlemaine's face, which was very pale before, flush painfully, and she struggled to keep the tears from her eyes; but I little thought then that this arrow was a former present of hers to the King, and that his offering it for our contention hurt her. He did not even invite her to shoot, and, indeed, took no heed at all of her, though she sat as usual by his side. The Queen was in high spirits, for she saw that her husband had quarrelled with Lady Castlemaine; and he was particularly attentive to her, asking her, politely, "if she would condescend to join in the sports of her fair subjects?" She said, she would be happy to do so, and was much obliged to him. This must have vexed Lady Castlemaine worst of all; for though the King in a manner offered her present to us all, his offering it to the Queen, whom she hates, was a crowning offence.

The next morning I took my bow and arrows, and found them all assembled, with the exception of the Queen, who went with me. Lady Castlemaine had kept her room all the morning, and Mr. Pepys, who is here, aggravated her anger by telling her the King had laughed at her sulks! Silly Mr. Pepys!

The Queen began; and when all had shot, the prize was declared mine. The King took my bow from my hand and gave it to my husband, and, drawing my arm through his own, he led me away from the rest, under the trees.

"I felt sure," he said, "that you would win the arrow; it was my Lady Castlemaine's present to me long ago, and I would not for the world any got it but you, Amy."

I liked not his looks, nor the manner of his speech, nor his addressing me "Amy."

I stood still and blushed, feeling that his eye was upon me, but he would have me walk with him yet; and as he kept talking, I thought it would attract less observation to move than to be still.

"You will not be surprised, Amy," he said, "when I tell you that your surpassing beauty, and the sweetness of your temper, have quite won a heart which you may have heard called fickle; but believe me, dearest ——"

"Hush! hush!" I cried, drawing myself to my full height, for I was angry at his presumption. "Your Majesty forgets who I am, and whose wife. I reckon my virtue so dearly, that I would risk your Majesty's displeasure to save it, were it necessary. My son shall never grow up to hear a breath against his mother's character. I am your Majesty's loyal and affectionate subject, and I respect that name too much to disgrace it by light behaviour."

"I might have known it!" he said, sighing. "Ah! Amy—Lady Woodstock I would say—had I in my youth been wedded to a woman like you, my whole life would have been different. But here is Lady Castlemaine, and in riding costume; what does this mean?"

"I come to bid you farewell," she said, in a proud but broken voice; "I have outlived your love, let me go."

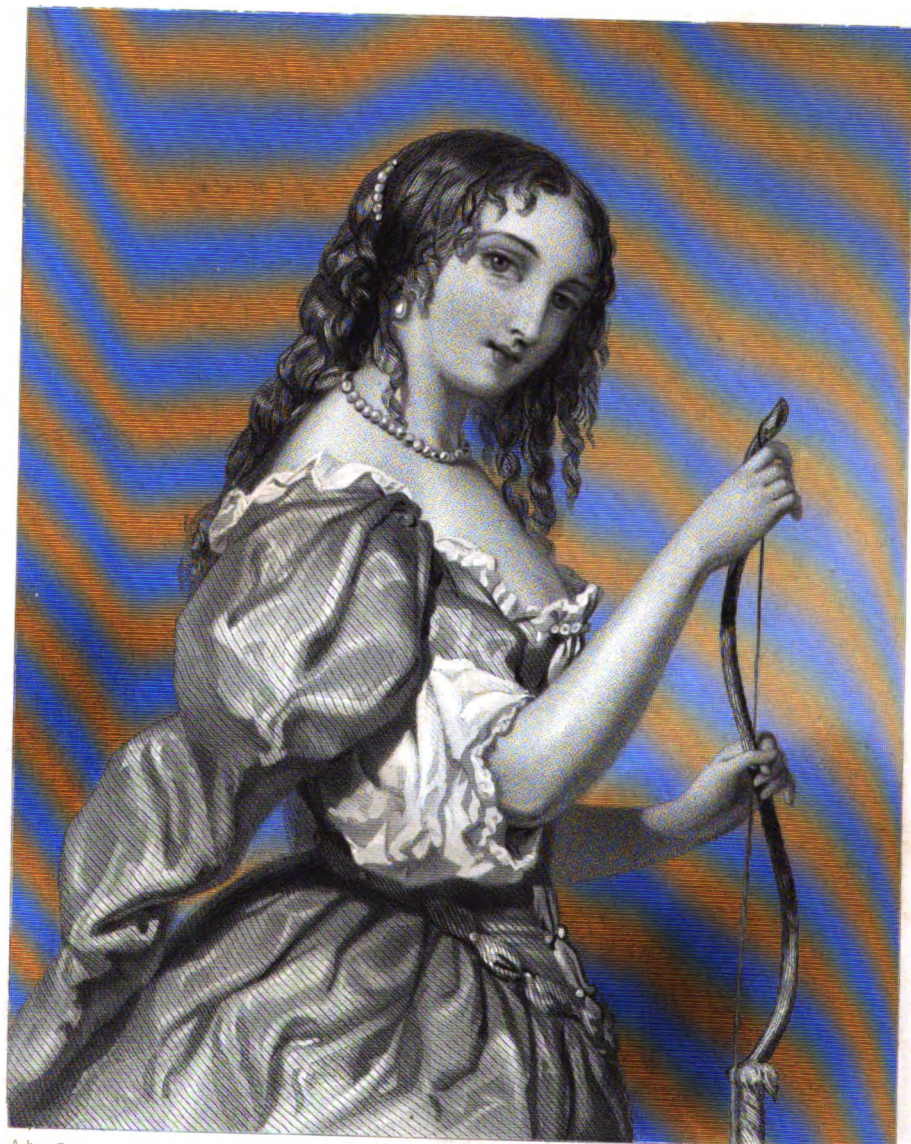
"Where will you go?"

"To my husband in Ireland—anywhere—only away from this place and from you."

"My Lord Castlemaine is gone to Ireland on my business, and I shall take care of you until his return, at any rate, my lady."

I tried to pass him and get away, but he detained me.

"What are you so angry about?" he continued. "Is it about



A. P. 1800

B. 1800

your arrow? It is in good hands; Lady Woodstock has it, and you are not jealous of her! Come, don't cry, your eyes are red and ugly now; be quiet, and let us make it up. I cannot afford to quarrel with you, for Lady Woodstock will have nothing to say to me. Ah, Barbara! had I married such a woman as this by my side, Mr. Palmer would never have been Earl of Castlemaine nor you Duchess of Cleveland; for, to make all straight, I will give you the title you asked of me."

They were now walking side by side; I slipped the arrow into Lady Castlemaine's hand, and she dried her eyes and restored it to the King, who promised never to part with it again; and so all is smooth once more.

But the poor Queen, who hoped everything from the quarrel, is agonised by the reconciliation. I have done my best to console her.

Meantime, what an odd position is mine! Both wife and mistress love me, for now Lady Castlemaine knows I rejected the King she cannot be kind enough to me; and his Majesty, though I was frank with him, is not offended.

I sought the first opportunity to acquaint my husband with all. Oh, his praises thrilled my whole heart! "I shall say nothing to the King," he exclaimed. "Your sincerity and prudence have left me nothing to revenge, but they make me love you more than ever; and, by the King's sword, Sir Peter Lely shall paint you for me just as you stood this morning with your bow in your hand, and your sweet blue eyes fixed on the Queen as she shot."

Sept. 1663.—Again, at our country-house in peace and quiet. My picture is painted, and the King has seen it, and has exerted himself to make these verses on it:—

" Arrayed in all his mother's charms,
This ingrate envies Love his bow;
Around his neck she twines her arms,—
He let the weapon go.

She laughs and shakes her golden curls,
 Sore sorrow the despoiled pair;
 But see—she turns their tears to pearls,
 And twines them in her hair.”

Mr. Pepys, as in loyalty bound, vows that they beat Mr. Milton and my Lord Roscommon.

But I care not for kings or poets, my husband is dear to me and I to him. Oh, what a happy, happy wife am I!

My lord is just come in, and insists on reading my diary from beginning to end. Well, there is not a word he is not welcome to see!

STANZAS.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

COME not, when I am dead,
 To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
 To trample round my fallen head,
 And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save.
 There let the wind sweep, and the plover cry;
 But go thou by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime
 I care no longer, being all unblest;
 Wed whom thou wilt; but I am sick of time,
 And I desire to rest.
 Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie.
 Go by—go by!

THE RESIGNATION.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

" Povero cor, tu palpiti,
Nè a torto in questo dì
Tu palpiti così,
Povero core."—METASTASIO.

PART I.

THE PALACE-GATE.

SHE bowed her head—she took the crown
In silence from her bended brow—
She laid the golden sceptre down,
And in her heart unsaid the vow.
Without a tear, without a sigh,
Without a single thought of pain,
She put the imperial purple by,
And said, " I am a child again !"

The bells were ringing loud and clear—
Gay voices sang in every street :
She heard them shout, " The prince is near !"
And pale and trembling ran to meet.

In robe of white she issued forth,
A simple rose-bud in her hair—
Search well the world from south to north,
You shall not find a face so fair.

She stood before the palace-gate—
Low at the prince's feet she bowed,
To take his own that came in state,
Attended by a flattering crowd.
She only thought, "Can these be gay?"
She only said, "Can these forget
I *was* their queen but yesterday—
I *am* their loving sister yet?"

"I loved them with a tender heart—
I ruled them with a gentle hand;
But cannot bid my love depart,
As I let go my late command.
Thou wilt," she cried, "that law restore,
Or ere I reigned that pressed them down;
That drenched their streets with mingling gore,
And armed the crook against the crown.

"Now, therefore, prince, a boon of thee—
Thy promise, for this people's sake—
And God be judge 'twixt thee and me,
If thou that promise falsely break:
That law thou wilt no more revive,
The root of so much wrong and pain—
So may'st thou long and prosperous live—
So may'st thou long and prosperous reign."

He raised her from the palace floor,
He looked into her angel face,
And felt, as ne'er he felt before,
How sweet compassion lendeth grace.
Then answered in a softer tone,
"I have no heart to say thee nay—
So thou wilt reign my queen, my own,
And call this day our bridal-day."

Then spake she forth, "It cannot be."
Whereat the prince in anger sware,
"Well, lady, well:—it rests with thee,
Thy people, if thou wilt, to spare.
But, as I live, my former will,
Evil or good, shall hold its way,
If thou thy part dost not fulfil
Before the sunset close the day."

The tears fell fast adown her cheek,
And heavy drooped her laden eyes—
She, struggling vainly, strove to speak,
But found no words. A storm of sighs
Heaved her sweet bosom, till she fell
A fainting form before his sight.
"Lady," he passing said, "Farewell!
I wait to hear thy will to-night."

PART II.

THE CHAMBER.

She bowed her head—she pressed her hand
In pain across her aching brow :
But yesterday she might command,
And bless but with a wish ; and *now* ——
She dashed her starting tears away,
She sat one moment calm and still,
Bent down beneath the maddening sway
Of wounded love and struggling will.

She thought on one whose voice's tone
Had thrilled so oft her listening ear ;
That spake of all save that alone
Had been her dearest joy to hear.
“ He loves me—loves me not !” she said :
“ Would God the fateful truth I knew :
Better to rest among the dead
Than wrong a heart whose love is true.”

She turned to where the casement stood,
That looked into the crowded street ;
She lingered there in pensive mood,
Listening the tramp of clattering feet ;
She saw the fountains dance and play—
The banners and the pomp she saw—
And called to mind the joyful day
That doomed to death the fatal law.

There came anear an aged man,
That leaned upon his daughter's arm ;
Her child beside them leaped and ran,
With cheeks like roses red and warm.
"I love ye passing well," she said,
As near and nearer still they drew ;
"But better rest among the dead,
Than wrong a heart whose love is true !"

With glances on a bashful troop
Of lads that looked another way,
There came beside a dancing group
Of bright-eyed damsels blithe and gay.
"I love ye—love ye all," she said,
As near and nearer still they drew ;
"But better rest among the dead,
Than wrong a heart whose love is true !"

"Than wrong a heart :"—her tears fell fast—
A tender conscience ached and stung ;
Till with the goading thought at last
Her soft and gentle soul was wrung.
"What heart ? O Self, that can disguise
In mask of worth thine hideous mien !
What hope could lift Theodoric's eyes,
When he was page, and I was queen ?

"What heart to wrong ? 'Tis I alone
The severence and the pang must bear ;
Mine, only mine, love's bitterest moan—
None shall my patient sorrow share.

And yet to part."——She raised her head—
The westering sun was sinking low—
His last long beams their radiance shed
Upon her cheek as pale as snow.

There went a pair of lovers by—
She heard their whispers soft and meek—
She saw the tear in either eye
That told what neither dared to speak.
She heard deep words of severence said—
O cruel severence!—godlike will!
"Better to rest among the dead,
Than duty's mandate unfulfil!"

She dropped upon her bended knee—
She sought her God to lend her aid—
"Pluck out this haunting Self from me,
Make strong this feeble heart," she prayed.
She snatched the pen—she scrawled in haste,
And slipped a princely gem between;
"Thank God," she cried, "this pang is past;
Let *love* be as it ne'er had been!"

The sun sank down behind the hill—
The crownless queen was crowned again,
Who cast to earth her dearest will
Her people's freedom to retain.
And while the marriage bells were loud,
And all, save *one*, were blithe and gay,
A youth went through the exulting crowd,
For ever from the court away.

Then learned they of her sacrifice,
Had else the fatal law returned :
Stood tears in all her people's eyes,
While love in every bosom burned.
" Now blessings on our lady's head !"
Before her feet their knees they threw.
" Better I die," she meekly said,
" Than slight these hearts whose love is true !"

EDWARD LAYTON'S REWARD.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"I COULD not have believed it!" exclaimed Mrs. Pierce Bradshaw. "I could not have believed it!" she repeated, over and over again; and then she fell into a fit of abstraction.

Her husband, who had been glancing wearily over a magazine, turning leaf after leaf without reading, or perhaps seeing, even the heading of a page, at length said, "I could!"

"You have large faith, my dear," observed the lady.

"Fortunately for Selina, I had no faith in him," was the reply.

Mrs. Pierce Bradshaw was not an eloquent person; she never troubled her husband or any one else with many words; so she only murmured, in a subdued voice, "Fortunately, indeed!"

"What a fellow he was!" said Mr. P. Bradshaw, as he closed the magazine. "Do you remember how delighted you were with him the evening of the *tableaux* at Lady Westrophe's? There was something so elegant and dignified in his bearing; so much ease and grace of manner; his address was perfect;—the confidence of a well-bred gentleman, subdued almost, but not quite, into softness by the timidity of youth. This was thrown into strong relief by the manners of the young men of the family, whose habits and voices might have entitled them to take the lead, even now, in the go-a-head school, which then was hardly in existence—at all events in England."

"You were quite as much taken with him as I was."

"No, my dear, not *quite*. Edward Layton was especially suited for the society of ladies. His tastes and feelings are — or *were* at that time — all sincerely refined; he was full of the impulse of talent, which he never had strength to bring forth: his thoughts were ever wandering, and he needed perpetual excitement, particularly the excitement of beauty and music, to bring them and keep them where he *was*. He was strongly and strangely moved by excellence of any kind, so that it *was* excellence; and the only thing I ever heard him express contempt for was wealth! — yes, wealth!"

"I could not have believed it!" said Mrs. Pierce Bradshaw again.

"That particular night it was whispered he was engaged to Lelia Medwin. When she sung, he stood like a young Apollo at her harp, too entranced to turn over the leaves of music, his eyes overflowing with delight, and the poor little girl so bewitched by his attentions that she fancied every whisper a declaration of love."

"Shameful!" said Mrs. Pierce Bradshaw.

"Then her mother showed every one what a lovely sketch he had made of Lelia's head, adding, that indeed it was too lovely; but then, he was a *partial* judge."

"She was a silly woman," observed the lady.

"She would not have been considered so if they had been married," replied the gentleman. "Mammas have no mercy on each other in those delicate manœuvrings. Well, he waltzed with her always; and bent over her — willow-fashion; looked with her at the moon; and wrote a sonnet which she took to herself, for it was addressed 'To mine own dear ——;' and then when, about eight weeks afterwards, we met him at the *déjeuner* at Sally Lodge, he was as entranced with Lizzy Grey's

guitar as he had been with Lelia's harp, sketched her little tiger-head for her grandmamma, waltzed with *her*, bent over *her* willow-fashion, looked with her at the moon, and wrote another sonnet, addressed 'To the loved one.' "

"Such men——" exclaimed Mrs. Pierce Bradshaw. She did not finish the sentence, but looked as if such men ought to be exterminated. And so they ought!

"There was so much about him that I liked: his fine talents, good manners, excellent position in society, added to his good nature, and——"

"Good fortune," added Mrs. Pierce Bradshaw.

"No, Mary," said her husband, quietly, "I never was a *Mammon worshipper*. This occurred, if you remember, before the yellow pestilence had so completely subverted London, that the very aristocracy knelt and worshipped the golden calf; and no blame to the calf to *receive* the homage, whatever we may say of those who paid it."

"I did not mean *that* as a reproof, Pierce," replied his wife, most truly. "I think it quite natural to like young men of fortune—we could not get on without them, you know; and it would be very imprudent—very imprudent, indeed—to invite any young man, however excellent. When we want to get these young girls, our poor nieces, off, I declare it is quite melancholy. Jane is becoming *serious* since she has grown so thin; and I fear the men will think Belle a blue, she has so taken to the British Museum. Oh, how I wish people would live, and bring up, and get off their own daughters! Four marriageable nieces, with such farthing fortunes, are enough to drive any poor aunt distracted!"

This was the longest speech Mrs. Bradshaw ever made in her life, and she sighed deeply at its conclusion.

"You may well sigh!" laughed the gentleman; "for the

case seems hopeless. But I was going to say, that as I knew him better I was really going to take the young gentleman a little to task on the score of his philandering. Lelia was really attached to him, and had refused a very advantageous offer for his sake; but the very next week, at another house, I found him enchained by a sparkling widow—correcting her drawings, paying the homage of intelligent silence and sweet smiles to her wit, leaning his white-gloved hand upon her chair, and looking in her eyes with his most bewitching softness. The extent of this flirtation no one could anticipate; but the sudden appearance of Lady Di' Johnson effected a total change. She drove four-in-hand, and was a dead shot—the very antipodes of sentiment. We said her laugh would drive Edward Layton distracted, and her *cigarette* be his death. But, no! the magnificence of her tomboyism caught his fancy. He enshrined her at once as Diana, bayed the moon with hunting-songs, wrote a sonnet to the chase, and then, with his own hands, twisted it into a *cigarette*, with which her ladyship puffed it to the winds of heaven, while wandering with the Lothario amid a grove of fragrant limes. The miracle was, that at breakfast the next morning Lady Di' was subdued, voted driving unfeminine, and asked Edward to take the reins for her after lunch. You remember we left them there; and I next met him at Killarney, giving his chestnut locks to the breeze, his arm to the oar, and his eyes to a lady of blue-stockings celebrity, who, never having had many lovers, was inclined to make the most of the present one. Circumstances rendered me acquainted with some facts relating to his 'flirtations,' if his soft and sentimental ways could be called by such a name. I had seen poor Lelia at Baden-Baden; and I dare say you can recall what we heard of another love of his nearer home. Well, I encountered my Hero of Ladies that very even-

ing, wandering amid the ruined aisles of Mucross Abbey. I saw that his impressible nature had taken a thoughtful, if not a religious tone, from the scene. And he commenced the conversation by declaring, that 'He was a great fool.'

"Knave, rather," said Mrs. Pierce Bradshaw.

"No," replied her husband; "not a knave, but a singular example of a man whose feelings and susceptibilities never deepen into affection—unstable as water—tossed hither and thither for want of fixed principles, and suffering intensely in his better moods from the knowledge of the weakness he has not the courage to overcome. I was not inclined to let him spare himself, and did not contradict his opinion that he was a 'fool,' but told him he might be what he pleased himself, as long as he did not make fools of others."

"'I tell every woman I know that I am not a marrying man,' he replied.

"'That,' I said, 'does not signify as long as you act the lover, each fair one believing you will revoke in her favour.'

"'I give you my honour,' he exclaimed, 'as a man and a gentleman, I never entertained for twenty-four hours the idea of marrying any woman I ever knew.'"

"The villain!" exclaimed the lady. "I hope, Pierce, you told him he was a villain!"

"No; because I knew the uncertainty of his disposition: but I lectured him fully and honestly, and yet said nothing to him so severe as what he said of himself. I told him he would certainly be caught in the end by some unworthy person, and then he would look back with regret and misery upon the chances he had lost, and the unhappiness he had caused to those whose only faults had been in believing him true when he was false."

"'Better that,' he answered, 'than marrying when he could not make up his mind.'

" 'Then why play the lover?'

" 'He only did so while infatuated—he was certain to find faults where he imagined perfection.' "

" 'What assurance!' " said Mrs. Pierce Bradshaw.

" 'I am sure,' I said, 'Lelia was very charming. Lelia Medwin was an excellent, amiable little creature, with both good temper and good sense.'

" 'That was it,' he said: 'only fancy the six-foot-one-and-three-quarters wedded to bare five feet! The absurdity struck me one night as we were waltzing and whirling past a looking-glass; I was obliged to bend double, though I never felt it till I saw it.' "

" 'Really I have not patience,' observed Mrs. Bradshaw. " And so her feelings were to be trampled upon because she was not tall enough to please *him*! Why did he not think of that before? "

" 'But there was Lizzy Grey, related to half the aristocracy, with a voice like an angel.'

" 'A vixen,' he said, 'though of exquisite beauty—could have torn my eyes out for the little attention I paid Mrs. Green.'

" 'Little attention!' I repeated; 'more than little.'

" 'Her wit was delicious,' he replied; 'but she was a widow! Only fancy the horror of being compared with 'My dear first husband!'

" 'Then your conquest of Lady Di' Johnson! How badly you behaved to her!'

" 'She was magnificent on horseback; and her *cigarette* as fascinating as the fan of a Madrid belle, or the *tournure* of a Parisian lady. They were her *two points*. But when she relinquished both, I believe in compliment to *me*, she became even more commonplace than the most commonplace woman.' "

" 'The puppy!' muttered the lady: "the dreadful puppy! I could not have believed it! "

Mr. Bradshaw did not heed the interruption, but continued:—

“ ‘And who,’ I inquired, ‘was the Lady of the Lake? I do not mean of *this lake*, for I see her reign is already over—your passion expired with the third chapter of her novel, which I know she read to you by moonlight—but the fair Lady of Geneva, whose betrothed called you out?’

“ ‘Her father was a sugar-boiler,’ was the quiet reply: ‘a sugar-boiler, or something of the kind. What would my aristocratic mother say to that? Of course I could have had no serious intention *there*. Indeed I never *had* a serious intention for a whole week.’

“ ‘But, my dear fellow, when presents are given, and letters written, and locks of hair and vows exchanged——’

“ ‘No, no!’ he exclaimed; ‘*no* vows exchanged! I never broke my word to a woman yet. It was admiration for this or that—respect, esteem, perhaps a tender bewilderment—mere *brotherly* love. And in that particular instance her intended got angry at my civility. I know I was wrong; and, to confess the truth, I am ashamed of that transaction—it taught me a lesson; and, but for the confounded vacillation of my taste and temper, I might perhaps have been a Benedick before this. You may think it puppyism, if you please; but I am really sorry when I make an impression, and resolve never to attempt it again: but the next fine voice, or fine eyes——’

“ ‘Or cigarette,’ I suggested; and then I said as much as one man can say to another, for you know a woman can say much more to a man in the way of reproof than he would bear from his own sex: but he silenced me very quickly by regrets and good resolutions. It was after that our little niece, Selina, made an impression upon him.”

“ I did not know all you have now told me,” expostulated his wife. “ I own I thought it would have been a good match

for Selina ; and he was evidently deeply smitten before he knew she was your niece. I managed it beautifully ; but you cut the matter short by offending him."

"There, say no more about it," said the sensible husband ; "you thought your blue-eyed, fair-haired, doll-like favourite, could have enchained a man who had escaped heart-whole from the toils of the richest and rarest in the land. It really is fearful to see how women not only tolerate, but pursue this sort of men. You call them 'villains,' and I know not what, when you are foiled ; but if you succeed, you temper it : they have been a little wild, to be sure—but then, and then, and then—you really could not refuse your daughter ; and add, 'Men *are* such creatures, that if the world knew but all, *he* is not worse than others.'

"For shame, Pierce ! how can you ?" said the lady.

"I told him then," continued Mr. Bradshaw, "that he would take '*the crooked stick at last ;*' but that he should not add a tress of Selina's hair to his collection, to be turned over by *his* WIFE one of those days. Of course he was very indignant, and we parted ; but I did not think my prophecy would come true so soon. I have long since given up speculating how marriages will turn out, for it is quite impossible to tell. If women could be shut up in a harem, as in the East, a man who was ashamed of his wife might go into society without her ; but for a refined and well-educated gentleman, as Edward Layton certainly is, to be united to the *widow* of a sugar-boiler !—yes, absolutely !—who is an inch shorter than pretty Lelia and more tiger-headed than Lizzy Grey, and who declares she hates music, although her dear first husband took her *hoften* to the Hopera—who adds deformity to shortness, talks loudly of the *influence* of wealth, and compares the presentations at the Mansion House, that she has seen, to those at St. James's, which she has not yet seen ! Verily, Edward Layton has had *his reward !*"

WRONG AND REPENTANCE.

BY MISS POWER.

"God be with ye, and good luck to ye, this blissed evenin', Widow Henessy!" was the cordial salutation of a handsome young man, clad in the homely attire of an Irish peasant of the better class, as he approached the door of a neat cottage (yes, reader, there are a few such cottages in Ireland—alas, but a few!) that, standing alone on the side of a precipitous valley, overlooked a scene which, though lovely in the extreme, I am not now going to describe, as I never yet found a reader, however fond of the beauties of nature *in* nature, that cared to accept them second-hand in the course of a narrative.

"God save ye kindly, Bryan a-vich; an' sure an' it is a blissed evenin' as ever shone out of the skies," replied the person addressed—an elderly woman, who sat spinning at the door, and whose comely features, generally shaded with a tinge of melancholy, relaxed into a smile of kindly welcome at sight of her guest.

"An' won't it be a fine time for the boys and girls at the fair to-morrow!" continued Bryan, his eyes sparkling in anticipation of the pleasures that had long been looked forward to, as the Midsummer fair of Ballycross approached. "Won't there be dancin', an' fightin', an' shows, an' atin' an' dhrinkin' o' the best; and maybe I don't know the natest figure and the purtiest face 'ill be in the whole fair—ay, and the best dancer, too!" he exclaimed, rapturously, snapping his fingers. "But

where is she—where's Kathleen, widow dear? Sure I thought she'd be in the house afore this."

"She's just gone down bye to milk the cow; an' if ye can't wait for her, ye must just go an' look afther her," replied the widow, smiling. "But sit ye down there, Bryan aroon, and rest yer legs, for it's a good step across the hill ye've come afther the day's work; an' it's use enough ye'll have for them the morrow, I'm thinkin'. Kathleen 'll be here in no time." And indeed, as she spoke, the figure of her comely daughter appeared at a little distance, singing as she approached, poising her milk-pail on her head.

With eager gallantry Bryan sprang to aid his mistress, and soon the young couple, glowing with health, happiness, and the delicious confidence of requited and sanctioned love, entered the cottage, where the widow was engaged in turning out the steaming potatoes and filling the wooden noggins with milk for the evening meal, at which the trio were soon seated, still engaged with the all-engrossing topic of the morrow's *fête*, to which Bryan was, for the first time, to have the proud delight of escorting his fair *fiancée*; while her mother, who, since the death of her husband, some years previously, was only too glad to avoid all scenes of boisterous gaiety, remained at home, rejoicing that her daughter had an opportunity of enjoying the pleasures natural to her age, under the care of one whose position with regard to her fully entitled him to be an efficient and unimpeachable protector.

Accordingly, the soft June evening glided away in delightful anticipations and arrangements. Kathleen's finery was displayed to the admiring eyes of her adorer, and when, as the moon rose over the far hills, they parted tenderly and lingeringly at the little garden-wicket, two happier hearts beat not under that star-lit sky.

A very few words will be sufficient to place before our

readers the position and prospects of Bryan Connor and Kathleen Henessy. Bryan was, like his betrothed, the only child of a widow. His father, a small farmer, but an industrious and intelligent man, had, by his skill and attention, made the most of his acres and stock; and when, at the age of five-and-forty, while still in the prime of life, a sudden illness carried him off, his son was just arriving at the period when, under the *surveillance* and instructions of his mother—a shrewd and hard-headed though kind-hearted woman,—he could tolerably well supply his place. Accordingly, all things had thriven with the widow and her son, and Bryan Connor, at the age of five-and-twenty, handsome, brave, frank, and generous, and, for one of his class, rich, was considered a match to which few damsels in the neighbourhood could find cause to object; and many thought he looked somewhat too low, when it became evident that Kathleen Henessy was selected as *la dame de ses pensées* and the sharer of his prosperity. Kathleen's father had been a soldier; her mother, a handsome, well-conducted, well-principled young woman, had, almost immediately after her marriage, been selected by the wife of the colonel of her husband's regiment as her own personal attendant, had lived with her till the period of that husband's discharge, and then retired with him and their only child to the cottage on the hill-side, where, by his industry, and her own needlework and spinning, joined to the savings of her years of service, they lived in comfort up to the period of his death; an event from the grief of which the widow had never entirely recovered, though in their external circumstances it made but little material difference, the provident couple having, while yet able to work, wisely laid by "a wee penny agin a rainy day," and as a provision for their daughter, who, at the time at which our tale commences, was a good-looking, well-made, well-grown girl of nineteen, gay, good-humoured, affectionate, and kind-hearted, and both able and willing to assist

her mother in adding to their little store, by rearing chickens, collecting eggs, making butter, spinning, and knitting woollen stockings, and carrying her wares on market-days to Ballycross for sale.

Having thus sufficiently initiated our readers into the family concerns of our hero and heroine, we will pass over the night on which we first introduced them, and accompany Bryan, mounted on his stout brown horse, with pillion *en croupe*, to the cottage of his betrothed, who, having just coquettishly put the finishing touches to her toilette as he rode up to the wicket, hastened forth to open it, and bid him welcome.

A few minutes more, and they were proceeding leisurely along the winding mountain road, in the unclouded sunshine of the dewy June morning, conversing gaily and lovingly,—Kathleen's one arm passed round her lover's waist for support, while on the other hung—half in real frugality, half as an excuse for the journey—a basket of socks, stockings, &c., the produce of her own and her mother's spinning and knitting, for sale at the fair. Many were the groups and pairs they passed on their progress; many the joyous and friendly salutations and hearty jokes exchanged with the peasants and farmers, who all, like themselves, were proceeding to the scene of mingled business and pleasure, some on foot, some on horseback, and some on "cars,"—a sort of flat cart, on which was placed a feather bed, spread over with a patchwork quilt, whereon sat, in some state, the wives and daughters of the farmers, or such peasants as were wealthy enough to afford such a luxurious mode of travelling. Little more than an hour's easy riding brought our youthful couple to Ballycross, where, having dismounted and put up their steed at the house of one of Bryan's mother's "gossips," they proceeded together on foot to the scene of festivity.

The glories of an Irish fair have been so often and so well described, that we will not here dwell upon its delights; suffice

it to say that the one in question was peculiarly brilliant, and that its charms were enhanced, more especially to the female portion of the community, by the presence of an infantry regiment, which on its march had halted for a day or two at Ballycross, to take advantage of the fair-time for the purpose of recruiting.

The day wore on, and Bryan having long ago transacted the little business that in part brought him to the fair, and Kathleen having easily disposed of her wares, they proceeded to join the dancers. Here they were met by many of their immediate neighbours and friends, with whom they mingled indiscriminately; and after once or twice dancing together, Bryan selected as his partner a cousin of his own, while Kathleen was led forth by a soldier.

Now be it known, my readers, that, with all her charming qualities, Kathleen possessed one far less admirable—that of coquetry. Her tranquil and retired mode of life had to a great degree kept this defect in the background, and its existence was hardly suspected by her betrothed. When, therefore, he saw the evident pleasure with which she received the compliments and attentions of her gallant partner, and the encouragement her smiles and animation afforded him, a feeling, as new as it was bitter, sprung up in his breast, and with the want of tact peculiar to the jealousy of true love, he, at the conclusion of the dance, advanced to where his betrothed sat, still listening to the honied flatteries of her new admirer, and, with a lowering brow, called upon her to accompany him. A certain consciousness that she had not been acting rightly had more than once stolen across Kathleen's heart; but Bryan's ruffled manner and authoritative tone, so far from confirming the feeling, roused up a sentiment of proud resentment in her breast, and, resolved to display that endowment which is the prime promoter of strife, called "a proper spirit," she replied, in sharp accents, that "she

would come when she was ready, and not till then," and turning from him, continued to bestow her whole attention on his rival, whose conversation poor Bryan's abrupt address had broken in upon. Bryan gazed upon her for some moments,—grief, astonishment, and anger struggling in his breast; then, as she appeared unconscious or unmindful of his presence, he dashed away, and disappeared among the crowd.

Kathleen looked hastily after him, uneasiness and regret springing up to replace her less worthy feelings; but a sneering remark from her companion, on the *brusquerie* and ill-breeding of her adorer, and an approving one of her own dignity and "proper spirit," restored her self-complacency, and she began to think that it was excessively absurd for Bryan to "make such a bother about nothin' at all; sure she was doin' no harum; it 'ud be mighty pleasant, indeed, if a poor girl wasn't to look at the same side o' the street that another boy walked on;" and much more to the same effect, namely, that she, Kathleen, was an ill-used victim, and Bryan—the kindest, most considerate, and, to women, the gentlest of God's creatures,—an unreasonable tyrant; and in this very commendable frame of mind she continued to accept the attentions of the young soldier, assuring herself that she had a perfect right to do so, and that she was only bestowing a just punishment on her lover for his uncalled-for interference and exacting jealousy.

But as the day wore on, and Bryan returned not, very uneasy feelings began to mingle with her more self-satisfied ones, and conscience began to whisper that her conduct was by no means so blameless as she had at first chosen to imagine; the soldier's compliments began to appear less well-turned than at first, and though she was surrounded by her own friends and neighbours, she felt that, away from Bryan, she was without an authorised protector. In Ireland, too, a young girl who seems to be on more than a footing of passing civility with a soldier,

is by no means *bien vue* among her rustic neighbours ; so that altogether Kathleen's position became every moment less and less agreeable : and there is no doubt but that, had poor Bryan at that moment divined her real feelings, and made his appearance, with a disposition for a reconciliation, his betrothed would have been but too delighted to meet him half-way : but this was hardly to be expected. Bryan certainly had good reason for just resentment, which Kathleen's conduct had been by no means calculated to allay ; and when, after some hours, he returned to the dancing-ground, heated with anger, jealousy, and—we must own it—a little (but *only* a little) whisky, his brow was darker than ever ; and though Kathleen was no longer dancing with or listening to the conversation of the soldier, his proximity to her was quite sufficient to convince Bryan that he had been her constant attendant during his absence.

The moment before his return, Kathleen's repentance and uneasiness had arrived at such a pitch, that she had felt disposed to make almost any concession to be with him once more on the same terms of happy confidence with which the day had begun. But now,—alas, for woman's consistency!—his reappearance having somewhat assured her, while his flashing eye and flushed cheek showed that he was not in a mood to be very easily conciliated, she began to feel a return of her displeasure, and to think that whatever she had done wrong was fully expunged by his neglect of her. Accordingly, when she saw him gradually moving towards her, she manifested as much indifference as she could assume, determined to show that she was not to be “cowed by the likes of him,” and even smiled, in reply to one of the remarks that a few moments before had seemed so wearisome to her. This was too much. Setting his teeth, and firmly clenching the stout stick he held in his hand, Bryan, in another second, stood before her, and in a low voice, which he struggled in vain to render calm, addressed her :—

"It's a dacent thrade yer takin' up, Kathleen, to be playin' follow-my-lader to a sojer. Maybe the day'll come when it's not the sojer's lader but the follower ye'll be, if ye go on as well as ye've begun!"

At a taunt so galling, a reproach so insulting, the blood mounted to Kathleen's very temples, and rising from her seat with indignant scorn, she turned from her lover, repeating—"Nather lader or follower, sweetheart or wife, will I ever be to the man that said them words!"

They were already repented of in Bryan's heart. "Kathleen! Kathleen darlin'!" he exclaimed, as he followed and tried to arrest her retreat; "don't mind them—don't. Sure I didn't know what I said—I was mad! Kathleen, hear me!"—and he took her hand, but she snatched it violently from him, and in the bitterness of her anger, forgetting all the provocation she had given, poured forth a torrent of harsh reproaches, concluding with the assurance that she had "nather love nor likin' for him; and that she hoped, now he knew it, he'd lave her to herself, and not throuble her more!"

"Kathleen!" he cried, "ye don't say that from the heart out! Ye don't mane it?"

"I do!" she replied.

"Then fare ye well, Kathleen," he concluded: "may ye never repint them words!" And turning away, he was out of sight in a few seconds.

Heeding but little his parting words, and listening only to the angry thoughts that still stirred her breast, Kathleen, feeling that she had now nought to do with the gaieties of the fair, turned her steps homewards, along the path she and Bryan had so happily traversed on horseback that morning; and as she passed outwards, from the noise, and stir, and revelry of the town, and felt the pure mountain air fan her flushed cheek, heard the bleating of the flocks—the tinkling of their bells, and

saw the landscape bathed in the glowing hues of the summer evening, softer feelings stole into her breast, slowly and gradually, but surely; and at last, resting her empty basket on a stile by the wayside, and leaning her elbow on it, musingly, she paused, gazing absently on the far prospect, so familiar to her eye, and thinking, with changed views, on her quarrel with her lover,—“Poor Bryan! Sure an’ I did use him hardly,” she said, as all his kind and noble qualities rose before her—his devotion, his unchanging love, his gentle and thoughtful tenderness, contrasted with her own contemptible vanity and coquetry. “No matter how cross he may be to-morrow, I’ll make it up with him, poor boy, an’ tell him how heart-sorry I am for all I said an’ did; an’ well I know he’ll never stand out agin me, but just come round as paceable as a lamb, for his heart’s as soft as a woman’s;—softer, too, than many the one’s,” she added, as a hasty pang of conscience reminded her how much of hardness her own had held that day. “Poor Bryan!” And taking up her basket, she moved on homewards, turning over in her mind how the reconciliation was to be effected; for that her lover would, as soon as his angry and bitter feelings had subsided, return on the morrow to make up their quarrel, she never for a moment allowed herself to doubt.

But the morrow arrived, and Bryan came not; and Kathleen’s mother—to whom she had, however unwillingly, been obliged to confess the truth, to account for her returning alone and on foot—shook her head, and cast many anxious glances over her spinning-wheel, along the mountain path. Still the day passed on, and Kathleen’s heart beat with remorseful apprehension.

“But he’ll come over at sun-down,” she thought; “he’s not the boy to bear malice; an’ sure he’ll know I wasn’t in earnest in what I said.” And then she tried to console herself till sunset had come and gone, and twilight closing in seemed



11. Woman

to forbid the hope that he would come that night. Now seriously uneasy, Kathleen—her pride entirely subdued—began to consult with her mother what step she could take towards effecting the reconciliation, that alone could restore her to the peace and happiness she had so recklessly forfeited. They sat within the cottage, deep in confabulation, when the sound of an impatient hand on the closed garden-wicket caused Kathleen to start, with a beating heart and kindling eye, to open it for the new comer; but she had hardly passed the doorway, when, through the growing darkness, she could perceive that it was a woman's figure that stood there; and as she advanced a woman's voice called to her, with accents of mingled bitterness and wailing, to open to her. She knew the voice, and turned sick with apprehension; it was that of Bryan's mother. "Kathleen Henessy!" she exclaimed, "let me in! Let me know if this is your doin', as I can't but think ye had a hand in it. Oh, alas, oh! to think that the lone widow's one son should be taken from her—taken from hearth and home to——"

"What!" almost shrieked Kathleen. "Where's Bryan?—what's happened to him? Tell us for the love o' God!" And with clasped hands and starting eyeballs she hung on the widow's words.

"An' ye don't know? He's 'listed—gone for a sojer! an' the regiment is to lave the counthry; an' I'll lose my son—my one son—the best that ever a mother was blissed with!" And bursting into a torrent of tears, the poor woman rocked herself to and fro, clapping her hands, and crying, "Och-hone! my son, my son! Will I never see ye more?" Then, suddenly starting forward and seizing the arm of Kathleen, who, paralysed with grief, remorse, and horror, stood unable to speak or move, she exclaimed, "Kathleen, I charge ye tell me the thruth!—had ye a hand in this black day's work? They tould me that you an' Bryan fell out at the fair, that ye come home

alone, and that it was afther you and he parted he went an' 'listed. Oh, Kathleen Henessy! if it was you druv him to this job, a deserted mother's——"

"Whisht, Widow Connor!" exclaimed Kathleen, in a sharp whisper of agony; "don't curse me, or I'll go mad before yer eyes!" and throwing back her head, and pressing her hands on her temples, she burst into a loud cry of irrepressible anguish—so bitter, so heart-rending, that even the mother's grief was for an instant stilled before that throe of remorseful agony.

In a few moments she dashed the tears from her eyes, sprang from the low seat where she had flung herself, and began to prepare for going out.

"Arrah, where are ye goin', Kathleen asthore?" asked her mother, soothingly, in some alarm; for the sudden hush of her woe, and her hasty and resolute movements, showed that she had taken some desperate resolve.

"Where 'ud I be goin', mother, but to see Bryan,—to humble myself in the dust before him,—to bid him thread undher his feet the woman that broke his heart and brought him to ruin—him and the widow woman that bore him!"

"But he's gone!" exclaimed his mother—"gone with the regiment at peep o' day, an' they're far on their march by this time! Sure that's what breaks my heart out an' out—that I didn't see him once more, to give him his poor ould mother's blissin'! When he didn't come home last night, I thought that maybe he'd been late from the fair, an' tired with the dancin', an' that when he tuk Kathleen home, as it was a good step to our house, ye'd over-persuaded him to stop with ye for the night, an' that I'd see him in the mornin'. But when he didn't come, an' I axed the neighbours did they see or hear of him, an' was for sendin' here to look afther him, Andy Morris's boy comes from Ballycross with a slip of a letther from himself,

to tell me what he'd done an' to ax my pardon, God help him !” And again she relapsed into a paroxysm of grief.

How that night and the following day passed, my readers may guess. Kathleen had written a letter to her lover, in which was poured forth her whole heart ; and knowing the route the regiment was to take, had despatched it by post to the town where the next halt was to occur. The Widow Connor's strength had given way under this great trial, and she lay on a bed of sickness, unceasingly bewailing her lost son, and reproaching Kathleen as the cause of her bereavement.

It was on the night of the third day that Kathleen sat alone in her little chamber. It was near midnight, and her mother had long retired to rest, but Kathleen felt that she could not sleep ; and though, to satisfy her mother's anxiety, she had pretended she was going to bed, she still remained sitting up, unheeding the hours, and thinking over her lost happiness, when a stealthy step outside her window caused her to start from her seat, and as she listened breathlessly, a low tap at the casement almost caused her to shriek aloud with terror, so shaken were her nerves by her late sufferings ; but she commanded herself, and in another moment her lover's voice—she could not mistake it—whispered her name. To fly to the window—with trembling hands to unfasten it—to fling herself into Bryan's arms—was the work of a second ; and after a few minutes of tears and embraces, she heard his explanation. Her letter had reached him ; he had heard of his mother's despair and illness ; he had tried in vain to procure a substitute, and failing in this, he had, though with infinite risk and difficulty, deserted. He knew he would be pursued, tracked to his home or its neighbourhood, and taken back to suffer an ignominious death if captured ; so he had remained concealed, not daring to approach his mother's house, but trusting that he might be able to hide among the mountain fastnesses till pursuit was

over, and then find means to escape, he hardly knew or cared how or whither ; his first and only thought was to see Kathleen and his mother. And Kathleen had brought him to this !

For two days he hid, and the third he was discovered and dragged forth, and torn from the arms of his heart-broken mother and the wretched girl who was to have been his wife, and led away to end his young days by a violent and terrible death.

It was late in the evening, a week after these events, when Colonel Forster, commanding the —— Regiment, was sitting alone in his barrack-room, engaged in writing. His age could have but little exceeded forty, and his handsome and benevolent countenance was singularly prepossessing. As he wrote and sealed his despatches, a cloud of regret was on his brow, and he sighed as, rising from the table, he rung for his servant to take the letters he had just completed.

The man entered, took the packet, but still lingered, as if he had something to say.

" Well, Mason, what is it ? " said his master, reading aright his countenance.

" If you please, sir, there's two women below wants to speak to you very particular. I told them you couldn't be seen to-night on no account, and bid them call to-morrow ; but they seem very unwilling to be put off, and said they was sure, if you knew who they was, and what they come for, you would see them."

" What sort of women ? Did they give you any name ? "

" They seem decent women enough, sir, — an old and a young one. Henessy they said their names was."

" Henessy ? " said the Colonel, musing, " Henessy ? — I do remember the name. Show them up, Mason." And in a few minutes the widow and Kathleen entered the room.

" Mrs. Henessy, I am glad to see you," said Colonel For-

ster, kindly; "sit down, and tell me what I can do for you. I well remember, when you were with my dear mother, how attached and how faithful you were to her, and what an excellent man your husband was—one of the steadiest and best men in my father's regiment, when I was only an ensign in it. You may be sure, if I can do anything for you, it shall be done with pleasure."

"Oh, sir! oh, Mither Charles!—Colonel, I mane, I ax your pardon—ye can, ye can help us, sir dear; an' if ye can't, there's none other here below can: but I trust in God ye won't let us go away without comfort this night, and we come so far. And she related to the kind and sympathising listener the circumstances of poor Bryan's enlistment and desertion, aided by Kathleen, who, resolved to bear the whole of the blame that her mother tried somewhat to disguise, described the provocation she had given in the strongest terms of self-reprobation.

Colonel Forster shook his head. "He has been condemned by court-martial," he said; "I am afraid I cannot—dare not—give you hope."

"Oh, Colonel, don't say that!" exclaimed Kathleen, clasping her hands, while tears of agony streamed from her eyes. "Don't say I've druv him to his death;—don't say that his mother, the widow-woman that's lyin' at home (maybe on her death-bed), 'll live to know that her one son will go to the grave with the bullets in his thrue heart—live to curse me as the murderer of my own Bryan!"—and, overpowered with despair, the unhappy girl dropped on her knees at Colonel Forster's feet, covering her face in her hands, and sobbing hysterically.

"My poor girl," said the good Colonel, deeply affected, "I will try what I can do, but I can promise no further. I cannot bid you hope with any confidence that a pardon will be obtained. We have had too much of this lately, and it has been resolved that an example shall be made in the present instance; but,

believe me, my best efforts shall be used to save your poor Bryan. And now go with your mother, and take the rest you so evidently require : I will not forget you." And amid tears, thanks, and blessings, the mother and daughter departed.

Another weary week passed over, and still Bryan's fate was uncertain. The strongest recommendation for mercy was, by Colonel Forster, enclosed with the despatches on which he had been engaged on the night of his interview with the Henessys ; but its success was for some time doubtful, as other cases of desertion, preceding this, had rendered the authorities but little disposed to be lenient.

But—not to lengthen our tale—at last the reply came. It was favourable—Bryan was saved ; and not only saved, but, on a representation of the circumstances by Colonel Forster, a subscription was raised in the regiment to buy his discharge, and enable him to return to his home, his mother, and his happy but deeply-repentant Kathleen ; and before the month of July had passed away, the merriest wedding that had taken place for twenty years, within twenty miles, united Bryan Connor and Kathleen Henessy in the indissoluble bonds of matrimony.

THE CONFIRMED VALETUDINARIAN.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CERTAINLY there is truth in the French saying, that there is no ill without something of good. What state more pitiable to the eye of a man of robust health than that of the Confirmed Valetudinarian? Indeed, there is no one who has a more profound pity for himself than your Valetudinarian; and yet he enjoys two of the most essential requisites for a happy life;—he is never without an object of interest, and he is perpetually in pursuit of hope.

Our friend Sir George Malsain is a notable case in point: young, well born, rich, not ill-educated, and with some ability, they who knew him formerly, in what were called his “gay days,” were accustomed to call him “lucky dog,” and “enviable fellow.” How shallow is the judgment of mortals! Never was a poor man so bored—nothing interested him. His constitution seemed so formed for longevity, and his condition so free from care, that he was likely to have a long time before him:—it is impossible to say how long that time seemed to him. Fortunately, from some accidental cause or other, he woke one morning and found himself ill; and, whether it was the fault of the doctor or himself I cannot pretend to say, but he never got well again. His ailments became chronic; he fell into a poor way. From that time life has assumed to him a new aspect. Always occupied with himself, he is never bored. He may be sick, sad, suffering, but he has found his object in existence—he lives to be

cured. His mind is fully occupied ; his fancy eternally on the wing. Formerly he had travelled much, but without any pleasure in movement ; he might as well have stayed at home. Now, when he travels, it is for an end ; it is delightful to witness the cheerful alertness with which he sets about it. He is going down the Rhine ;—for its scenery ? Pshaw ! he never cared a button about scenery ; but he has great hopes of the waters at Kreuznach. He is going into Egypt ;—to see the Pyramids ? Stuff ! the climate on the Nile is so good for the mucous membrane ! Set him down at the dullest of dull places, and he himself is never dull. The duller the place the better ;—his physician has the more time to attend to him. When you meet him he smiles on you, and says, poor fellow, “The doctor assures me that in two years I shall be quite set up.” He has said the same thing the last twenty years, and will say it the day before his death !

What a variety of resources opens on the man in search of his cure ! Modern science is so alluring to the invalid ! My old schoolfellow, Dick Dundrill, was the most ignorant of young men when he entered the world. Except the “Cæsar” and “Eutropius” that he dogs’-eared at school, it is questionable if he had ever opened a book. But what talents lay dormant in that uncomprehended mind ! what power of industry ! what acumen in research ! what quickness in combination ! what energy in the pursuit of truth ! All, I say, lay dormant, until he was seized with a mysterious affection of the liver. The ordinary course of medicine did him no good ; nay, all the doctors differed as to the cause and nature of the complaint. Dick Dundrill resolved to take his own case in hand. He read for it—he studied for it ; he visited the remote ends of the civilised world, for the sake of that afflicted liver. He has learned by heart all that has ever been written upon the human liver. He has consulted, argued with, puzzled and

triumphed over, the first medical authorities of Europe. He has walked the hospitals, and made himself a profound anatomist. He has toiled in laboratories, and mastered the secrets of chemistry. He has conferred with the disciples of Hahnemann, from the Kremlin to the Regent's Park; and knows all the *pros* and *cons* of homœopathy. He has spent a year at Graefenberg with Priesnitz; and no man will give you so sound an advice upon the properties of the water-cure. All the mineral baths that exist are familiar to him;—so are all climates, from Norway to Madeira. A better informed, a more accomplished intellect, you will rarely meet with. True, he has done no good to the liver,—but what good the liver has done to him!

He who has robust health cannot be said to enjoy his personal liberty. Your healthy man has so many claims upon his time and attention—a profession to follow up—or his estate to manage—or his household to regulate—or, at the best, a round of visits and engagements which do not permit him a day to himself. But once enter into confirmed ill health, and you are emancipated from the tiresome obligations of existence; you become a separate entity, an independent monad; no longer conglomerated with the other atoms of the world.

What a busy, anxious, fidgety creature Ned Worrell was! That iron frame supported all the business of all society! Every man who wanted any thing done, asked Ned Worrell to do it. And do it Ned Worrell did! You remember how feelingly he was wont to sigh,—“Upon my life, I'm a perfect slave.” But now Ned Worrell has snapped his chain; obstinate dyspepsia, and a prolonged nervous debility, have delivered him from the cares and cares of less privileged mortals. Not Ariel under the bough is more exempt from humanity than Edward Worrell. He is enjoined to be kept in a state of perfect repose, free from agitation, and hermetically shut out from grief. His wife pays his bills, and he is only permitted to see his banker's

accounts when the balance in his favour is more than usually cheerful. His eldest daughter, an intelligent young lady, reads his letters, and only presents to him those which are calculated to make a pleasing impression. Call now on your old friend, on a question of life and death, to ask his advice, or request his interference—you may as well call on King Cheops under the Great Pyramid. The whole house-guard of tender females block the way.

“Mr. Worrell is not to be disturbed on any matter of business whatever.”

“But, my dear ma’am, he is trustee to my marriage settlement; his signature is necessary to a transfer of my wife’s fortune from those cursed railway shares. To-morrow they will be down at zero. We shall be ruined!”

“Mr. Worrell is in a sad, nervous way, and can’t be disturbed, sir.” And the door is shut in your face!

It was after some such occurrence that I took into earnest consideration a certain sentiment of Plato’s, which I own I had till then considered very inhuman; for that philosopher is far from being the tender and sensitive gentleman generally believed in by lovers and young ladies. Plato, in his “*Republic*,” blames Herodicus (one of the teachers of that great doctor, Hippocrates) for showing to delicate, sickly persons, the means whereby to prolong their valetudinary existence, as Herodicus himself (naturally a very rickety fellow) had contrived to do. Plato accuses this physician of having thereby inflicted a malignant and wanton injury on these poor persons;—nay, not only an injury on them, but on all society. “For,” argues this stern, broad-shouldered Athenian, “how can people be virtuous who are always thinking of their own infirmities?” And therefore he opines, that if a sickly person cannot wholly recover health and become robust, the sooner he dies the better for himself and others! The wretch, too, might be base enough to

marry, and have children as ailing as their father, and so injure, *in perpetuo*, the whole human race. Away with him !

But, upon cool and dispassionate reflection, it seemed to me, angry as I was with Ned Worrell, that Plato stretched the point a little too far ; and certainly, in the present state of civilisation, so sweeping a condemnation of the sickly would go far towards depopulating Europe. Celsus, for instance, classes amongst the delicate or sickly the greater part of the inhabitants of towns, and nearly all literary folks (*omnesque pene cupidi literarum*). And if we thus made away with the denizens of the towns, it would be attended with a great many inconveniences as to shopping, &c., be decidedly injurious to house property, and might greatly affect the state of the funds ; while, without literary folks, we should be very dull in our healthy country seats, deprived of newspapers, novels, and "The Keepsake." Wherefore, on the whole, I think Herodicus was right ; and that sickly persons should not only be permitted but encouraged to live as long as they can.

That proposition granted, if in this attempt to show that your Confirmed Valetudinarian is not so utterly miserable as he is held to be by those who throw physic to the dogs,—and that in some points he may be a decided gainer by his physical sufferings,—I have not wholly failed,—then I say, with the ingenious Author who devoted twenty years to a work 'On the Note of the Nightingale,'—"I have not lived in vain !"

JE VOUDRAIS ETRE.

VERS INSCRITS SUR L'ALBUM DE MISS CLARA DE P***.

PAR LE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN.

Je voudrais être le nuage
Pour te préserver du soleil,
Je voudrais être ton image
Pour te sourire à ton réveil.

Je voudrais être la pervenche
Qui joue avec tes noirs cheveux,
Ou ton beau miroir qui se penche
Quand sur lui tu mires tes yeux.

Je voudrais lorsque tu reposes
Être cet ange aux ailes d'or,
Qui baise tes deux lèvres roses,
Et veille sur toi . . . doux trésor !

Je voudrais être un de ces songes
Qui ne donnent aucune peur,
Qui te font croire à leurs mensonges
Et te bercent dans le bonheur.

Je voudrais être l'hirondelle
Pour voler au gré de tes vœux,
Te caresser du bout de l'aile,
Et rêver un de tes cheveux.

Je voudrais être à la nuit sombre
Le rayon brillant de tes yeux,
Je voudrais être aussi ton ombre
Pour pouvoir te suivre en tous lieux.

Je voudrais être toute chose
Qu'à tes yeux offre le hasard,
Le désir où ton cœur se pose,
La fleur où tombe ton regard.

Je voudrais, lyre harmonieuse,
Être ce que rêve ton cœur,
Et pour te rendre toute heureuse,
Je voudrais être . . . le bonheur !

TALKINGS IN MY SLEEP.

BY A PSEUDO-PHILOSOPHER.

I.

THOSE people who are habitually complaining of meeting with ingratitude, furnish the best possible proof that they have little claim to better treatment.

II.

In rendering a service to another, we should be careful not to expect or desire gratitude. A service loses its value when it places the feelings of the recipient under any kind of restraint; and all our actions, for the benefit of others, ought to be felt and made to appear as personal gratifications to ourselves.

III.

Active jealousy of the fame of others is one of the strongest obstacles to our own success.

IV.

In order to gain any particular object, it is generally good policy not to appear to desire it eagerly.

V.

Nothing can be more unfair than to condemn a person for declining to adopt the advice he has solicited. In fact, he would deserve reprehension for attempting to practise suggestions which did not harmonise with his own feelings and convictions, and which his instincts told him he could not carry into effect successfully.

VI.

The value of advice does not so much depend upon the wise and eminent qualities of the giver, as on the ability of the receiver to practise it.

VII.

In this world we suffer few misfortunes which are not traceable to our faults.

VIII.

When our servants speak ill of us, it is a sure sign that we are more in the wrong than we imagine ourselves to be.

IX.

That degree of self-approbation which we allow to manifest itself, is so much deducted from the estimation with which we are regarded by the world.

X.

Think highly of yourself, but do not let the world find out that you do so.

XI.

Misfortunes to individuals never bring to a community so much good as harm.

M

XII.

We rarely love those who are instrumental in doing us the good service of trampling upon and destroying our illusions.

XIII.

Among the principal causes of failure in life is the over-eagerness to be successful.

XIV.

When our children are at variance with ourselves, and yet at peace with society, we may be certain that we have grievously wronged and misunderstood them.

XV.

That is a most mistaken kind of pride which will not condescend to contradict a false report. Society is a sufferer by the circulation of erroneous statements, even though the object of them preserve his imperturbable purity and consciousness of rectitude.

XVI.

To succeed in life, it is necessary to study and promote the prosperity of others as well as our own. A selfish and an entire devotion to our own interests, is sure to be attended by many temporal losses, and, in the long run, by the destruction of our happiness.

XVII.

We cannot reduce a belief to an actual demonstration. A belief must more or less partake of the uncertainty and vagueness of emotion and probability, and therefore its adoption should never be enforced.

XVIII.

A disinterested benefit done to another is never entirely thrown away.

XIX.

Sympathy is as essential as intellect in giving the capacity to estimate critically the value of any literary production.

XX.

"The highest condition of true friendship," so far from being "the ability to do without it," in reality derives all its value and importance from the pleasure generated in the performance of the most essential and necessary mutual obligations.

THE FISHERMAN'S HOME.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

'Tis Summer—and the forest scene
Is decked with all its leafy sheen,
While Ocean heaves her glassy breast,
As if to ask continued rest,—
A giant mirror for the sky
To wreathe its fleecy cloudlets by!

The Fisherman is home at last,
His venture for the day is past;
His nets lie strained with Ocean's store
Cast proudly now upon the shore;
Each glittering scale the sign of gain,
And recompense for toil and pain.

But dear the task on summer seas,
And pleasant when the gentle breeze,
With touch as light as lover's hand,
Bids the white sail with grace expand,
Till like a wingèd thing the bark
Skims o'er the waters deep and dark.



Yet in the softest, safest hour,
Must Memory exert its power ;
And to the Mariner, whom use
Has taught to know its hollow truce,
Ocean, that seems so calm to flow,
Is but a sleeping treacherous foe !

And thus, when gladdest tones are heard,
Each heart by gratitude is stirr'd ;
The maiden counts her rosary,
And childhood stays its thoughtless glee,
While on the face of young and old
One simple tale is mutely told.

For dangers past their thankfulness
All by their reverent mien express ;
While fervently for God's Good Gifts
Each soul rejoicing Praise uplifts,
And trusts that He on High will keep
From harm the Fishers of the deep !

THE MENDICANT AND THE MERCHANT.

FACT, NOT FICTION.

BY ELIZA WALKER.

THE circumstances I am about to narrate occurred towards the close of the last century, and there are yet living those who have conversed with the hero of my brief but true tale. The names in which alone are fictitious.

It was late in autumn, and the coming winter already heralded his approach by signs and symbols of unusual severity. The roads and pathways were white and crisp with frost, and a bleak fierce wind swept from the trees, which trembled beneath the blast, the few lingering leaves of summer's prodigal and verdant foliage. Night had passed, and the grey dawn was breaking. For the sons and daughters of humanity another day had commenced; fraught to some with the boon of radiant exulting happiness, bringing to others only doom, despair, and desolation. Crouched beneath the shadow—it could scarcely be called shelter—of a hedge, in a green lane leading out of the main road to Ashton, in ——shire, lay the form of a young man in the prime of earliest manhood. But whoever looked on the ashy, sunken cheek, the meagre, feeble limbs of the poor mendicant, would see at once that the usual accessories of youth—vigour, strength, and activity, were wanting to him. Had

health been his portion, the lavish gifts which nature had bestowed on him would have challenged from all admiration and comment. As it was, the large dim eye, heavy with the clouds of recent sickness—the damp, tangled mass of luxuriant brown hair—the exceeding thinness of a form towering in height above the ordinary limit, only made the homeless wayfarer a more conspicuous object—for pity, I would fain have written. But with the pitiless only as yet had he come in contact.

Henry Porter (the mendicant) was the last surviving child of peasant parents, whose existence had never known one day's interval or remission against the bitter warfare with penury and want. "Work—work—work," to use the words of poor Hood's exquisite song, was their lot, from sunrise to sunset. But though ceaseless labours and wearisome toil sufficed to ward off actual starvation, it was impossible, from the scanty wages they received, to save aught to accumulate as a little fund to fall back on, when the strength of the sinew should fail, and the hand, though willing to work, be powerless and weak. That period, to both, came long before they had reached the "three score years and ten" allotted to man. Sickness, brought on by insufficient food and perpetual care, struck down husband and wife on the same day. With constitutions enfeebled by lengthened privation, and without that clinging tenacity to, and strong innate principle of life, which is in some so mighty that it seems almost as if it could be dominant over every disease, Porter and his wife scarcely resisted, nay, almost courted, the dark advances of death. To sleep in peace, beneath the green grass of their beautiful village churchyard, seemed a blessed alternative to those from whose life all of sweetness and relish had been pressed out by the ever-felt and crushing weight of poverty. They died; and the pauper's grave and the pauper's funeral were doled out to them.

But though no costly cavalcade of hired mourners followed

them to their last humble resting-place, one sincere and grieving heart was there—their son—the only child who had been spared to them; and anguish as intense as ever convulsed the heart—tears as scorching as ever stained manhood's cheek—were the poor orphan boy's portion, when the tomb closed over all he loved on earth, and he felt that he stood in the world alone. But the measure of his cup of sorrow was not yet full. The fever, which had consigned his parents to the grave, manifested itself in him a few days after their interment. He was conveyed to the infirmary, and lay for several weeks hovering between this world and the next.

But the day of danger passed, and that for his discharge, he was told, had arrived. Whither was he to go? The situation he had held prior to his illness (that of farm-servant) was already filled up, and vainly did he seek employment elsewhere. His attenuated frame was barrier enough to success with all he applied to. Thus passed day after day, week after week, in helpless, profitless idleness. Every article he possessed had been parted with to sustain existence, and the hour came when "to beg he was *not* ashamed." Much has been lately written—in the best spirit, doubtless—to warn the credulously benevolent against the imposition to which they are liable in indiscriminate alms-giving. That much fraud has been practised, cannot be doubted: but better—a thousandfold better—is it to be the oft-repeated victim of deception, than once to have turned a deaf ear to the cry of honest, suffering indigence; goading the poor suppliant, it may be, by that very refusal, to his first initiation in crime. Who shall calculate what have been the consequences—the sin and the sorrow—of closing the hand and the heart against the earnest appeal of real want? What solace will it yield to the dying, who know that in a few hours they shall stand before their Maker, to "give an account of their stewardship," that in the days of lusty life they had possessed

the fortitude to withstand the widows' and orphans' piteous cry for help; steeling themselves with the excuse that they lacked opportunity of testing the validity of the statement and the exigency of the distress? How gladly would they now surrender half their store of "silver and gold" to purchase that orphan's prayer, that widow's blessing! Turn aside, if ye will, from the detected and branded impostor; but risk not the chance, by the exercise of a too cautious and limited beneficence, of being accessory, however remotely, to the first downward step in vice of the weak, the desperate, and the tempted.

In the time when Henry Porter lived, poverty was visited with even severer chastisement than belongs to these our days. The march of benevolence has kept pace with that of science, intelligence, and civilisation. Thanks to the noble band of philanthropists, who have advocated the cause of the lowly and needy, to "vindicate the ways of God to man!" And all honour be to those endowed with the priceless wealth of genius, that they have used the glorious gift to make the land ring through its length and breadth with the cry and claims of the poor.

From village to village Henry Porter dragged himself to seek for food. From all he was ignominiously spurned; at one even threatened with the lash, if he lingered longer in its precincts. At last, worn out in body and mind, the poor youth (for he was only nineteen) sank in despair and exhaustion beneath the hedge where we first introduced him to our readers. He had slept for some hours; but the chilliness of the morning air aroused him. He stretched his almost paralysed limbs, and turned into the road leading to Ashton. Remembering how he had been treated by the merciless officials at —, he shuddered lest he should encounter the same reception at Ashton. He reached it—and with it the turning-point in his destiny.

The good Samaritan—who once, at least, in the life of almost every man, crosses his path—was at hand. Mr. Mecham, the overseer of the place, unlike too many of such functionaries, was a man teeming with humanity. The broken voice, the haggard look of the poor, homeless outcast, instantly arrested all his sympathies. He was fed, clothed, sheltered, and, when renewed health enabled him to work, received into the house of Mr. Mecham, who was a widower, and carried on the joint business of grocer and draper, to assist in cleaning the shop, carry out parcels, &c.

It is not necessary to trace how, step by step, by his industry, diligence, and general good conduct, the befriended youth rose in the estimation and confidence of his employer, until, at the end of five years, we find him no longer the “messenger,” but promoted to the dignity of confidential clerk to Mr. Mecham. At this time, by the death of a relative in India, Mr. Mecham became possessed of a large accession of fortune, and removed with his establishment to London, where he embarked in extensive mercantile pursuits. Success crowned his efforts; he was a prosperous and a happy because a good man. His faith in and kindness to his clerk, Henry Porter, increased rather than diminished, and the gratitude of the youth was earnest and sincere. An opportunity of evincing it occurred a few months after their removal to London.

Mr. Mecham’s family residence was at Muswell Hill, where Henry Porter was an oft-invited guest. It chanced one day that Harriet, the only and beloved child of Mr. Mecham, a little girl of twelve years of age, while sliding during a severe frost on the ornamental water in the grounds, was carried out in her diversion to a place where the ice, being too thin even for her fragile weight, gave way, and she was precipitated into the water. Henry Porter, who was walking a little distance from the spot, rushed to her assistance: to plunge into the water,

even at the risk of his own life, was the impulse and act of a moment. He succeeded in dragging her out alive, it is true; but the effects of the accident, operating on a naturally feeble constitution, brought on a severe illness, which in a few months proved fatal. The doating father did not long survive the loss of his idol. But ere he died, in remembrance of Henry Porter's act of courage in her behalf, he bequeathed to him the whole of his vast property.

And now we find the homeless mendicant transformed into the opulent merchant. But the undimmed, unabated success, of a life which was prosperous to its close, never made him forgetful either of the "Giver of all good," the depths of poverty from whence he had been rescued, or of a fond and grateful recollection of the place where his sorrows were befriended, his wants relieved. In the vigour of manhood, in the full flush of his brilliant career, he visited Ashton. What a host of remembrances thronged to his mind, as he looked on the spot where he had lain him down, as he thought, to perish! Ever after he paid a yearly visit to the town named, giving largely to all its charitable institutions; and when age and infirmity came to warn him that the hour of his departure was at hand, he realized the whole of his large possessions, invested a portion in the purchase of a life annuity for himself (he had never married), and made over the whole of the residue, in trust, to the parish of Ashton, for the erection and endowment of a school and almshouses; a special sum being set apart to afford shelter and temporary relief to any casual pauper who might hereafter visit the place in forlornness and destitution, as he had once done. His charities exist, and are in full operation to this day; while the name of their benevolent founder is held in love and reverence by all in the vicinity.

ELLEONORE.

BY ADA TREVANION.

THE moon hath oped her silver eyes
Above the lonely, wood-crown'd hill,
And sailing down the valley goes,
At every casement welcome still.
I hear the distant ocean's swell,
I see the red lights on the shore,
The night-winds come, the night-winds pass,
But where art thou, Elleonore ?

The green trees whisper soft and low,
And woo me to the forests wide ;
The purple clouds float through the sky,
Like ships upon a slumb'rous tide ;
And dreary, starry, wanly bright,
As wave-washed grain of golden ore,
The glow-worm sheds a glimmering ray,
To light thy steps, Elleonore.

I lie upon the mossy ground,
 Beneath th' unbroken roof of leaves ;
I hearken to the sighing breeze
 Amid the dark pine-boughs which grieves ;
I think on a tempestuous sea—
 A storm-tossed bark—a cottage-door,
And, placid as the evening star,
 I see thee stand, Elleonore.

I close mine eyes, and float away
 To lighted halls enwreathed with flowers ;
I listen to love-languid strains,
 I feel the spell of vanished hours,
I mark a peerless, regal form,
 A smile to dream of evermore,
I hear a voice as syren's sweet,
 And know it thine, Elleonore.

I view a dark and murky sky,
 I dream a wild and fearful dream,
Most like the heavy clouds which roll,
 Lit by the lightning's vivid gleam ;
I fling a priceless gem away
 Which tears of blood may not restore,
And drown in the red wine-cup's draught
 The thoughts which burn, Elleonore.

I glide into a breathless room,
 I lift a snow-white coverlid,
I mark a softly-shadowed form
 Gleam forth its shroud-like folds amid ;

I lay my hand upon a heart
Whose last, faint, fluttering pulse is o'er,
Which brake before it ceased to beat,
And brake for me, Elleonore.

I start up from the mossy ground,
I flee with the unpinioned wind,
I spur my steed across the hills,
Yet fail to leave sad thoughts behind ;
I pause, where all is mute and cold,
And deep-stained panes a faint light pour,
And kneel in the wan moonshine pale,
With thee and death, Elleonore.

BUCK ENGLISH.

BY DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

AUTHOR OF "TITIAN," "MORNINGS AT MATLOCK," ETC.

SOME eighty years ago there appeared in that city of Ireland which is called "the beautiful" a remarkable character, generally known as Buck English. He answered to this name, which, it was said, had been given him, as by common consent, on account of his fashionable appearance, manners, and pursuits, and because his accent clearly indicated that he came from England. At all events, in the year 1770, Buck English was a principal in the fashionable society of Cork, its "observed of all observers," its "glass of fashion," if not its "mould of form."

Buck English spent his money freely; but no man knew whence it came. Inquiries had been cautiously ventured upon by inquisitive parties, and the result arrived at was, that rarely, if ever, did any remittance reach him through a banker. He sometimes performed actions which might be called generous; but the real objects for benevolence, he used to say, were those who struggled to maintain appearances—who would rather die than ask for help. Sometimes gratitude *would* speak out: for parties whom his timely aid had rescued from ruin, meeting him accidentally in public, could not be restrained from breathing blessings on the benefactor whose name they knew not; and the occasional occurrence of such things—which really were *not* got up for display—authorised the conjecture that Buck English was bountiful in many other instances, which were not made

known. This belief operated so much in his favour, that many who would have disdained any intimacy with one whose personal history was unknown, and who, therefore might be an adventurer, did not hesitate to admit our hero into familiar intimacy, such as others, of more unquestioned station and means, vainly endeavoured to attain. When stamped "sterling" by the select, he readily passed into currency with all the rest.

Hence, the conclusion may be arrived at that Buck English was a popular character. He had apparently turned the sharp corner of five-and-thirty, and did not look more than his age. Now, whatever five-and-thirty may be for a lady,—forcing on her, I fear, the brevet rank of "a certain age,"—it is the very prime of manhood. Thus, in this respect, Buck English was as fortunate as in others. There was a drawback, however—for who can be perfection? This was the circumstance of his possessing features which were very ordinary. One might have excused the compressed lips, the sallow cheek, and the sharp face; but the expression of the eyes was not always favourable. It appeared as if they were anxiously on the watch; and at times, when strongly excited, while the cheeks remained colourless, and no word breathed from the lips, the passion which created a heart-quake in the man, made the eyes flash fire, and conveyed the idea that their possessor must be rather dangerous under the influence of the stronger and darker passions of the mind. It was not often, however, that such manifestations were allowed to become apparent, for Buck English had strong self-command.

Notwithstanding the absence of beauty of feature, he had succeeded in gaining the good opinion of Lucy Penrose, a young lady who had recently succeeded to a very considerable property in the vicinity of Cork. Indeed, it was rather more than simply her good opinion. It may even be admitted—on the understanding, of course, that it remain an inviolable secret—that Buck English had made a strong impression on the lady's

mind,—so much so, that, at the particular period at which this narrative takes her up, she was deliberating whether she should admit to him, or deny for a little longer, that he was master of the heart which fluttered—how anxiously!—within her breast.

She had met him that evening at a *rout* (so they called their parties in those days), and he had ventured to insinuate, rather more boldly than at any former period, how much his happiness depended upon her. She had been on the point of making a very gentle confession—more of blushes than words, when a movement towards the retired part of the saloon in which they sat, apart from the dancers, startled the lady, while the exclamation, “Lucy Penrose!—where *can* she be?” informed her that inquiries were being made for her. So, withdrawing her hand from that of her suitor, and making an effort to appear calm and unembarrassed, she awaited the advent of the lady who had spoken. Presently came up her *chaperon*, a lady of high birth and scanty means, who *condescended* to reside with her. This personage, gravely regarding Buck English, whom she did not like, (because she thought it probable that he might succeed with Miss Penrose, and thereby make *her* own occupation “gone,” like Othello’s,) said, “I am sure, sir, that if you had known what a pleasure you have deprived Miss Penrose of, you would not have detained her here. Lucy, my dear, only think who has arrived!—who but Frank Penrose, your cousin! He has been in the rooms more than half an hour, and has been anxiously looking for you everywhere.”

Before a reply could be made, the cousin made his appearance, and was received rather formally by Lucy. Cousin Frank, however, was an Irishman and a lawyer, and therefore not very likely to be put down or taken aback by a cold reception. He was introduced to Buck English, but the greeting between the gentlemen was the reverse of cordial. English saw a rival; and one, too, whom, it was said, Lucy Penrose’s father had been

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desirous to see the husband of his only daughter; while the other, to whom the *chaperon* had communicated the intimacy between the young lady and the dashing stranger, saw at a glance that it would have been quite as well if he had not left her so much in the way of becoming heart-stricken.

"Shall I lead you down to supper?" said he. "You know, my dear Lucy, that you and I have a hundred things to talk about."

"I am sorry, Frank," she replied, "that I cannot have the pleasure of taking your arm. I had promised Mr. English, before you came, to avail myself of the advantage of his escort. But Madame, I have no doubt, will be happy under your protection, and you can unburthen your mind to her."

And thus it happened that Lucy Penrose took the arm of English, while her *chaperon* rested on that of Frank Penrose.

"Confound the fellow!" said he, glancing at our hero. "On what a very intimate footing he has established himself with Lucy! Can it really be that she is smitten with such a face?"

"Very likely," was the reply. "It was not the countenance, but the mind of Othello, that the bright Venetian lady was enamoured of. When the manners are agreeable, the accident of an ordinary face is speedily of no importance."

"It is a pity," said Frank, "that I have delayed my return so long. Assist me in deposing this gentleman, and my gratitude shall be more than a name. I have always made so certain that Lucy was to become my wife, that this security has led me to neglect her. At all events, I can tell you that this Mr. English shall not snatch such a prize from me without a struggle. I confess I do not like him."

"Naturally enough. He is a rival, and apparently on the way to be a successful one."

By this time they had reached the supper-table. Frank

Penrose behaved with distant politeness to Buck English, who, as usual, was the centre of conversation. As the hours advanced, Lucy said to her cousin, "Can you tell me what o'clock it is, Frank, as I have let my watch run down?"

Frank, with a smile, answered, "Two months ago I could have done so; but one of the knights of the road met me, in a lonely part of Kilworth Mountain, and relieved me from the trouble of taking further care of watch or purse."

There was a smile at the manner in which the young lawyer related his loss, and then followed many inquiries as to the circumstances.

"All I know," said Frank, "is, that I was encountered on a lonely ride by a gentleman who, taking me quite unprepared, put a pistol to my breast, and demanded my cash and other portable property. I did not surrender it without a struggle, and throwing myself off my horse, closed with my foe. His pistol went off without doing me any injury, and I then drew my sword. My enemy, who was as much master of that weapon as myself, succeeded in disarming me, forced me to surrender money, watch, and a few rings, mounted on my horse, rode off, but speedily returned, with the polite assurance that he trusted I would accept a few pieces from him, as he presumed I did not intend remaining on the mountain all the night, and that he knew from experience how disagreeable it was to be at a strange inn without money. He handed me five guineas, and said that if I wanted more, his purse—*it had been mine!*—was quite at my service."

"Would you know the man again?"

"No; for the face was partly covered with crape."

Supper ended, Miss Penrose and the rest of the lady guests retired. The gentlemen escorted them to their carriages and returned—as was the fashion of the time—to drink their healths in claret which had never been under the *surveillance* of any

custom-house officer. One bumper led to another, with the usual result—the libations were not to the goddess of Concord. By accident, the name of Lucy Penrose was mentioned, with an allusion to the good terms on which Buck English evidently was with her. Frank Penrose rose, and angrily declared that his cousin's name should not be bandied about at a public table, and in conjunction, too, with the name of a person of whom nobody knew anything. English remained so quiet under this intentionally offensive allusion, that some who did not know him well began to think him deficient in courage. The insult was repeated, in other and harsher words, until English's forbearance was ended. He leant across the table, and said in a low voice, "Mr. Penrose, those words must be withdrawn or atoned for."

"Take them as you please," said Penrose; "I stand by them."

"Then," answered the other, "let me name Captain Cooper as my friend; whom shall he meet on your part?"

After a pause, during which he appeared to consider his course of action, Penrose said that in two days he expected a friend whom he could employ on such a business, and hoped the delay would not inconvenience Mr. English. A distant bow denoted his acquiescence, and thus, almost without its being known to more than three or four persons besides the parties themselves, was arranged a meeting for life or death. The outward show of civility was maintained on both sides, though hostile feelings rankled beneath.

As the party was breaking up, English addressed himself to Penrose, and inquired where and when his friend should call upon the other's second.

"At ten on Thursday, at Daly's club-house."

"Very well," was the response; "and who shall my friend inquire for?"

"Let him ask for Mr. D'Arcy Mahon, the barrister."



11. London.

Frederick A. Heath.

At that name English perceptively shrunk, as from a blow.

"D'Arcy Mahon!" he repeated.

"Yes," said Penrose; "have you any objection to him?"

"None," was the reply. On that they separated.

That evening, on returning home, Lucy Penrose applied herself, in the solitude of her chamber, to serious thought upon the state of her affections. It was evident that her cousin was piqued at her preference for English, and his arrival was likely to bring the affair to an issue. Lucy paused for some time in doubt as to what course she should pursue. She had a regard for her cousin Frank: she confessed to herself, with a blush and sigh, that she had other and more cherished feelings for English. It is proverbial how a woman's deliberations in an affair of the heart invariably end; and so, having made up her mind in favour of Buck English, the most delightful companion—although not the handsomest—fate had thrown in her way, she prepared to retire to rest.

As she was unloosing the golden beauty of her luxuriant tresses, glancing now and then at a flower given to her by *him*, and carefully put into a vase on her dressing-table, Lucy Penrose heard a gentle tap at the window. She withdrew the curtain, and saw, in the pale moonlight, the face of him who even then was occupying her thoughts. He held a note in his hand, which he then left on the window-sill, and disappeared as suddenly as he had come before her. The note urged her, in the strongest and most beseeching words, to admit the writer for a few minutes; hinted that this would be the last interview they might have; and plainly stated that it related to an affair of life and death. The urgency of the appeal, as well as her natural desire to see one in whom she felt such a deep interest, prevailed, and Lucy Penrose, hastily adjusting her attire, quitted her chamber, and opened the hall-door, at which she found English in waiting.

Light of body and active of limb, he had found no great difficulty in ascending to Lucy's window by means of the ivy which covered the house, and his descent was even more facile.

When he found himself alone with Lucy in one of the apartments where she had frequently received him as a visitor, Buck English appeared overwhelmed by emotion. Quickly recovering himself, he addressed her in this manner:—"I have to thank your kindness, Miss Penrose, for thus giving me the opportunity of taking leave of you. I am a dishonoured man, or shall be, and most publicly, too, if to-morrow see me near this place. After you retired from the ball, your cousin Frank fixed a quarrel upon me, which I endeavoured to avoid by acting and speaking with the greatest forbearance. I named the friend who would act for me in a matter so unpleasant, and your cousin asked for delay until the arrival of a gentleman who should perform the like offices for him. He named D'Arcy Mahon—the only man, under existing circumstances, who must not see me, because I have the strongest motives for avoiding him. I have just heard of his arrival, earlier than Frank expected him."

"I assure you," said Lucy, "that Mr. Mahon is a most honourable man, and more likely to pacify than irritate any parties who are placed before him with hostile feelings to each other. Surely you cannot know him?"

"No one," replied English, somewhat haughtily, "can say that I have shrunk, at any time, from giving or seeking the satisfaction which gentlemen must sometimes grant or require. But it is impossible that I can meet Mr. Mahon, on any terms or under any circumstances, without his recognising me as one whom he has met before under a darker and different aspect of affairs."

"Your words excite my wonder and alarm," said Lucy. "Will you remove the veil from this mystery?"

"Yes," said he, after a pause; "it is a sad confidence, but

you are entitled to it. You have probably heard of a person who is generally known as Captain Spranger?"

"Certainly. The terror of travellers, and the head of that band of highwaymen who have infested the South of Ireland for the last two years."

"The same. That man, to my knowledge, is the younger son of a respectable house in England. Evil example and a youthful impatience of control alienated him from his friends, and sent him abroad in the world, among many grades of society, but not particularly among those by whom he could profit in mind, body, or estate. After many wanderings he became the accidental companion or guest of a party of smugglers who were banded together in the county of Waterford, and by their boldness and success had challenged the notice of the Executive. Unfortunately, while the Englishman's love of wild adventure had led him into the society of these smugglers—as it might have led him to spend a night in a gipsy tent,—at that very time, treachery had betrayed the band, who were surrounded by a strong military force. To fight their way through this armed power, very greatly superior in numbers, was what the smugglers determined upon; and, unwilling to remain and be taken prisoner, the chance visitor of the night, with scarcely a moment for thought and none for deliberation, joined the sortie, and made a dash for freedom. Some effected their escape without any hurt, a few were wounded, some were captured. The Englishman was among the prisoners. The Assizes were at hand, and as it was thought fitting to make an example, the trial of the smugglers was hurried on. The evidence against the Englishman was conclusive: he was found in armed array against the military, and in company with notorious lawbreakers. What could he do? He concealed his name, was indicted under that of Spranger, was tried and convicted. When brought up to receive sentence, in the assize-court of Clonmel, he thought

he saw the opportunity for a bold effort. Light, active, and strong, he vaulted out of the dock : the crowd opened to conceal him, for there is a strong sympathy for persons accused of such breaches of the law as he was believed to have committed. Even while he was in the midst of the crowd, a great coat, such as the peasantry wear, was thrown around him by one ; another bestowed upon him a cap made of fox-skin ; and a third whispered him to keep quiet, as, if he did not betray himself, his disguise was sufficient to defy detection.

"Incredible as it may appear—but I see that you have already heard something of this affair—Spranger remained in the court-house during the whole day, while a strict out-of-doors search was made for him, and walked into the street, unchallenged, with the rest of the crowd.* He was literally alone, unfriended, penniless, in a strange country. The men who had supplied him, on the impulse of the moment, with the means of baffling detection, speedily came in his way, and gave him the further aid of shelter and food. What need I more to say than that those men, who lived by plunder, succeeded in enrolling their guest among them? Utter want in the first instance, and the fear of being given up to the Government on the other, causing him thus to plunge into guilt. Very soon he became leader of the band, and the deeds and name of Captain Spranger are sufficiently known throughout the country now.

"When he had completely identified himself with them, so as to obtain their unquestioned obedience, Spranger availed himself of the privilege of sometimes leaving them for a brief period—continuing, however, to regulate their movements and participate in their gains ; one of them always remaining with

* Such an escape as this was actually made from the dock during the assizes at Clonmel, by the bold and notorious Buck English, who afterwards found his way into good society in Cork : indeed, the actual life of this man was parallel, in its main facts, to that of "Paul Clifford," the hero of a brilliant fiction.

him, acting as his servant, and the channel of communication with the band. Thus he has resided, at different times, in the principal towns of the South of Ireland. His last residence was in Cork, where, under a name rather given to him by general consent than assumed by him, and with ample pecuniary means at his command, he contrived to be received into the best society. One hope remained, that of offering his sword to some foreign power, and thus resuming the condition which he had quitted. But, while taking measures to do this, he became deeply enamoured of the most beautiful and engaging of her sex, and delayed his departure from a reluctance to quit the heaven of her smiles. Perhaps, under other circumstances, he might have even ventured to hope that his suit would have been successful.

“Lucy, he who has related this story is the same Spranger whose name has made many a cheek pale, many a bold heart tremble. D’Arcy Mahon was the counsel employed against me at Clonmel, and he knows every feature of mine so well, that he could not fail to recognise me; if I remain, he meets me to-morrow—shame, disgrace, punishment, would follow. It is true that circumstances have made me what I am. But there is a Future for all who are willing to atone for past misconduct. I go forth to try and regain the position I have forfeited. Not in this country can I hope to do so; but there are other countries where Fortune and Reputation may be won, and there I shall make the effort. To have known you, to find my heart capable, even yet, of appreciating the beauty and purity of your mind, will console me in my long and distant exile. Farewell.”

He bent on his knee to take and kiss that delicate hand—did it linger in his? He looked in that lovely face—did those violet eyes smile upon him through the dew which hung upon their long fringes? He heard a low whisper—did it tell him to retrieve the Past, and hope, while he did so, for the due reward from a loving heart? A long, long kiss upon those ripe

lips, a few more hurried words, and Buck English was away, as suddenly as he came.

How improbable !—how unfeminine !—how entirely at variance with all the conventionalities of society ! No doubt ; but what has been related is *true*. As for Lucy's avowed love for such a person as—even on his own showing—English was, why seek to put it to the test of every-day thought ?

“ Why did she love him ? Curious fool, be still ;
Is human love the growth of human will ? ”

The morning after the interview between Lucy and her lover, considerable anxiety was caused in the minds of his acquaintances by the fact of his disappearance, and the report that he had met with a fatal accident. His horse had returned home riderless, and a hat and glove, known to have been worn by him, were found on the banks of the Lee, about two miles from Cork, a place where he was fond of riding at all hours. Curiously enough, Lucy Penrose did not appear much concerned at the loss of one to whom it was believed she had shown rather a partiality. A few months after, when she had attained her majority and entered into full possession of her property, she rejected the proffered hand of her cousin Frank. Ere the year was out her estates were in the market, and their purchase-money invested in the securities of some foreign country. This done, she bade farewell to the place of her nativity and the friends of her youth ; nor did any definite account of her future life ever reach Ireland. But some time after, many persons who had encountered Captain Spranger's predatory followers experienced the pleasant surprise of receiving back whatever money had been taken from them ; and this restitution took place to a very great extent. In the fulness of time there came rumours (which were credited), that somebody marvellously

like Buck English had obtained rank and reputation in the German service, and that, eventually retiring to a distant province of the empire, he had turned his sword into a ploughshare, and cultivated, with great success, an estate which he had purchased there. It was added that a lady, strikingly resembling Lucy Penrose, was the wife of this person; that they lived very happily with their children around them; that their retainers and dependants adored them for their considerate kindness; and that, though they always condemned crime, they united in suggesting whether he who committed it might not have been led into it by Circumstance rather than Desire.

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

WE must not be too tender of ourselves,
Nor spare ourselves the misery which darts
Into our own to see that other hearts
Have sins and sorrows, which by tens and twelves
Enter for rapine. 'Mid the shoals and shelves
Of Life's great sea Man vainly tries all arts
To 'scape some grand disaster, though his charts
Point faithfully the rocks. The care that delves
Deep pits in human spirits we may soothe,
Even though we cannot cure; and thus relieve
Our own great sorrows by relieving those
Of others.—'Tis the balm prepared, in truth,
For alien wounds, best salves our own! We lose
Our griefs by making others cease to grieve!

ANIMA MUNDI.

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES.

“ANIMA MUNDI”—of thyself existing,
Without diversity or change to fear,
Say, has this life to which we cling persisting,
Part in communion with thy steadfast sphere?
Does thy serene eternity sublime
Embrace the slaves of Circumstance and Time?

Could we remain continually content
To heap fresh pleasure on the coming day,
Could we rest happy in the sole intent
To make the hours more graceful or more gay,
Then must the essence of our nature be
That of the beasts that perish, not of Thee.

But if we mourn, not because time is fleeting,
Not because life is short and some die young,
But because parting ever follows meeting;
And, while our hearts with constant loss are wrung,
Our minds are tossed in doubt from sea to sea,
Then may we claim community with thee.

We cannot live by instincts—forced to let
To-morrow’s wave obliterate our to-day—
See faces only once—read and forget—
Behold Truth’s rays prismatically play
About our mortal eye and never shine
In one white daylight, simple and divine.

We would erect some thought the world above,
And dwell in it for ever—we make
Some moment of young Friendship or First-love
Into a dream, from which we would not wake ;
We would contrast our action with repose,
Like the deep stream that widens as it flows.

We would be somewise as Thou art,
Not sprig, and bud, and flower, and fade and fall ;
Not fix our intellects on some scant part
Of Nature, but enjoy or feel it all.
We would assert the privilege of a soul,
In that it knows—to understand the Whole.

If such things are within us—God is good—
And flight is destined for the callow wing,
And the high appetite implies the food,
And souls must reach the level whence they spring ;
O Life of very Life ! set free our Powers,
Hasten the travail of the yearning hours.

Thou ! to whom old Philosophy bent low,
To the wise few mysteriously revealed ;
Thou ! whom each humble Christian worships now,
In the poor hamlet and the open field ;
Once an Idea—now Comforter and Friend,
Hope of the human Heart ! Descend ! Descend !

HONORIA WALSINGHAM.

"THE Season" had commenced ; London had assumed the air of cheerful bustle which characterises it at the opening of that gay time—gay if the weather be favourable, but most *triste* if, as it so often happens, April is more prodigal of tears than smiles : then it is melancholy to see the attempts to bid defiance to rain, and cold, and fog,—summer clothing, open carriages, and *guipure* parasols with rose-coloured linings, are in vain brought forth to persuade their owners and the public that it is summer. After being paraded for a day or two, the said owners are fain to withdraw them, only too happy if colds, coughs, rheumatism, &c. do not follow the imprudence of imagining that spring comes at the time mentioned in the almanac. But at the opening of the season, where our tale commences, Nature had, in some unaccountable freak, determined to grant to England, and even to London, a specimen of Italian climate ; and every human being that walked, rode, or drove through the streets of the vast metropolis, stopped to congratulate every acquaintance he met on the way upon the singular and beautiful phenomenon of a blue and cloudless sky in April.

It was the day of the first drawing-room of the season : in an exquisitely arranged *chambre de toilette*, in one of the finest houses in Grosvenor Square, the beautiful Honoria Walsingham was employed in the deeply important duty of arraying herself in her court dress, under the superintendence of her mother, her

mother's maid, her own *femme de chambre*, and various other auxiliaries and assistants. And now the last feather was placed—the last graceful fold of the train arranged, and Honoria stood before the cheval glass to contemplate her own image there displayed. No wonder that, as she did so, a slight blush of gratified vanity, a complacent smile of self-congratulation, appeared on her beautiful face; the exquisitely-fitted *corsage*, the flowing train, the short sleeve, all displayed to the greatest advantage her full and magnificent bust, her tall, graceful figure, and white rounded arms; while the drooping plumes gave a dignity to her small, high-bred head.

Hers was a rich, luxuriant beauty, rarely seen in one so young—for she was yet scarcely eighteen—though, to judge from her appearance, she would have been taken for two or three and twenty: her hair was raven black; her eyes, brows, and lashes, equally dark; her complexion dazzlingly fair and clear, and somewhat pale, but relieved by lips of vivid scarlet, on which there sometimes appeared a scornful cast, that told of a certain degree of *hauteur* and disdain in the character of their owner: not that Honoria was really unamiable or haughty, but she was a spoilt child, and this had given force to a natural inclination—slight, but still existing—towards an imperiousness of disposition, an impatience of control, that sometimes conquered her better judgment. Had she been from her childhood brought up under the careful and watchful superintendence of some one who had strength of mind and determination of purpose to check, gently but firmly, the latent traces of pride that so often rose to the surface, Honoria Walsingham might have become another character, for she was clever, generous, forgiving, and warm-hearted; but, alas! her nurture had been ill-calculated to bring forth her good qualities, or eradicate her evil ones. Her father idolised her, and granted her every wish ere it was well expressed: her mother, an amiable but

weak woman, looked upon her as the model of all perfection, and imagined that she "could do no wrong." An only child, a beauty, and an heiress, the world also contributed to spoil her; so that it is little to be wondered at that Honoria started in life with very exalted ideas of her own importance, and with an untamed spirit but ill-calculated to bear patiently the rubs and crosses so constantly to be encountered in the world.

Her father, Sir Herbert Walsingham, was one of the oldest baronets in England, and possessed of almost inexhaustible wealth; and her mother was the daughter of the Duke of — : so that she had birth in addition to her other advantages—advantages in themselves sufficient to excite pride in many a humbler heart than Honoria's.

The day of her presentation she had long looked forward to as the commencement of a series of triumphs; and as in leaving her dressing-room she cast a parting glance at her mirror, on her face was legibly inscribed,—“I came—*I was seen*—I conquered.”

And her success, indeed, equalled her expectations, and even her wishes; at the opera every *lorgnette* was directed to the box where she sat, smiling in the happy consciousness of surpassing loveliness; at every ball, at every *fête*, she was the “observed of all observers;” and her heart beat high in all the triumph of gratified vanity.

At first this was delightful; her felicity was at its height; she wished for nothing more; she felt as though she had attained the summit of her ambition: but, after a time, she became gradually conscious that there was a something wanting; the admiration she excited now seemed to become a matter of course, instead of a compliment, and, though still agreeable, had lost that racy charm it at first possessed: she felt like a lone eagle perched on a rock, gazing down upon the world at her feet, and, tired of her solitary empire, she longed for an

equal to share it with her. But where to find that equal?—for, with all her vanity and little weaknesses, Honoria still really possessed an elevation of mind that placed her, as a rational and thinking being, far above the crowd who sought her favour. Suitors, she had many; the young, the handsome, the wealthy, the titled,—all crowded round to pay their homage; but one by one they were rejected, and, at each fresh refusal, Honoria felt more lonely than ever.

Towards the close of the season there was a magnificent *fête* given by the Marchioness of —, to which the Walsinghams were invited. Honoria, leaning on the arm of her mother, was receiving, with a half-listless air, the compliments bestowed on her at all sides, when, raising her eyes, they encountered those of one whose gaze was fixed upon her with an admiring yet almost sad intensity. She instantly withdrew her glance, and a slight blush suffused her cheek; she scarcely knew why, but there was a something in the look she had met that stirred up an indefinable feeling of curiosity, of interest, in her breast. After a few moments she ventured to direct her eyes to where the stranger stood; he was gone; and she scarcely dared to acknowledge to herself the degree of disappointment she felt at this trifling circumstance.

Often, during the progress of the *fête*, did the recollection of that look return to her; and her eyes wandered among the gay and busy crowd in the hope of once more meeting it. There was in it a something of sorrow—of deep, sad thought, of intensity—that powerfully interested her: the idle nothings, the insipid flattery of the crowd of attendant *beaux*, seemed to her intolerably wearisome, and she longed for the quiet solitude of her own room, that she might recall with more vivid distinctness the memory of that single glance.

The evening was nearly over; one by one the guests were departing, and the Walsinghams' carriage "stopped the way."

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Honoria swept one parting glance round the room, and once more encountered that sad, earnest gaze, fixed upon her ; again the blood mounted to her cheek, but more deeply than before, and she turned away to conceal the confusion she could not repress.

An immense crowd was collected round the door as Sir Herbert Walsingham led his wife and daughter to the carriage ; he had handed in the former, and was in the act of assisting Honoria to mount the steps, when the horses, receiving an accidental blow from the whip of the coachman belonging to a carriage at that moment passing close to them in the crowd, plunged forward,—Honoria slipped from her father's grasp, and would inevitably have fallen backward on the pavement, had not a strong arm firmly clasped her, and drew her out of danger, for the horses were still impatiently prancing. Sir Herbert hastened to thank the stranger for his prompt and valuable assistance ; and as Honoria looked up to repeat her gratitude and acknowledgments, she recognised the face of him whose glance still haunted her !

"To whom are we indebted for this signal service ?" inquired her father. "I trust we may have the pleasure of seeing you at Grosvenor Square, that we may then more fully express our thanks for your kind assistance."

Mr. Wandesford (for such was his name) gladly accepted the permission to pay his respects ; and as the carriage rolled off, Honoria felt a thrill of inward satisfaction as she thought of the morrow.

Philip Wandesford was a descendant of one of the oldest and noblest families in England, though it was now very far from being one of the wealthiest, the possessions and title, which should have come to him as its real head, having passed into other hands, through lack of certain evidence of the existence of his rights. He was poor—very poor, and the con-

sciousness of his poverty and of his wrongs was for ever haunting him, and hanging round him, like a heavy and noxious vapour; his life had been a struggle against it; his high hopes—his lofty aspirings, had, ever from his boyhood, been checked and chilled by it: cursed—for in one situated as he was it is a curse—with genius, with feeling, with a quick and keen sensibility, he passed through the world alive to all its biting blasts, its hard, rough realities, its taunts and its many unkindnesses; and as each in its turn stung him to the quick, he shrunk more and more into the dreary world within, peopled only by the memory of slights and sufferings magnified into real miseries by an excited and morbid imagination. He shunned society, for it had no charms for him; and amid its real and factitious gaieties he only felt more lonely, and was more painfully conscious of the wretchedness of his position,—that was his bane, his curse: until he could escape from it, his very existence was one of shrinking, struggling, suffering. Until the night he had first seen Honoria, he had not crossed the threshold of any house but his own lodging for months, and he was then only induced to do so by the entreaties of Lady——, who was his cousin, and who took a most kind and sisterly interest in his affairs.

That night formed an epoch in his existence; in his hours of brooding loneliness he had raised up to himself an ideal being—to that were addressed his day-dreams, his aspirations; to it he confided his griefs and his cares; it was the companion of his solitude, the soother of his real and imaginary woes, and he blessed it for its fidelity, its patience, and its unwearying gentleness; and then, with the waywardness of a diseased and morbid imagination, he cast from him the frail, unreal phantom he had created, and reviled himself for a dreamer—a vain and idle visionary.

Among all the enigmas of the human mind, there is one

which it is most difficult to solve,—that when we have formed in our own imaginations a certain idea of perfection—a peculiar standard by which we have been ever accustomed to measure the objects for which that standard was erected, we suddenly come in contact with something totally in contrast of all our preconceived notions of worth or excellence; and, far from viewing it with disgust or dislike, we attach ourselves to it with an ardent, passionate devotion, that we never could have felt for the object which embodied all that we ever imagined of perfection. Honoria Walsingham was a creature entirely the reverse of the being Wandesford had created to himself. She, his spirit-love, was fair, and patient, and meek, and long-suffering; her voice was low and soft, and her eyes beamed with a mild and shaded light; she breathed more of consolation for the past, than encouragement for the future; she never upbraided, she never frowned; she smiled upon virtue, and she mourned for vice. And he who had formed to himself this being—who had loved it in spirit—who had made it his consoler and companion for years, now had his vision filled with the image of the proud and stately beauty whose glance spoke of high thoughts, and hopes, and lofty ambition, who would make to herself a destiny, who was born to command and conquer!

It was with a beating heart that Wandesford knocked at the door of Sir Herbert Walsingham's house, the day following the ball. In answer to his inquiry he was informed that the ladies were at home, and was immediately ushered into the magnificent drawing-room where they usually sat. Honoria, who was alone when he entered, was singing to her harp; and as he ascended the stairs, the rich, full tones of her voice struck upon his ear, and sent a thrill to his very heart: she ceased her song as the door opened, and rose gracefully to receive him, while he expressed his hopes that she had not suffered from the alarm of the preceding night. Lady Mary, her mother, at that moment

entered the room, and warmly spoke her thanks for the assistance he had given to her beloved child.

Thus was Wandesford established as a favoured acquaintance in the family, and on the best introduction—that of his own merits and of a service rendered. And yet it seemed as if this were to advance him but little : by one of those strange contradictions of the human heart, Honoria treated him with a certain degree of *hauteur* that she seldom displayed to the most common and indifferent acquaintance. She was accustomed to be courted, sued, and flattered : Wandesford's manner had nothing of the courtier in it ; it was calm, respectful, and reserved ; he rarely paid a compliment, and never at the expense of truth ; he alone, of all the crowd who surrounded her, had never addressed to her one word of flattery, and but for that long, earnest gaze, she had seen fixed upon her, she would have gathered from his manner that she was entirely indifferent to him : but she felt that he was not so to her ; she blushed to confess to herself that she experienced for him a feeling such as had never before agitated her breast, and, in proportion as this feeling gathered strength, she treated him with increased coldness : while he, scarcely less proud than herself, though loving her with a passion he dared not own, shrunk from appearing to solicit the favour of one whose conduct was so inexplicable, whose haughtiness was so uncalled for. And thus these two beings, who might have been all the world to each other ; who, notwithstanding every adverse circumstance, already felt that but too much of their happiness depended upon each other's feelings, were now estranged by pride and by a want of mutual understanding ; and beyond a few commonplace words at their occasional meetings, they held no communication.

The season was over : the crowds who had for the last four months been pursuing the constant routine of chasing Pleasure, which as constantly eluded their grasp ; who had occupied

themselves with the business of amusement, were now going off to the country,—some hoping to be able to retrieve the expenses incurred in the past campaign ; some to renew their gaieties in a different form ; some to recover the health and freshness late hours had somewhat diminished ; and a select few really to enjoy its beauties. How differently is the close of the season regarded by the crowds who have passed through its round of feverish and exciting gaieties—feverish and exciting to those who have aught to gain—by the rest looked upon with apathetic indifference ! Here the disappointed mother or *chaperon*, mournfully departing with her unmatched daughter or *protégée*, with whom she had perseveringly ranged the tour of ball, opera, concert, and *déjeuner*, leaving at each a portion of health, temper, and spirits, and requiring in their place an additional load of disappointment and *ennui* ; while, by way of consolation, the said daughter or *protégée*, finding no longer the necessity of assuming the wreathed smiles and varied graces, which had in vain been held out to entrap the unwary, at length yields to the vexation and despair that has so long been gathering, and bewails her fate with mingled sorrow and anger. On the other hand, the triumphant mamma bears off her *fiancée* daughter, who, no less triumphant, looks round upon her less fortunate contemporaries with a mixture of pity and contempt. Love has but little to do with these disappointments and gratifications ; vanity is generally the moving principle. And yet there are exceptions—I would not include all in this sweeping censure. Many a fair and gentle girl, on whose young brow innocence still rests, whose feelings are still fresh and pure, notwithstanding the baleful influence of selfishness and avarice around, seeks to hide the tears wrung from her wounded heart, which loves “not wisely, but too well,” or rejoices in deep and silent happiness at the consciousness of requited and assured affection. Exquisites of younger sons, who have been vainly occupied in

heiress and widow hunting ; elder brothers, who have lost all but their titles (which would have gone, too, had they been at their own disposals) at Ascot, Epsom, and the now extinct Crockford's ; husbands grumbling over Storr and Mortimer's bill ; wives complaining that Tattersall's and Anderson's were much longer ;—all, all took their departure to rusticate the necessary period, and then return to undergo the same series of triumphs and mortifications that they have just passed through.

Among the many admirers of Honoria was one who, more pertinacious than the rest, continued, despite her marked coldness, to pay her the most constant and determined attention. Lord Coningsby was considered by all who were interested in such affairs as one of the most desirable *partis* in London : he was a marquis, his fortune was immense, he was scarcely over thirty, rather good-looking, and remarkably *distingué* both in appearance and in manner ; he was clever to a certain degree, and tolerably well-informed. Such was Lord Coningsby to the world ; but the world rarely troubles itself to examine into the characters of its favourites, and it had never discovered that he was selfish, designing, and unprincipled : though, to confess the truth, it was indeed no easy matter to penetrate the designs of one whose powers of dissimulation were of no common order. Gifted with extraordinary perseverance, and troubled with very few scruples, he hesitated but little as to the means he employed to attain any object that he had in view ; according to his creed, sin was only sin when discovered, and a purpose once achieved, no matter how unworthy the method employed to obtain it, he never was troubled by any twinges of conscience so long as the world remained in ignorance of those methods.

No sooner did Lord Coningsby become acquainted with Honoria Walsingham than he determined to make her his wife. Coldhearted though he was, his passions were strong ; he loved her (if love it could be called, where selfishness was so pre-

eminent that he cared little for the feelings or happiness of the object) with a wild, ungovernable passion, that resisted all control ; her very coldness only piqued and excited him to more eager pursuit ; and yet so guarded was he, that never by word or deed did he give her the opportunity of repulsing him : his admiration, though evident, appeared so respectful, so unobtrusive, that she could have no excuse for checking it in a decided manner. And thus he contrived to hang about her day after day until the time arrived for the departure of the family to Walsingham Court, where they were to pass the early part of the winter.

A numerous party were invited to visit them there, and Sir Herbert, who by no means disapproved of the attentions of Lord Coningsby, and thought him in every way suited to be the husband of his darling child, warmly pressed him to become their guest for as long as he could make it convenient to remain with them. The invitation was gladly accepted, and it was agreed that he should follow them to Walsingham in a few days.

Had Sir Herbert been aware how disagreeable this arrangement was to his daughter, he would not have made it ; but she had never expressed her growing distaste to Lord Coningsby. She could give no reason for it ; on the contrary, there appeared every cause for her liking him, and although somewhat cold in her manner to him, she evinced no symptoms of actual dislike. This visit, Sir Herbert thought, would be the means of all others of bringing about a favourable termination, and, little conscious of the real feelings of her who was so deeply concerned in his schemes, he looked forward with a happy confidence to their result.

On the day previous to that fixed for their departure, Sir Herbert happened to encounter Wandesford. They had not met for some time, and the good-natured baronet was struck by

the appearance of illness and suffering evident on the face of his young friend; he saluted him with his usual kind cordiality, reproached him for having so long neglected them, and finished by a most urgent and pressing invitation to Walsingham. This was indeed a temptation; to be near Honoria, to see her daily, to bask in the light of her smile, even though that smile was for others,—it was not to be resisted, and after a momentary hesitation he yielded.

“Come what may,” he thought, “I can suffer little more than I do at present; some moments of happiness I may enjoy, however dearly purchased.” And the friends, for such we may call them, parted mutually satisfied.

The whole party were assembled at Walsingham Court; in addition to the two guests we have mentioned, various others had arrived, of whom a short description may be necessary. First came the Marquis and Marchioness of Alington, and their daughter, Lady Cecilia Vane. Lord Alington had served at the battle of Vittoria, and had been slightly wounded in the arm; a report was current (which many were ill-natured enough to believe) that he had acted upon the very discreet principle, that

“He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day,”

and had been by no means disposed to run the foolish risk of being “in battle slain,” as in that case his invaluable services would have been for ever lost to his country. However, be this as it may, he himself (and surely he must have known best) gave a totally different account of the whole affair, and it certainly could not have been a disagreeable subject, for he talked of nothing else from morning to night; daily did he “fight his *battle* o’er again,” and fortunate for him was it that imaginary wounds are not generally productive of fatal effects, otherwise his lordship must long ago have been laid in his grave,

after having had his body made a mere receptacle for balls,—in short, one entire gun-shot wound. Such was Lord Alington; and now for his wife. Every one acknowledged that she had been pretty, and she was convinced that she was so still; her principal aim and object in life was to be thought as young as her daughter, and any one who, knowing her weakness, affected to mistake the one for the other was by her loved and cherished from that day forth. There was just sufficient resemblance between the mother and daughter, or rather between what the daughter then was to what the mother had been, to give something like a colour to the lady's belief; both were inclined to the *petite*, both were slight, both fair and blue-eyed, both had the most remarkably small feet and hands,—but though in description so much alike, how different were they in reality! Lady Alington's slightness inclined to an angular sharpness of outline not quite in accordance with the prescribed rules of beauty, while her daughter's figure was delicately rounded into the most graceful lines: the fairness of the one had faded into a somewhat sickly yellowness, while the rouge on the hollow cheek but ill-supplied the bright, yet delicate tint, that alternately rose and died away on the fair fresh face of the other; and the small hands and feet were sadly wanting in the dimpled plumpness that gave their chief charm to those of Lady Cecilia. However, as Lady Alington was short-sighted, all these trifling differences were unperceived, and she went on, as no doubt she had every right to do, in believing that the one was the counterpart of the other. Lady Cecilia's appearance we have described, and her character was just what that appearance warranted: she was amiable, gentle, and sweet-tempered, with few faults and no striking qualities; accomplished, well-educated, and by no means deficient in good sense and every useful and feminine virtue. Lady Alington, it must be confessed, bore very little resemblance to her daughter in point of temper and disposition—the sharp-

ness was within as well as without in her, and though not positively an ill-natured woman, she frequently displayed a degree of acrimony to those who appeared to doubt her youth and her charms that led many people to incline to that belief; and notwithstanding the rash and hardy daring of her husband, it always happened somehow or other that in her presence he seemed to have a strange reluctance to relate his feats of valour at the battle of Vittoria, probably thinking that as he had, like Othello, told her his history, first in broken and disjointed morsels, afterwards in one sitting, she might not care to hear it all over again.

The next arrivals were Sir Henry and Lady Sinclair. Sir Henry was essentially a *bon enfant*, good-humoured, good-natured, and good-looking. No one had ever heard him say a spiteful thing; he always looked upon people as being possessed of every excellent quality until he had proof positive to the contrary; he always found out the good points of everybody's character,—to their faults he was more than

"a little blind,
And to their virtues *very* kind."

Now and then he got into a rage, but never did his passion outlive the space of ten minutes, and when over, none regretted a hasty word or violent expression more than he did. Although not yet five-and-twenty, he had been married about a year and a half, and had been for the last six months in a state of the most extreme triumph and satisfaction in consequence of the arrival of a son and heir, who had made his appearance at that time. During the first year of their marriage he had been devotedly attached to his wife (who was nearly six years his junior), but from the time of their child's birth he had regarded her as something superior to what he had at first imagined; mingled with his affection there was a sort of feeling compounded of

respect, admiration, and gratitude, which was most amusingly developed; now she had sprung at once from the girl he had loved with a sort of boyish passion into a woman, a mother, a matron (of nineteen !), whom it was necessary for the world to regard with a degree of consideration, as forming an influential and responsible member of society. In speaking of her among his acquaintances he always dignified her with the title of "Lady Sinclair," instead of "Annie," as in former times, and quoted her opinions and advice (particularly on the management of infants) with a gravity that was extremely edifying.

Lady Sinclair was in every respect worthy of her lord; extremely pretty, always in good humour, lively, gentle, and warm-hearted, she diffused sunshine wherever she appeared; her smile was most bewitching, her voice music itself, and kindness, innocence, and benevolence, ever sparkled in the bright hazel eye, and played round the small rosy mouth. But if she had a weak point, it was that baby: sleeping and waking, morning, noon, and night, "baby" was the grand object of her thoughts; "baby" was the centre round which were concentrated her hopes, her fears, her feelings, and her affections,—"baby's" future and her own were synonymous, they could not be separated; every hour in "baby's" existence formed an epoch in hers, and every sound of his infant voice found a thrilling echo in her heart. Often in the silence of the night had she lain, motionless as a statue, listening to the low, measured breathings of her child; then did she conjure up dreams and visions for years to come—of what he was "to be" and "to do"—she dared not think of what he was "to suffer;" and then his low, soft, murmuring sigh, or the pressure of his tiny hand on her bosom, recalled her once more to the present, and she clasped him to her breast and wept in the fulness of her passionate love; and then he woke and smiled in her face, and she felt that, whatever the future might bring, it could never

surpass the pure, and holy, and sinless joy of that moment. Her husband she fondly and fervently loved—even more since the birth of her infant than she had done before—but that was a thing apart; that was a love to burn on brightly and steadily to the conclusion of her existence, still unchanging, still the same: but for her child, the nature of her affection, though the affection itself was unaltered, must necessarily take a different character with every stage of his existence. She already felt and anticipated all this, and now while he was *all her own* she must devote to him that entire love and care that others must share with her in after years.

Between Honoria and Lady Sinclair there existed a warm and affectionate attachment; each knew and valued the good qualities of the other, and there was nothing in Lady Sinclair that could bring into play the less amiable ones of Honoria, so that during a friendship of five or six years (a long period in their young lives) they had never had anything like a coolness or difference of opinion, and as Honoria was extremely fond of “baby,” the affection of the young mother for her had increased tenfold since his birth. Lady Cecilia Vane had got into favour from the same cause, and though Lady Sinclair’s feelings towards her were quite different from the almost sisterly love she felt for Honoria, she still regarded her with most kindly sentiments, which were warmly returned by the amiable and gentle girl. Honoria, too, liked her, so that the three formed a happy and friendly trio.

The rest of the party consisted of Lord and Lady Desmond, the former rather gouty, the latter a kind, good-hearted, unaffected woman, who was not ashamed of being of a certain age; their son, Lord Elvaston,—good-tempered, amiable, handsome, and deeply smitten with Lady Cecilia Vane; Colonel Hamilton—rather an exquisite, and a great frequenter of Crockford’s; and, though last not least, the Hon. Mr. Tylney, who played the

piano and the guitar, sung French, English, Spanish, Italian, and German songs charmingly, drew beautifully, talked amusingly, was very gentlemanlike, always ready to take a part in any scheme of amusement that was going on; in short, he was *un charmant garçon*, and a most useful person in a country house.

In every party that was proposed, in every excursion, at home or abroad, Honoria, to her great annoyance, found herself constantly associated with Lord Coningsby; he seemed to cling to her in such a manner that it was impossible to shake him off. No opportunity ever offered of repulsing him,—it frequently appeared that they were thrown together by chance, and he could not or would not see her increased coldness and occasional impatience of manner: there he was, ever humble, ever unobtrusive, ever respectful; but still ever there, and Honoria's original dislike increased to absolute detestation—the more violent that he gave her no apparent excuse for it. The difference between him and Wandesford struck her more forcibly every day—the one constantly adhering to her with a tenacity that was at once enraging and impossible to escape from, the other rather avoiding her than seeking the favour she had so obstinately and causelessly withheld; and yet that Wandesford loved her she now began to believe—to hope. Frequently had she detected that look, so well remembered, fixed on her face; often noted the indignant flush rise to his brow when she was persecuted by the attentions, or rather the presence, of Lord Coningsby. By degrees her manner towards him softened; she no longer treated him with her former cold *hauteur*, and he at the first smile, the first gracious word, was ready to throw himself at her feet, and pour forth all the tide of his fervent and passionate devotion.

One evening the party at Walsingham Court were assembled after dinner in the drawing-room. Mr. Tylney was seated at the piano singing, and around him were col-

lected a group of some of the younger members of the little society; Lady Cecilia was employed in making a purse, or some other piece of idle industry, and lending a not unwilling ear to the low-toned flatteries of Lord Elvaston; Sir Henry Sinclair was warmly defending some absent acquaintance, of whom Colonel Hamilton had spoken slightly; Lord Coningsby was, as usual, close to Honoria; while a little apart stood Mr. Wandesford, regarding him with a most unfriendly eye: the rest of the party were scattered about the room, variously occupied. Poor Sir Herbert, who had been trying to listen with something like an air of interest to Lord Alington's description of the field of Vittoria, at last could stand it no longer, and, hoping to effect a diversion, proposed a game of whist. Now it so happened that Lady Alington was extremely fond of whist, and still more so of admiration; and ever since her arrival at Walsingham she had been trying, by every means in her power, to attract the attention of Lord Coningsby, he having once, in a luckless hour, expressed his astonishment at the exact resemblance between her and her daughter, and declared that it always required a second glance to ascertain which it was he addressed. Accordingly, no sooner was whist proposed than her ladyship, who had joined the group at the piano, turned to Lord Coningsby and asked him to be her partner. It was impossible to refuse; he could not even bring forward the excuse of being a bad player, as he was known to be a remarkably good one: so most unwillingly did he leave his place and follow the triumphant fair to the card-table. Honoria's countenance visibly brightened; and as she raised her eyes she encountered those of Mr. Wandesford, fixed upon her with a something of sympathy and congratulation in their expression. In her glance he saw, or fancied he saw, what looked like a gleam of hope and encouragement; and in another moment he occupied the place beside

Honoria, which his rival had been compelled to forsake. They entered into conversation, pausing now and then, when Mr. Tylney sung something more than usually beautiful. At last, at the request of one of the group, he sang "Love not." They listened in silence to the mournful sweetness of both the music and the words: he came to the last verse—

"Love not! love not!—Ah, warning vainly said!"

"How vainly!" murmured Wandesford, close to Honoria. "How utterly powerless are we to control or direct the channel of our own affections! Time, place, circumstance,—all the thousand influences that affect us in every other affair of our lives,—are as the idle wind, that passes over unmarked, unregarded. One look," he continued, still more earnestly, "one single glance, will sometimes change the whole current of our lives, our thoughts, our feelings,—raise up to us a new destiny,—awaken within us a world of whose previous existence we were unconscious! We know not—think not—whether this wild revolution may lead us on to happiness supreme, or lure us to destruction (for in one or other it must end); but we follow on the headlong course of the stream of our newly-awakened affection, till at last it reaches its destined goal. Honoria," he continued, as he marked her heaving bosom and downcast eye, "you must—you *do*—know how passionately I adore you! You cannot be ignorant of the love that till now has never found utterance—that vainly I have endeavoured to conceal, but that, despite of all my efforts, would still discover itself. And yet," he went on, "I am mad to speak thus! You—young, beautiful, gifted, blessed with every advantage of birth, of station, of circumstance,—how dare I presume thus to address you!—I, whose existence has been wasted in the struggle with a false though unmerited position,—whose energies have been blasted, and powers nipt and destroyed, by its grinding and iron hand!

Forgive me, Miss Walsingham, and in my fervent sincerity forget my presumption !”

There was a moment's pause. Mr. Tylney struck up a valse of Strauss, and under cover of the loud chords and running cadences, Honoria, though with a trembling voice, found courage to reply.

“And do you imagine,” she said, “that such a position has in it aught that is degrading? Do you think that a being, endowed with the richest gifts of nature, who, by no fault or even imprudence of his own, has such a lot entailed upon him, —do you admit that such a one becomes a thing to be regarded with contempt or insulting pity? Do you,” she continued, warming with the subject, “do you despise the gifts that God has bestowed, and hold as the only true treasure the advantages that an artificial state of society has produced?”

“Heaven bless you for those words!” he fervently exclaimed. “Tell me, Honoria, tell me—dare I hope?”

A trembling “Yes” hung on her lip; but though inaudible, he read her eyes aright.

The whist-party broke up. Lord Coningsby, who during the progress of the game had been casting various uneasy glances in the direction of the piano, now returned to its neighbourhood. From the position he had occupied at the card-table he could not see the faces of Honoria or Mr. Wandesford; and when now, for the first time, he noted the change in both, rage, hatred, jealousy, and the burning desire for vengeance, took possession of his heart. With a blindness very unusual in his quick and calculating perceptions, he had never perceived Wandesford's attachment to Honoria; and now, when the truth burst upon him in all its force, even his ordinary calmness and presence of mind forsook him, and violent was the struggle with himself to prevent the expression of his wrath.

Midnight had struck, and the party separated to their

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various apartments. Honoria's mind was in a state of excitement that almost deprived her of the power of thought. The whole thing was so sudden, so totally unexpected, and yet so delightful, she felt too happy to rest, and two o'clock had passed ere she laid her head on her pillow: even then it was long before sleep visited her. She reviewed the events of the evening—recalled every tone and look of him she was now so proud to call her lover; and at length, overpowered by sensations so new and so exciting, she fell into a light slumber, peopled by blissful dreams, in which one image was ever conspicuous.

Mr. Wandesford's felicity, bright and excessive as it was, was perhaps less unmingled than Honoria's. Noble, high-minded, disinterested as she was,—would her parents be equally regardless of worldly considerations? That was a question he proposed to himself with trembling hesitation. It was evident that they perceived Lord Coningsby's attentions, and were disposed to favour his suit. Would they reject him, to accept in preference one who possessed hardly one of the advantages the world prizes so highly? And the world itself—(here came the morbid bitterness engendered by a keen sensibility and wounded pride)—would it not point at him as a fortune-hunter?—would it not say that he sought the heiress, not the woman? All the old feelings of painful self-distrust—of mortified sensitiveness—were returning upon him; but one thought of Honoria, of her love, of her unworldliness, dispelled the mist. To know that she prized him for himself—that she preferred him to others, who possessed all the advantages he coveted—was it not enough to fill him with a gratitude, an unshadowed happiness, that no other thought could destroy? Yes, surely it was! He would think of that only, and enjoy to the fullest extent the felicity so unexpectedly showered upon him.

Far less agreeable were the musings of Lord Coningsby. They might be summed up in a few words:—the determination

to leave no engine unemployed to avenge himself on Mr. Wandesford, and to obtain the hand of Honoria by force or stratagem.

A conclave was held next morning in Sir Herbert's study; the heads of the council consisting of the worthy Baronet, Lady Mary, and Mr. Wandesford. At the conclusion of the debate, Honoria was summoned, and sentence passed. After various preliminaries, and doubtings, and remarks upon Honoria's youth and inexperience, the shortness of the acquaintance, &c. &c., Sir Herbert agreed to give his consent, on one condition, namely, that Mr. Wandesford should go abroad for a year, during which time an occasional correspondence was to be kept up; and if, at the end of that period, the lovers continued to entertain the same feelings towards each other, they were to be married.

Such a conclusion was more than Wandesford anticipated; Honoria, too, was satisfied; and the council broke up in the most friendly manner. For though it must be confessed that both Sir Herbert and Lady Mary were a good deal disappointed at the turn affairs had taken, still, the satisfaction of believing that they had secured the happiness of their child nearly counterbalanced whatever vexation they might have felt.

As soon as Lord Coningsby became aware of the state of affairs, he controlled all appearance of anger, and merely showed the degree of sorrow and disappointment natural in such a case. But his machinations were already commencing; the first mesh of the net, to entrap his intended victim, was woven.

Before his departure, Mr. Wandesford wished to engage a confidential servant to accompany him. Lord Coningsby assured him that he could recommend him one in whom he might put implicit faith, and who was, moreover, most invaluable to travel with, as he had been a great deal on the Continent, was thoroughly acquainted with every route, and could save his master all

trouble and much expense. He was accordingly engaged, and directed by Mr. Wandesford to remain in town till his return there, previous to quitting England. A day or two afterwards, Lord Coningsby took his departure for London.

Warm were Lady Sinclair's congratulations to Honoria upon the happiness that awaited her. Sir Henry did not venture to touch upon so delicate a subject; but his face, and his shake of the hand, when he met her next morning before breakfast, "gave joy" with all their might. Lady Cecilia blushed from sympathy, she having just accepted Lord Elvaston; at which circumstance Lady Alington had not quite made up her mind whether to be glad or sorry,—it being on the one hand an excellent match, while on the other her ladyship by no means enjoyed the prospect of soon becoming a grandmother. Her lord, however, greatly rejoiced in the expectation of having some one to whom he could constantly relate his reminiscences of Vittoria; and Lord and Lady Desmond were perfectly satisfied with their future daughter-in-law.

In a month from the time of the engagement Mr. Wandesford took his departure. Fond, and sad, and yet tinged with bright hopes, was the parting of the lovers: it were needless to speak of the vows exchanged—the promises made on both sides. He went, and Honoria felt that all her life lay in the past and in the future; the present was a blank. Happy are they who can live in the future—who know or who fancy that bliss is to come, not that it is past. The anticipation of pleasure makes us endure with equanimity, if not regard with indifference, the ills of the moment. But ah! how heavily do the hours lag—how bitterly do we feel every sting, every lesser evil, of the present, when our happiness only lives in memory, and when we contrast the sunshine of by-gone days with the twilight that surrounds us! But when we dwell, as it were, between two lights,—when, to look back or forward, all is brightness,—*then*, indeed, the

heart may well regard to-day as a thing of nought, when it merely forms the interval between glad yesterday—more glad to-morrow! And Honoria smiled over her bright anticipations, and thought, that next to seeing her lover would be the delight of writing to him.

Six months had passed away since the lovers parted; but that short time had wrought a terrible change in the destiny and feelings of Honoria Walsingham. But two letters had reached her since Mr. Wandesford's departure, both written during the earlier part of his absence; since then, the only accounts she had had were *of* him—not *from* him; and they were of a nature that wrought her haughty spirit almost to frenzy. He had been travelling—not alone: his companion was a young and beautiful singer, whom he had encountered at Milan, and who became henceforth the companion of his voyages. Such was the intelligence that reached Honoria of her affianced husband—of the only being she had deemed worthy of her affection, and upon whom she had lavished the treasures of her mind and heart! Thus was she repaid.

We will not trace the various feelings of jealousy, indignation, despair, and wounded pride and affection, that by turns tormented the betrayed girl. For a time the struggle was such as almost to shake her reason. Ever guided by impulse, she yielded at first to all the violence of her emotions. She would listen to no consolation; nothing could for a moment stem the torrent of her agony; she gave way to the course of her feelings without check: and then, the first burst over, came a calm and almost stern repose, and a steady determination to be avenged on him who had destroyed her all of earthly happiness.

The year had just elapsed; but ere it passed away Honoria was the bride of Lord Coningsby.

The young Marchioness was alone in her dressing-room: a

week had passed over since her wedding-day, and there sat the bride ; her face pale, even to ghastliness ; her white lips tightly compressed ; the veins in her forehead swollen almost to bursting ; and her eyes fixed. Her hands, which were rigidly clasped on her knee, held a crushed letter. It was from Wandesford,—written at the moment of his landing in England, to claim his affianced wife,—directed in her maiden name, in a hand trembling with eagerness and delight, and anticipating with rapture the meeting so soon to take place.

They met, after a time. Honoria had nerved herself to the effort ; and voice, eye, and lip, were well trained to their service : and *he* had tried to be calm, and cold, and indifferent,—and he failed. And then came agonised reproaches ; and at length a new light broke, but too late, on those two betrayed and deceived beings. True, he had travelled, even to England, with the young singer ; but the girl was his niece, the offspring by a private marriage of his elder brother, contracted in very early life with a beautiful actress. His sudden death had prevented his making any provision for his wife and child, who had thus been compelled to seek a livelihood on the stage. The mother died, and the girl was thus left utterly unprotected at the age of seventeen, doubly subjected, by her beauty and inexperience, to a thousand snares. She heard of her uncle's arrival in Milan, where she was then singing, applied to him, and, having produced the certificate of her mother's marriage and of her birth, was immediately taken under his protection. He had written a full account of this to Honoria, but the letter, as well as all the others to her and her parents, had been intercepted by his servant, the paid agent of Lord Coningsby, through whose means also the version of the tale which had reached Honoria had been forwarded.

Woe to those who are guided by impulse instead of principle ! In a moment of reckless despair, Honoria Coningsby



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consented to forego honour, fame, duty—all a wife should hold sacred, and to fly with her lover : they fled. The enraged husband, now in his turn betrayed, pursued the fugitives. It was the dawn of a bright autumnal morning, in a road that wound through a lonely forest, when his carriage overtook that which contained the wretched pair. In a voice hoarse from rage and the determination of vengeance, he commanded his rival to come forth and meet him. Twelve paces were measured ; the antagonists took their ground, and Lord Coningsby's arm was raised to fire, when Honoria, throwing herself before her lover, received the contents of the pistol in her breast. Wandesford raised the bleeding corse of the only woman he had ever loved ; he pressed his lips to hers, and uttered one long groan of irrepressible agony ; then, placing the pistol to his breast, he fired, and the twofold tragedy was completed.

THE WOEFUL BALLAD OF QUEEN ELGIVA.

AFTER THE OLD FASHION.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

The First Fytte.

KING Edwy kept his marriage feste
In Canterburie towne,
To him repayred many a knyghte
That was of greate renowne ;

And Queen Elgiva at his side,
His bride so bright of blee,
That any man on her soft cheeke
Mought rose and lilie see.

The cup went round, and all did drink,
Both knyghte and serving-man,
Whose blood I trowe did hotter growe,
And then to quarrel gan.

“ Nowe com awaie, my comlye queene,
And flee thee to thy bowre,
For riotous and pauky men
Hold wassayle at this houre.”

With that he drew his queene awaie,
And to his bowre hied,
And twentye times he kist the cheek
Of his yong fair-hair'd bride,

And left the thirsty, Saxon rout,
To pass the red gold cup,
And wold for her his jewelled crowne
And wealth have given up.

But Abbot Dunstan came betymes,
That stowre and cruel man,
Who did with craftie Church take part,
And thus his speech began :

“Nowe rouse thee, rouse thee, idle king,
And come awaie with me,
(For armèd knyghte and grimme barðne
Have sent me unto thee),

“And leave thy pale-face leman there,
Who durst not share thy throne.
The Church ordayned you mought not wed
With blood so nigh your own.

“She is a quean, and holds your heart
In shent and wanton thrall.
Come back, come back ! or my stowre arm
Shall drag you to the hall.”

When Queen Elgiva heard his words,
Her corall lippes gan pale,
And from her peach-like cheek the tint
Did in a moment faile;

And falling downe all in a swoone,
Upon the grounde did lye —
A sighte to make King Edwy weepe,
But that his curse was by,

Who dragg'd him back, with gybe and ban,
Unto the drunken crewe,
And there, until they cold not see,
The ale-jacks drained anewe.

- "Now, for this tricke," King Edwy sayde,
"Though it sholde be my deathe,
Abbot, I tell thee thou shalt rue
The daie that you drew breathe."

The Seconde fytte.

King Edwy sat upon hys throne,
This tyme in London towne,
And at his feete did friar grimme
And craftie monk bowe downe.

For he hadde kept his angrie word,
Sworne on his marriage daie,
And Abbot Dunstan banished
In foreign land awaie.

At which the monks and Odo cried,
"Shall we this shame endure,
And be the slaves of Edwy's pale
And purfelled paramoure ?

"Shee is a witch, and by her face
Can hold him in her thralle:
What ho, my men ! to spoyle her charmes,
And see her power falle."

King Edwy went out to the chase,
The conyng priests went in,
They seized upon the lovelie queen
And did foule werke begin.

With irons hot they seared her face—
That face so bright of blee,
(It was as pitiful a sight
As any man mought see).

And all her soft and vermeil cheek
Against the iron hiss'd ;
And brent and barred were her lips,
That Edwy late had kiss'd.

And that poor ladye's crie for aide
Had melted heart of stone
To see her in such dolorous plight,
But Odo he had none.

They bore her into Irelande,
And there across the sea
They kept her sorrowing and lone ;
And when she tryed to flee,

They sent their spies all round about
And caught her on the road,
And maim'd her that her rudd red blood
From out its vessels flowed.

Bad news, bad news, King Edwy hears,
Alacke and well-a-daie !
For none but monks had ever dared
So fayre a queen to slaie.

For even dead, no other wight
Could match her form so brave,
And thus to Glo'ster was she borne,
And layde in her colde grave.

And Edwy died long sorrowing,
As it was told to mee ;
And so may God preserve us all,
And this fayre companie.

THE TERAPHIM.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE GERMAN.

BY E. M. F. G.

"I WAS located with my regiment at Potsdam, and one evening, when I had a few friends to visit me, the conversation happened to turn on the mysteries of the black art; and my cousin Holzingen, of the Dragoons, who was in the habit of indulging in a certain tone of irony, half sportive and half sneering, took occasion to speak of military wizards and exorcists, whom he ironically represented as entitled to infinite credit for the success of their late miraculous performances.

"'To whom do you allude, Captain Holzingen?' said Major O'Malley, of the Guards, in a threatening tone. 'If to me, let us say no more of ghosts and wizards. I am ready and willing to convince you, at the point of my sword, that I, at least, know how to make a ghost of any man who presumes to make me the subject of his clumsy jests.'

"Holzingen, who was far from wishing to quarrel with O'Malley, apologised for his ill-timed pleasantry, but added, 'You must excuse me, Major, if I say that 'tis high time you should put a stop to the silly reports in circulation, that you hold communion with the world of spirits and the powers of darkness. The age we live in is too enlightened to tolerate such old-fashioned absurdities.'

"O'Malley, leaning across the table, with his face supported on his hands, fixed his glaring eyes on the countenance of his opponent, and said, with assumed composure, 'Although it

may not have pleased Heaven to bestow on you, sir, a comprehensive or penetrating intellect, thus much, at least, I suppose, you are capable of understanding: that 'twould be a very silly as well as impious presumption, for beings such as we are, to maintain that the spiritual principle which resides in ourselves is therefore necessarily the 'be all and the end all' of the spiritual world; or, that 'tis in the nature of things impossible that spiritual essences, differently endowed, should become manifest in time and space—should assume some visible form, or even take temporary possession of one of those clay-crust tenements which we call bodies. I will not reproach you, sir, with your ignorance of science, or upbraid you because you are utterly unacquainted with everything beyond the mere routine of your profession. But, sir, had you looked into the works of Cardanus, Lactantius, and Justin Martyr; had you studied Cyprianus, Macrobius, Trismegistus, Molleus, Theophrastus, Mirandola, or even the cabalistical Jews, Philo and Joseph; you might, perhaps, have formed some idea of those subjects which are now entirely above your comprehension, and of which, therefore, you should never permit yourself to speak. Ah!' continued O'Malley, 'and would you, because your now limited powers are unequal to the God-like task,—would you, I say, deny that a being more highly gifted might accomplish what is to you impossible? Now, learn from me that intercourse with spiritual beings of a higher class *is* rendered possible by a superior physical organisation, which, like the inspiration of the poet, is the gift of the great Master-Spirit of the universe to the favoured few.'

"Holzingen, heated by the wine he had swallowed during the discussion, here exclaimed, 'What is the use of this war of words? You, Major O'Malley, announce yourself as one of the favoured few, who, formed of a finer clay, more exquisitely organised, can command the world of spirits. Give me ocular

demonstration of the fact ; or forgive me if I consider you as a dreaming enthusiast.'

"O'Malley 'grinned horribly a ghastly smile' as he replied, 'Tis well, sir. You look on me as a juggling exorcist, a visionary ghost-seer. The conclusion is worthy of your understanding. No matter: your curiosity shall be gratified. You shall be permitted to catch one glimpse of that shadowy realm in which you have no belief. 'Tis true, it may happen to cost you somewhat dear: the consequences may be fatal. I warn you, therefore, in time. Remember, that which is sport to me, may be death to you.'

"Holzingen, in answer to this, sneeringly assured O'Malley that he was quite prepared to encounter all and sundry the ghosts and devils who might appear in obedience to the mighty mandate of Major O'Malley of the Grenadiers. We then agreed to meet on the following night, at a well-known tavern outside the gates of the city, from whence we were to proceed to the scene of action.

"At ten o'clock on the night appointed, Holzingen, his young friend Ehrenberg, and myself, met at a tavern, pursuant to our promise. Ehrenberg was silent and meditative ; Holzingen, on the contrary, boisterously cheerful. The bell had already tolled the half-hour, and O'Malley had not yet made his appearance.

"'It would seem that our ghost-seer means to leave us in the lurch,' said Holzingen, with a laugh.

"'That he does not,' said a deep-toned voice, immediately behind the last speaker ; and O'Malley stood among us. The laugh expired on Holzingen's lips.

"'What say you, gentlemen, to a few glasses of punch, before we proceed to the place of our destination?' said O'Malley: 'the night is cold and windy ; the distance, too, is considerable.' We accordingly seated ourselves, and the Major placed on the table a book and a bundle of torches.

"The clock now struck eleven. O'Malley took up the torches, and desired us to follow him. He proceeded at a rapid pace till we had passed the turnpike, and then struck into a narrow foot-path, which leads to the Forest of Firs that borders the high road on the right. After we had continued the same rapid pace nearly an hour, O'Malley, suddenly stopping, admonished us to remain close behind him, as we might otherwise lose ourselves in the depths of the forest, which we were now about to enter. Our way now led us through an almost impervious entanglement of briers and underwood, and it was only after vanquishing a host of difficulties that we reached an open space in the recesses of the forest. The moonbeams partially penetrating the dark canopy of leaves above us, afforded us an imperfect view of the extensive ruins of some ancient edifice, into which O'Malley entered. The night became darker every minute, and O'Malley exhorted us to remain stationary, as he would himself conduct us successively to the vaults beneath the ruin. He commenced with Holzinger; I was the second; and as he conducted, or rather carried me down, he whispered, 'Stand quietly here till I return with Ehrenberg—then begins my work.'

"The place in which we stood was shrouded in impenetrable darkness, but I could hear the hurried respiration of some one at no great distance.

"'Are you there, Holzinger?' inquired I.

"'I am,' replied he; 'and I could almost wish I were anywhere else. For though I am persuaded this business will terminate in some paltry juggle, yet this is a horrible hole to which O'Malley has conducted us. Besides, I am shivering with cold, and (if the truth and the whole truth must be told) with a childish feeling almost akin to fear.'

"My feelings were not much more comfortable than Holzinger's. The wind moaned through the crevices of the mouldering walls, and from the deep and impenetrable darkness seemed

to issue an accompaniment of sighs and sobs, which made most melancholy music. The night birds, which our arrival had disturbed, swept screaming by us, and a strange monotonous moaning crept along the ground. After some time past in this dismal spot, the hollow sound of approaching footsteps announced the return of O'Malley.

" 'We are now assembled,' said he, 'and my work begins;' he then, by means of a chemical apparatus, proceeded to light the seven torches with which he had provided himself, and which he stuck into the ground in a semicircular form. We found ourselves in a vaulted cellar half in ruins.

" 'I have now,' continued Victor, 'reached a moment which I have no language to describe: your own imagination must supply the void. O'Malley's voice of thunder became every moment more and more deafening; the storm roared with increased fury through the ruined vaults; and the uncertain flare of the torches, as they shed a lurid and flickering light on surrounding objects, seemed to lend a ghastly vitality to the misshapen and monstrous figures which imagination found or formed on the mouldering arches of this subterranean cavern. Large drops of sweat began to roll from my forehead—my limbs trembled—but by a powerful and painful effort I maintained my composure, and awaited the result in silence. Suddenly the thundering tones of O'Malley's voice ceased; at the same instant a shrill and piercing sound whistled through the vault; and close before me stood a something ——"

" 'A something!' exclaimed Albert. 'What mean you, Victor? Some horrible form?'"

" 'When I speak,' replied Victor, 'of a formless form, of a shapeless shape, it sounds like nonsense; and yet no other phrase can I find to give you even an imperfect idea of the awful being of whose presence I was conscious. Let it then suffice to say, that accumulated horrors penetrated my whole

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being, and in another instant deprived me of all consciousness. I fell senseless to the ground.

"When I recovered my consciousness 'twas mid-day. I found myself undressed and lying on my own bed. Ehrenberg was seated in an arm-chair by my bed-side; he testified the liveliest joy on finding me so well, and, at my request, gave me the following recital:—

"'As soon as O'Malley commenced his unhallowed work,' said he, 'I closed my eyes, and, without allowing my attention to be distracted by what was going on around me, I endeavoured to follow the sense of the dialogue. When I no longer distinguished the tones of O'Malley's voice, a sudden and indescribable feeling of alarm and horror seized me, though I still retained possession of my senses. A wild and savage burst of laughter, followed by a loud and fearful hissing, echoed through the cavern; involuntarily I opened my eyes, and beheld O'Malley, who had resumed his cloak, in the act of lifting up Holzingen, who was lying on the earth bereft of sense and motion. 'Take care of your friend, Liebenstein,' said O'Malley; and giving me a torch, proceeded to carry Holzingen up the half-ruined steps which led to the open air: in an instant after he returned, threw you over his shoulders, and carried you out of the ruins. After we had regained the light of heaven, and issued from the forest, a trembling came over me on perceiving a second O'Malley carrying Holzingen; I breathed a silent prayer, and followed, determined not to leave you till we reached your own quarters. On our arrival, O'Malley gently set you down and silently retired. I then, with the help of your own servant, carried you to your bed.'

"Ehrenberg concluded by conjuring me, in the most affecting manner, to relinquish all intercourse with the formidable and mysterious O'Malley. The surgeon who was summoned to the assistance of Holzingen found him still senseless and speechless,

struck by apoplexy ; after some time, however, he partially recovered, but never sufficiently to resume his professional duties, so that he was obliged to retire on half-pay. Major O'Malley had disappeared ; and the officers of his regiment said that he was absent on leave : that he was absent at all, was to me a source of real gratification. A feeling of bitter hostility had succeeded to the horror and agitation which his mysterious proceedings had occasioned.

" Some time elapsed. The events of that awful night began to fade from my memory. My professional avocations left me but little leisure to indulge in the mystical musings to which I was constitutionally addicted, when accident threw into my hands a book, the influence of which on my whole being is inexplicable even to myself. I allude to that singular production, '*Le Diable Amoureux*,' of Cazotte. My natural fondness for the marvellous led me to look upon this interesting tale as a mirror in which I might behold the reflexion of my own fate. Was not O'Malley to me the Soberano who had tempted Alvarez to his ruin ? The ardent longing which burned in my breast to encounter the same adventures, shocked and terrified myself, while, at the same time, the indulgence of it communicated a thrill of pleasure as yet unknown. There were even moments when something not unlike a hope would rise up in my heart, that O'Malley would return and give to my arms the hell-engendered vision, to which I had abandoned my imagination. Yet, even in those moments of frenzied excitement, I could not always extinguish the involuntary feeling of horror and disgust at myself, which seemed, like a dagger of ice, to penetrate my heart.

" The society of my brother officers had become distasteful to me ; I lived in a world of illusions ; and the wood, which had been the scene of those awful events that had almost cost poor Holzinger his life, became my favourite haunt.

"I was one day wandering in the vicinity of the ruin, and, impelled by some mysterious impulse, was on the point of forcing my passage through the intervening underwood, when, on a sudden, O'Malley issued from a ruined archway and passed slowly forwards, apparently unconscious of my presence. The angry and vindictive feeling which I had so long cherished now blazed forth. I accosted O'Malley, and declared, without preface or circumlocution, that he must justify with his sword his behaviour to my cousin Holzingen.

"'With all my heart, and on the spot,' replied he, with unruffled composure; then throwing off his cloak, he drew his sword, and placed himself on guard. Our weapons crossed, and at the very first pass I stood vanquished and disarmed.

"'Pistols!' shouted I, in a transport of fury.

"'Away with this boyish folly,' replied O'Malley. 'You must see that I am your superior in arms—as well might you attempt to wound the impassive air as me; and never could I prevail on myself to seek the life of a man who once saved mine,—something more too, perhaps, than my mere life.'

"Omaley then taking my arm, drew me gently forwards, and soon succeeded in convincing me that the misfortune which had befallen Holzingen was to be imputed to himself only.

"I cannot describe the magic power which lay in the language and manner of this singular being; not only did he succeed in allaying the irritation of my temper, but worked so strongly on my feelings that, almost unconsciously, I disclosed to him the secret of my inward struggles, and the wishes which consumed my being.

"'The constellation which presides over your movements, my son,' said he tranquilly, after hearing my confession, 'has made this book the instrument of opening your eyes upon yourself, and of directing your attention to the nature of your internal being. The feeling which you ascribe to the en-

trancing pictures of that singular book, is in reality the secret impulse to a union with a spirit of another region. The fortunate peculiarity of your organisation renders the attainment of your object not impossible. Had you sooner confided to me the secret of your feelings, you should long before this have advanced some steps towards the gratification of your fondest hopes—as it is, I accept you as my pupil.’

“O’Malley now commenced his lessons on the nature of elementary spirits, and opened to my gaze the regions of sylphs and salamanders, of gnomes and undines. He concluded by laying down for my guidance a series of rules, by a scrupulous adherence to which I might hope to behold my elementary mistress in the course of twelve months.

“With eager and uncontrollable impatience I replied, that I never should survive a year’s delay, and that there was no sacrifice I would not make to curtail the period of probation. O’Malley remained a moment silent and absorbed in thought; he then spoke.

“‘It seems certain, my son, that an elementary spirit seeks your love, and it may be that this fortunate prepossession will shorten the period of trial, and enable you to attain, in a time comparatively short, an object which would cost another year of exertion. I will cast your nativity, and in nine days you shall know the result.’

“I counted the hours till the expiration of the nine days; late on the evening of the ninth day O’Malley entered my room, and summoned me to follow him. We soon reached his quarters, and he explained to me that the success of our enterprise depended on obtaining a certain something called, in the language of the Caballa, Teraphim. The power of imparting to my invisible mistress a knowledge of the hopes, fears, and wishes, which now constituted the very essence of my being, was only to be acquired by the possession of the

Teraphim ; and by means of the Teraphim only would it become possible for my elementary mistress herself to become visible and tangible in the material world.

“ O’Malley now proceeded to a bookcase, which, on his touching a secret spring, swung round on its hinges and disclosed a door, through which we entered a small vaulted room. A complete chemical, or rather alchemical, apparatus, as well as a variety of strange and complicated implements, with the uses of which I was unacquainted, lay in picturesque confusion round the chamber.

“ By O’Malley’s desire I uncovered my breast, and seated myself before a fire, from which flames of a pale blue colour were issuing. O’Malley, with a lancet, made a slight puncture in my left breast, and the blood which flowed from the wound he received in a small phial. He then took a highly-polished metallic plate, on which he poured the blood, and added to it the contents of a second phial of a dark reddish colour, and with a small tongs held the metallic plate over the fire. The flames burned more intensely blue and bright, and an involuntary shuddering seized me, as I perceived a long, pointed, serpent-like tongue lift itself with a rapid and tortuous motion from the encircling flames, and greedily lick up the blood from the metallic plate. O’Malley now directed me to look steadily, and with undivided attention, into the flames. I obeyed, and after a short interval I saw, as in a dream, a number of bright and luminous figures, which, with lightning-like celerity, darted from the surface of the metallic plate which O’Malley still held steadily over the fire. I was gazing intently on this gorgeous spectacle when, all at once, a pang so acute, so powerful, shot through my breast, exactly where O’Malley had recently wounded it, that I involuntarily screamed aloud.

“ ‘ Triumph ! ’ shouted O’Malley, as he rose and placed in my hands a lovely Lilliputian figure, into which the metallic plate

seemed to have fused and formed itself. 'There,' exclaimed O'Malley, in a tone of triumphant exultation, 'there is your Teraphim! Your elementary mistress seems to regard you with unusual tenderness; you may now hope the best, and dare the utmost.'

"By his desire I now placed the Teraphim (which, though apparently red hot, produced only a pleasurable sensation of warmth) on the slight wound in my left breast. O'Malley led me to an immense mirror, from which he withdrew a curtain.

"'And now,' whispered he, in soft and silvery tones, 'now give the reins to your wildest wishes, to your fondest hopes, and pronounce, with all the tenderness you can command, the mystic word.'

"But what that strange, unintelligible word was I have entirely forgotten; I had not, however, pronounced one-half of it, when a wild and hideous countenance seemed to gaze and grin at me from the mirror.

"'Accursed dog!' bellowed O'Malley behind me, 'what brings thee hither?'

"I turned, and beheld my own servant Paul standing in the open doorway, and recognised in his countenance, always grotesque and ugly enough, and now rendered doubly so by surprise and apprehension, the original of that reflected in the mirror. Terrified by the menacing glances and furious gestures of O'Malley, Paul began a long explanation of his inopportune appearance; as how he had looked for me everywhere, and found me nowhere; as how he had sought me at the major's; as how he had found the door open, and had ventured in, &c.

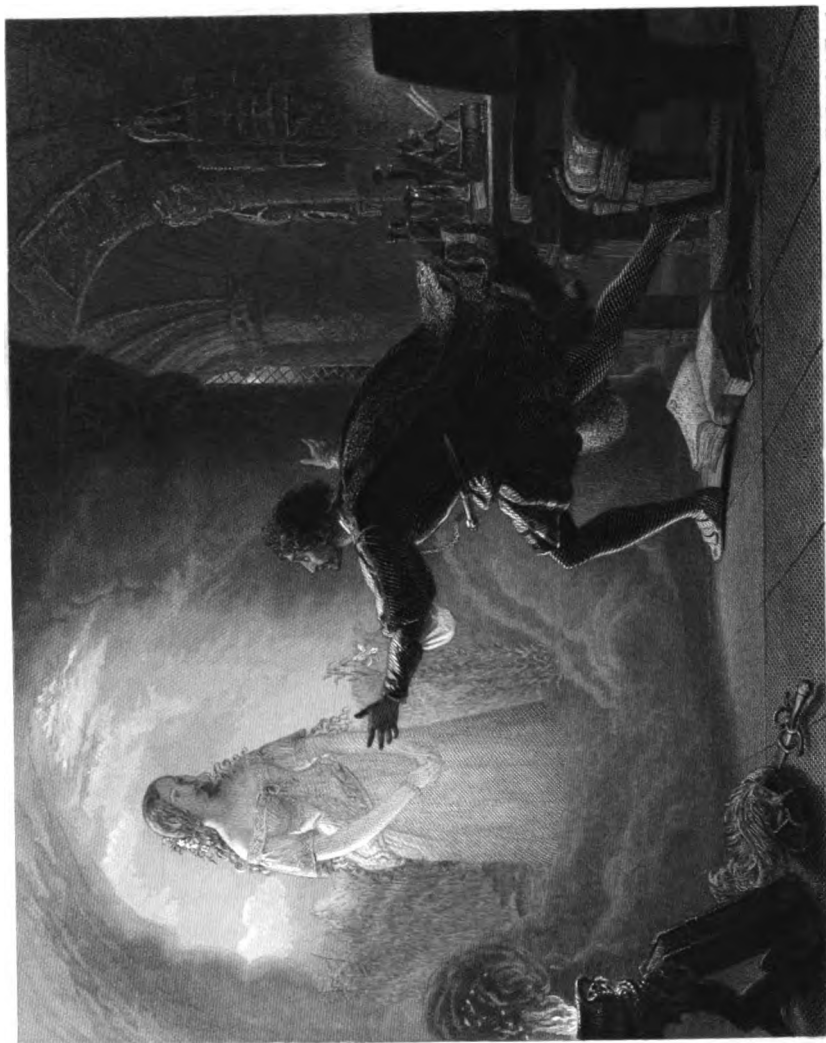
"'Away with thee, booby!' said O'Malley, in a tone of smothered fury; and away went Paul, in consternation and dismay.

"During this scene I had held my Teraphim clasped to my breast; and to this circumstance only, O'Malley assured me, was

it owing that all our preceding efforts were not entirely thrown away. The untimely intrusion of Paul had nevertheless deferred for an indefinite period the accomplishment of my wishes. 'Your consolation,' concluded O'Malley, 'must be, that your elementary mistress, who is a salamander, or spirit of fire, has accepted your vows.'

"I have now, my dear Albert, come to a period of my life to the description of which no language is adequate. Biondetta was forgotten. I had no thoughts, no feelings, no being, but for my Teraphim. Hour after hour did I gaze upon her magic loveliness, till my fondness became frenzy, and the consuming passion which was the essence of my being seemed, like the Promethean fire of old, to communicate itself to that of my beloved, whose fairy figure, glowing and expanding with intense emotion, seemed at such moments to shoot up into the proportions of humanity. The metamorphosis vanished as rapidly as it had appeared, and my heart was tortured by the pangs of disappointed passion, or agitated by a whimsical and capricious resentment, which occasionally impelled me to cast from me this much-loved Teraphim, as a ridiculous and worthless toy. Yet when I once more gazed on it—once more held it to my heart, the touch was electrical, and I felt that to part with this talisman of love would be my death-blow.

"One day, having passed some hours in my favourite studies, I was overcome by an unaccountable drowsiness, and fell into a profound sleep. I was awakened by a luminous appearance which filled the room; and how shall I paint my surprise—my delight, when before me, enwreathed in vapour, stood a female form! Never, in the most impassioned visions of my boyhood, had I dreamed a form or face so bewitchingly beautiful; no words can give you an idea of the atmosphere of loveliness which surrounded her like a glory. She was clad in a tunic of fire-coloured silk, which lay close to her figure, and descending



THE LITTLE A. H. H.

THE LITTLE A. H. H.

below her knees, left her ankles and feet visible. Her arms were bare nearly to the shoulder, and rivalled, in form and colouring, the magical creations of Titian: flowers were twined in her auburn hair. Captivated, entranced by this witchery of loveliness, my respiration became impeded; a deep-drawn sigh at last escaped me. The beauteous vision lifted up her eyes, approached, and took my hand. 'Yes,' whispered she, 'thou hast conquered. Henceforward thou art my lord and my master.' In uncontrollable ecstasy I clasped her to my heart; but in an instant she melted from my embrace. In no other language can I describe the inconceivable disappearance of that matchless being. The magic light which had filled the chamber disappeared at the same time, and I again sank into a deep sleep. When I awoke the Teraphim was in my hand.

"On the night succeeding this adventure, when my Aurora (so I called my mysterious mistress) appeared to me in the usual manner, I conjured her, with an impassioned eloquence, inspired by the feelings which burned within me, to complete my happiness by becoming, in a visible and permanent form, mine for ever. She gently released herself from my encircling arms, and in a mild but serious tone replied, 'Within a year we may hope to attain the summit of our wishes; but to abridge that period, some serious—some painful sacrifices, might still be necessary. Couldst thou, wouldst thou,' she murmured, 'to make me all thy own, consent to renounce the heaven of an unknown hereafter?'

"A shuddering, icy coldness came over me; but the flame of passion only blazed more fiercely, and in the delirium of my feelings I cried, 'For me there is no heaven without thee. I renounce——' Here I stopped.

"'To-morrow, then, our compact shall be sealed,' said Aurora, and vanished from my sight.

"I awoke, my mind full of the seductive Aurora, and my

conscience depressed by the recollection of the excess into which the preceding night had betrayed me. I thought of the diabolical practices of O'Malley, of the pious warnings of Ehrenberg. I was dissatisfied with myself and all around me. I know not how I got through the remainder of this anxious and agitated day. At last evening came, and with evening came my servant Paul: he, too, seemed agitated and apprehensive. I could not banish him from my room; and when, at length, the bell tolled midnight, and he was obliged to retire, I heard him muttering to himself, as if in prayer, 'Think on the safety of thy eternal soul, and resist the temptations of the evil one.' To describe the effect which those simple words produced on me is beyond my power: they agitated and affected me to the very bottom of my heart. Yet I could not resist the approaches of my periodical and trance-like slumber, which was evidently the result of no natural cause. I was awakened as usual by the magic light; Aurora, in all the splendour of more than earthly beauty, stood before me, and extended her arms, with looks of unutterable fondness, to embrace me. At this moment, the parting words of Paul shone, as if in characters of living flame, before my 'mind's eye,' and in a transport of excited feeling I exclaimed, 'Avaunt, thou offspring of hell!' The words were scarcely uttered, when the infernal O'Malley—his eyes lustrous with fiendish light, his figure distended to the proportions of a giant—stood before me, and howled in demoniac accents: 'Struggle not, wretched mortal; mine thou must be!'

"I saw no more: my senses forsook me. A loud and sharp report awakened me from my trance: I found myself in the arms of my servant Paul. At first he seemed reluctant to be communicative or confidential. At length, however, he confessed, with a mysterious smile, that he had long been aware of the godless connexion in which O'Malley had involved me. A noted old fortune-teller, in the neighbourhood of the ruin in the

forest, had told him all. On this night, anxious and alarmed, he had loaded his rifle and listened at the door of my chamber. On hearing the noise of my fall, he had burst into the room and discharged his rifle at the unknown intruders. They instantaneously disappeared.

“The violence of the excitement, and the constant agitation which I had lately undergone, were too much for my strength: a long and dangerous illness was the result. On my recovery I quitted Potsdam, without again seeing O'Malley, of whom I have never, from that time to the present, heard more. The picture of those eventful days became gradually paler and paler, till time and change of scene almost effaced it from my memory.”

The Baron here terminated his long recital, and concluded by saying, in a tone of the deepest depression, “I know not whether I should consider the singular adventure I have just related as a long and painful dream; but, whether I have been the dupe of my own imagination, or that some unknown and unholy power has indeed sought to lure me to my ruin, thus much is fearfully, fatally true—one source of bliss is for ever closed to me. The heaven beyond the grave I may not have forfeited; but love—that hallowed feeling which can render earth itself a heaven—I have for ever lost. The prospect of the future is blighted and blasted by the recollection of the past.”

THE FAIRY GOLD.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

"It lies at the foot of the rainbow there,
The treasure ye seek of the wealth untold,"
Said a false little fay to a maiden fair,
Who wandered in search of the Fairy Gold.
She looked on the arch, as it spanned the sky,
Then away to the valley to find—to find
What seldom hath shone in a mortal eye,
Or been, but in dreams of the minstrel's mind.

"It lies at the top of the mountain there,
The treasure ye seek of the wealth untold,"
Said the false little fay to the maiden fair,
Who wandered in search of the Fairy Gold.
Away to the mountain—away, away—
But the false little fairy was there before—
"By the fount in the valley it hides from the day,
You must seek it again."—So she sought once more.

She sought it for summers, but found it not—
In the hill and the valley, the wood, the wold—
As the fairy still told of each favoured spot
Where lurked in its covert the Fairy Gold.

And her cheek grew pale with the midnight air,
And her heart grew sick with the hope deferred—
Till at length, when the maid was no longer fair,
This, this was the song of the fay she heard :—

“ Ye wander in vain : if ye wish to find
The treasure ye seek of the wealth untold,
Travel back to the cottage ye left behind,
For there—on its hearth—lies the Fairy Gold.
And warn the dreamers of mortal birth,
In search for Pleasure that idly roam,
That the likeliest place in the wide, wide world,
For the Faëry Gold, is the Hearth at Home.”

VOLTIGEUR.

BY W. M. THACKERAY, ESQ.

THERE arose out of the last Epsom races a little family perplexity, whereon the owner of Voltigeur little speculated : and as out of this apparently trivial circumstance a profound and useful moral may be drawn, to be applied by the polite reader ; and as Epsom Races will infallibly happen next year, and, I dare say, for many succeeding generations ; perhaps the moral which this brief story points had better be printed upon Dorling's next " Correct Card," as a warning to future patrons and patronesses of the turf.

This moral, then—this text of our sermon, is, NEVER——
But we will keep the moral, if you please, for the end of the fable.

It happened, then, that among the parties who were collected on the Hill to see the race, the carriage of a gentleman, whom we shall call Sir Joseph Raikes, occupied a commanding position, and attracted a great deal of attention amongst the gentlemen sportsmen. Those bucks upon the ground who were not acquainted with the fair occupant of that carriage—as indeed, how should many thousands of them be ?—some being shabby bucks ; some being vulgar bucks ; some being hot and unpleasant bucks, smoking bad cigars, and only staring into Lady Raikes's carriage by that right which allows one Briton to look at another Briton, and a cat to look at a king ;—of those bucks, I say, who not knowing Lady Raikes, yet came and looked at her, there was scarce one that did not admire her, and envy the

lucky rogue her husband. Of those ladies who, in their walks from their own vehicles, passed her ladyship's, there was scarce one lady in society who did not say, "Is that all?—is that the beauty you are all talking about so much? She is over-rated; she looks stupid; she is over-dressed; she squints;" and so forth; whilst of the men who *did* happen to have the honour of an acquaintance with Lady Raikes and her husband (and many a man, who had thought Raikes rather stupid in his bachelor days, was glad enough to know him now), each as he came to the carriage, and partook of the excellent luncheon provided there, had the most fascinating grins and ogles for the lady, and the most triumphant glances for all the rest of the world,—glances which seemed to say, "Look, you rascals, I know Lady Raikes; you don't know Lady Raikes. I can drink a glass of champagne to Lady Raikes's health. What would you give, you dog, to have such a sweet smile from Lady Raikes? Did you ever see such eyes? did you ever see such a complexion? did you ever see such a killing pink dress, and such a dear little delightfully carved ivory parasol?"—Raikes had it carved for her last year at Baden, when they were on their wedding-trip. It has their coats of arms and their ciphers intertwined elegantly round the stalk—a J and a Z; her name is Zuleika: before she married she was Zuleika Trotter. Her elder sister, Medora, married Lord T-mn-ddy; her younger, Haidee, is engaged to the eldest son of the second son of a noble D-ke. The Trotters are of a good family. Dolly Trotter, Zuleika's brother, was in the same regiment (and that, I need not say, an extremely heavy one) with Sir Joseph Raikes.

He did not call himself Joseph then: quite the contrary. Larkyn Raikes, before his marriage, was one of the wildest and most irregular of our British youth. Let us not allude—he would blush to hear them—to the particulars of his past career. He turned away his servant for screwing up one of the knockers

which he had removed during the period of his own bachelorhood, from an eminent physician's house in Savile Row, on the housekeeper's door at Larkyn Hall. There are whole hampers of those knockers stowed away somewhere, and snuff-taking Highlanders, and tin hats, and black boys,—the trophies of his youth, which Raikes would like to send back to their owners, did he know them; and when he carried off these spoils of war he was not always likely to know. When he goes to the Bayonet and Anchor Club now (and he dined there twice during Lady Raikes's . . . in fine, when there was no dinner at home), the butler brings him a half-pint of sherry and a large bottle of Seltzer water, and looks at him with a sigh, and wonders—"Is this Captain Raikes, as used to breakfast off pale hale at three, to take his reglar two bottles at dinner, and to drink brandy and water in the smoking billiard-room all night till all was blue?" Yes, it is the same Raikes; Larkyn no more—riotous no more—brandivorous no longer. He gave away all his cigars at his marriage: quite unlike Screwby, who also married the other day, and offered to *sell* me some. He has not betted at a race since his father paid his debts and forgave him, just before the old gentleman died and Raikes came into his kingdom. Upon that accession, Zuleika Trotter, who looked rather sweetly upon Bob Vincent before, was so much touched by Sir Joseph Raikes's determination to reform, that she dismissed Bob and became Lady Raikes.

Dolly Trotter still remains in the Paddington Dragoons: Dolly is still unmarried: Dolly smokes still: Dolly owes money still. And though his venerable father, Rear-admiral Sir Ajax Trotter, K.C.B., has paid his debts many times, and swears if he ever hears of Dolly betting again he will disinherit his son, Dolly—the undutiful Dolly—goes on betting still.

Lady Raikes, then, beamed in the pride of her beauty upon Epsom race-course, dispensed smiles and luncheon to a host of

acquaintances, and accepted in return all the homage and compliments which the young men paid her. The hearty and jovial Sir Joseph Raikes was not the least jealous of the admiration which his pretty wife caused; not even of Bob Vincent, whom he rather pitied for his mishap, poor fellow! (to be sure, Zuleika spoke of Vincent very scornfully, and treated his pretensions as absurd); and with whom, meeting him on the course, Raikes shook hands very cordially, and insisted upon bringing him up to Lady Raikes's carriage, to partake of refreshment there.

There *could* have been no foundation for the wicked rumour, that Zuleika had looked sweetly upon Vincent before Raikes carried her off. Lady Raikes received Mr. Vincent with the kindest and frankest smile; shook hands with him with perfect politeness and indifference, and laughed and talked so easily with him, that it was impossible there could have been any previous discomfort between them.

Not very far off from Lady Raikes's carriage, on the hill, there stood a little black brougham—the quietest and most modest equipage in the world, and in which there must have been nevertheless something very attractive, for the young men crowded round this carriage in numbers; and especially that young reprobate Dolly Trotter was to be seen, constantly leaning his great elbows on the window, and poking his head into the carriage. Lady Raikes remarked that, among other gentlemen, her husband went up and spoke to the little carriage, and when he and Dolly came back to her, asked who was in the black brougham.

For some time Raikes couldn't understand which was the brougham she meant—there were so many broughams. "The black one with the red blinds was it? Oh, that—that was a very old friend—yes, old Lord Cripplegate was in the brougham: he had the gout, and he couldn't walk."

As Raikes made this statement he blushed as red as a gera-

R

nium ; he looked at Dolly Trotter in an imploring manner, who looked at him, and who presently went away from his sister's carriage bursting with laughter. After making the above statement to his wife, Raikes was particularly polite and attentive to her, and did not leave her side ; nor would he consent to her leaving the carriage. There were all sorts of vulgar people about : she would be jostled in the crowd : she could not bear the sniell of the cigars—she knew she couldn't (this made Lady Raikes wince a little) : the sticks might knock her darling head off ; and so forth.

Raikes is a very accomplished and athletic man, and, as a bachelor, justly prided himself upon shying at the sticks better than any man in the army. Perhaps, as he passed the persons engaged in that fascinating sport, he would have himself liked to join in it ; but he declined his favourite entertainment, and came back faithfully to the side of his wife.

As Vincent talked at Lady Raikes's side, he alluded to this accomplishment of her husband. "Your husband has not many accomplishments," Vincent said (he is a man of rather a sardonic humour), "but in shying at the sticks he is quite unequalled : he has quite a genius for it. He ought to have the sticks painted on his carriage, as the French marshals have their bâtons. Hasn't he brought you a pincushion or a jack-in-the-box, Lady Raikes ? and has he begun to neglect you so soon ? Every father with a little boy at home" (and he congratulated her ladyship on the birth of that son and heir) "ought surely to think of him, and bring him a soldier, or a monkey, or a toy or two."

"Oh, yes," cried Lady Raikes, "her husband must go. He must go and bring back a soldier, or a monkey, or a dear little jack-in-the-box, for dear little Dolly at home."

So away Raikes went ; indeed, nothing loth. He warmed with the noble sport : he was one of the finest players in England.

He went on playing for a delightful half-hour ; (how swiftly, in the blessed amusement, it passed away !) he reduced several of the sticksters to bankruptcy by his baculine skill ; he returned to the carriage laden with jacks, wooden apples, and soldiers, enough to amuse all the nurseries in Pimlico.

During his absence Lady Raikes, in the most winning manner, had asked Mr. Vincent for his arm, for a little walk ; and did not notice the sneer with which he said that his arm had always been at her service. She was not jostled by the crowd inconveniently ; she was not offended by the people smoking (though Raikes was forbidden that amusement) ; and she walked up on Mr. Vincent's arm, and somehow found herself close to the little black brougham, in which sat gouty old Lord Cripplegate.

Gouty old Lord Cripplegate wore a light-blue silk dress, a lace mantle and other gimcracks, a white bonnet with roses, and ringlets as long as a chancellor's wig, but of the most beautiful black hue. His lordship had a pair of enormous eyes, that languished in the most killing manner ; and cheeks that were decorated with delicate dimples ; and lips of the colour of the richest sealing-wax.

"Who's that ?" asked Lady Raikes.

"That," said Mr. Vincent, "is Mrs. Somerset Montmorency."

"Who's Mrs. Somerset Montmorency ?" hissed out Zuleika.

"It is possible you have not met her in society. Mrs. Somerset Montmorency doesn't go much into society," Mr. Vincent said.

"Why did he say it was Lord Cripplegate ?" cried the lady.

Vincent, like a fiend in human shape, burst out laughing. "Did Raikes say it was Lord Cripplegate ? Well, he ought to know."

"What ought he to know?" asked Zuleika.

"Excuse me, Lady Raikes," said the other, with his constant sneer; "there are things which people had best not know. There are things which people had best forget, as your ladyship very well knows. You forget: why shouldn't Raikes forget? Let by-gones be by-gones. Let's all forget, Zulei—I beg your pardon. Here comes Raikes. How hot he looks! He has got a hat full of jack-in-the-boxes. How obedient he has been! He will not set the Thames on fire—but he's a good fellow. Yes; we'll forget all: won't we?" And the fiend pulled the tuft under his chin, and gave a diabolical grin with his sallow face.

Zuleika did not say one word about Lord Cripplegate when Raikes found her and flung his treasures into her lap. She did not show her anger in words, but in an ominous, boding silence; during which her eyes might be seen moving pretty constantly to the little black brougham.

When the Derby was run, and Voltigeur was announced as the winner, Sir Joseph, who saw the race from the box of his carriage—having his arm round her ladyship, who stood on the back seat, and thought all men the greatest hypocrites in creation (and so a man is the greatest hypocrite of all animals, save one)—Raikes jumped up and gave a "Hurrah!" which he suddenly checked when his wife asked, with a death-like calmness, "And pray, sir, have you been betting upon the race, that you are so excited?"

"Oh no, my love; of course not. But you know it's a Yorkshire horse, and I—I'm glad it wins; that's all," Raikes said; in which statement there was not, I am sorry to say, a word of truth.

Raikes wasn't a betting man any more. He had forsworn it: he would never bet again. But he had just, in the course of the day, taken the odds in *one* little bet; and he had just

happened to win. When his wife charged him with the crime, he was about to avow it. "But no," he thought; "it will be a surprise for her. I will buy her the necklace she scolded me about at Lacy and Gimcrack's: it's just the sum. She has been sulky all day. It's about that she is sulky now. I'll go and have another shy at the sticks." And he went away, delighting himself with this notion, and with the idea that at last he could satisfy his adorable little Zuleika.

As Raikes passed Mrs. Somerset Montmorency's brougham, Zuleika remarked how that lady beckoned to him, and how Raikes went up to her. Though he did not remain by the carriage two minutes, Zuleika was ready to take an affidavit that he was there for half an hour; and was saluted by a satanical grin from Vincent, who by this time had returned to her carriage side, and was humming a French tune, which says that "*on revient toujours à ses premi-è-res amours, à se-es premières amours.*"

"What is that you are singing? How dare you sing that!" cried Lady Raikes, with tears in her eyes.

"It's an old song—you used to sing it," said Mr. Vincent. "By the way, I congratulate you. Your husband has won six hundred pounds. I heard Betterton say so, who gave him the odds."

"He is a wretch! He gave me his word of honour that he didn't bet. He is a gambler—he'll ruin his child! He neglects his wife for that—that creature! He calls her Lord Crick—crick—ipplegate," sobbed her ladyship. "Why did I marry him?"

"Why, indeed!" said Mr. Vincent.

As the two were talking, Dolly Trotter, her ladyship's brother, came up to the carriage; at which, with a scowl on his wicked countenance, and indulging inwardly in language which I am very glad not to be called upon to report, Vincent

retired, biting his nails, like a traitor, and exhibiting every sign of ill-humour which the villain of a novel or of a play is wont to betray.

"Don't have that fellow about you, Zuly," Dolly said to his darling sister. "He is a bad one. He's no principle: he—he's a gambler, and everything that's bad.

"I know others who are gamblers," cried out Zuleika. "I know others who are everything that's bad, Adolphus," Lady Raikes exclaimed.

"For Heaven's sake, what do you mean?" said Adolphus, becoming red and looking very much frightened.

"I mean my husband," gasped the lady. "I shall go home to papa. I shall take my dear little blessed babe with me and go to papa, Adolphus. And if you had the spirit of a man, you would—you would avenge me, that you would."

"Against Joe!" said the heavy dragoon; "against Joe, Zuly? Why, hang me if Joe isn't the greatest twump in Chwistendom. By Jove he is!" said the big one, shaking his fist; "and if that scoundwel, Vincent, or any other wascal, has said a word against him, by Jove ——"

"Pray stop your horrid oaths and vulgar threats, Adolphus," her ladyship said.

"I don't know what it is,—you've got something against Joe. Something has put you against him; and if it's Vincent, I'll wring his ——"

"Mercy! mercy! Pray cease this language," Lady Raikes said.

"You don't know what a good fellow Joe is," said the dragoon. "The best twump in England, as *I've* weason to say, sister: and here he comes with the horses. God bless the old boy!"

With this, honest Sir Joseph Raikes took his seat in his carriage; and tried, by artless blandishments, by humility, and by

simple conversation, to coax his wife into good humour: but all his efforts were unavailing. She would not speak a word during the journey to London; and when she reached home, rushed up to the nursery and instantly burst into tears upon the sleeping little Adolphus's pink and lace cradle.

"It's all about that necklace, Mrs. Prince," the good-natured Baronet explained to the nurse of the son and heir. "I know it's about the necklace. She rowed me about it all the way down to Epsom; and I can't give it her now, that's flat. I've *no* money. I *won't* go tick, that's flat: and she ought to be contented with what she has had; oughtn't she now, Prince?"

"Indeed she ought, Sir Joseph; and you're an angel of a man, Sir Joseph; and so I often tell my lady, Sir Joseph," the nurse said; "and the more you will spile her, the more she will take on, Sir Joseph."

But if Lady Raikes was angry at not having the necklace, what must have been her ladyship's feelings when she saw in the box opposite to her at the Opera, Mrs. Somerset Montmorency, with that very necklace on her shoulders for which she had pined in vain! How she got it? Who gave it her? How she came by the money to buy such a trinket? How she dared to drive about at all in the Park, the audacious wretch! All these were questions which the infuriate Zuleika put to herself, her confidential maid, her child's nurse, and two or three of her particular friends; and of course she determined that there was but one clue to the mystery of the necklace, which was that her husband had purchased it with the six hundred pounds which he had won at the Derby, which he had denied having won even to her, which he had spent in this shameful manner. Nothing would suit her but a return home to her papa—nothing would satisfy her but a separation from the criminal who had betrayed her. She wept floods of tears over her neglected boy, and repeatedly asked that as yet speechless in-

nocent, whether he would remember his mother when her place was filled by another, and whether her little Adolphus would take care that no insult was offered to her untimely grave?

The row at home at length grew so unbearable that Sir Joseph Raikes, who had never had an explanation since his marriage, and had given into all his wife's caprices—that Sir Joseph, we say, even with his 'eavenly temper, he broke out into a passion; and one day after dinner, at which only his brother-in-law Dolly was present, told his wife that her tyranny was intolerable, and that it must come to an end.

Dolly said he was "quite wight," and backed up Raikes in every way.

Zuleika said they were a pair of brutes, and that she desired to return to Sir Ajax.

"Why, what the devil is urging you?" cried the husband; "you drive me mad, Zuleika."

"Yes; what are you at, Zuleika? You dwive him cwazy," said the brother.

Upon which Zuleika broke out. She briefly stated that her husband was a liar; that he was a gambler; that he had deceived her about betting at Epsom, and had given his word to a lie; that he had deceived her about that—that woman,—and given his word to another lie; and that, with the fruits of his gambling transactions at Epsom, he had purchased the diamond necklace, not for her, but for that—that person! That was all—that was enough. Let her go home and die in Baker Street, in the room which, she prayed Heaven, she never had quitted! That was her charge. If Sir Joseph Raikes had any thing to say he had better say it.

Sir Joseph Raikes said, that she had the most confounded jealous temper that ever a woman was cursed with; that he had been on his knees to her ever since his marriage, and had spent half his income in administering to her caprices and extrava-

gancies ; that as for these charges they were so monstrous he should not condescend to answer them ; and as she chose to leave her husband and her child, she might go whenever she liked.

Lady Raikes upon this rang the bell, and requested Hickson the butler to tell Dickson her maid to bring down her bonnet and shawl ; and when Hickson quitted the dining-room Dolly Trotter, began.

" Zuleika," said he, " you are enough to twy the patience of an angel ; and, by Jove, you do ! You've got the best fellow for a husband (a sneer from Zuleika) that ever was bullied by a woman, and you tweek him like a dawg. When you were ill, you used to make him get up of a night to go to the doctor's. When you're well you plague his life out of him. He pays your milliner's bills as if you were a duchess, and you have but to ask for a thing and you get it."

" Oh, yes, I have necklaces !" said Zuleika.

" Confound you, Zuly ! hadn't he paid three hundwed and eighty for a new cawwiage for you the week before ? Hadn't he fitted your dwawing-woom with yellow satin at the beginning of the season ? Hadn't he bought you the pair of ponies you wanted, and gone without a hack himself, and he gettin' as fat as a porpoise for want of exercise, the poor old boy ? And for that necklace, do you know how it was that you didn't have it, and that you were very nearly having it, you ungwateful little devil you ? It was *I* prevented you ! He *did* win six hundwed at the Derby ; and he would have bought your necklace, but he gave me the money. The governor said he never would pay another play-debt again for me ; and bet I would, like a confounded, gweat, stooped fool : and it was this old Joe—this dear old twnmp—who booked up for me, and took me out of the hole, like the best fellow in the whole world, by Jove ! And—and I'll never bet again, so help me —— !

And that's why he couldn't tell—and that's why he wouldn't split on me—and that's why you didn't have your confounded necklace, which old Cwipplegate bought for Mrs. Montmowency, who's going to marry her, like a confounded fool for his pains!"

And here the dragoon being blown, took a large glass of claret; and when Hickson and Dickson came down stairs, they found her ladyship in rather a theatrical attitude, on her knees, embracing her husband's big hand, and calling down blessings upon him, and owning that she was a wretch, and a monster, and a fiend.

She was only a jealous, little spoiled fool of a woman; and I am sure those who read her history have never met with her like, or have ever plagued their husbands. Certainly they have not, if they are not married: as, let us hope, they will be.

As for Vincent, he persists in saying that the defence is a fib from beginning to end, and that the Trotters were agreed to deceive Lady Raikes. But who hasn't had his best actions misinterpreted by calumny? And what innocence or good will can disarm jealousy?



ON THE
PORTRAIT OF MISS LANE FOX.

O’ER the fair earth the glowing day is dying,
Twilight steals on ;
Through the lone wood the evening breeze is sighing,
With whisp’ring tone.

Beneath a tree, whose spreading boughs bend o’er her,
A lady dreams ;
Beauty is hers and youth, and life before her
All happy seems —

Fair as the tint her own soft cheek discloses,
Bright as her eyes,
Radiant and sweet as are the summer roses,
Whose tender dyes

Glow ’neath her hand. Oh, may those dreams of gladness,
As sunshine bright,
Be truthful ; nor may grief, nor care, nor sadness,
Shadow their light.

Or if on earth, the mortal doom fulfilling,
Some tears must flow,
May Heaven bestow a lowly spirit, willing
To bear the blow.

Thus shall she pass through trial, pain, and sorrow,
Beyond that bourne
Where blessed spirits find a glorious morrow,
No more to mourn.

P*.

THE PEARL OF BYZANTIUM.

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE TRADUCED," "RUINS OF MANY LANDS," ETC.

THE Ottoman Turks had not yet shouted, "God is great!" on the shores of the Thracian Bosphorus, where the city of Constantine mirrors its beauty on the blue waters of the Golden Horn; more—Othman and his warrior shepherds of Bithynia were yet to be; the Prophet of Mecca was even unborn: for it was the year of our Lord 895. Constantinople was scarcely a century old, and its churches and numerous palaces looked fresh and pure in that lucid atmosphere. The walls had not yet been battered by the Vandals, Persians, and Saracens, and rose, crowned with towers, in majestic strength; trade had not begun to decline; from the Euxine to the Hellespont the ships of the Greek merchant dotted the winding waters; pleasure, too, had not given place to fear, want, and bloodshed; the circus and theatre daily entertained the vivacious inhabitants; the chariot of the patrician dashed along the romantic shores of the Propontis, and the gilded barge might have been seen constantly crossing to the Asiatic side, freighted with pleasure-parties, who announced their intent and expressed their happiness by a display of silken streamers, and the sounding of musical instruments.

Theodosius was dead, and his son Arcadius, a youth of eighteen, now swayed the destinies of the Eastern Empire. The reign of Arcadius was not fertile in events; and the incident we are about to relate has been recorded by the chroniclers of the period, and forms a little episode in his brief history.

The young monarch had retired to a private room of the royal palace. With a flushed brow and an angry eye he was walking to and fro, and every now and then he would stop at the half-opened window, which commanded a view of the sea of Marmora and the Asiatic shore; yet it appeared evident that his design was not to scan the beautiful prospect, but merely in the sea-breeze to cool his burning temples, and, by pausing, to think more collectedly, and gain firmness.

"My prince," said a man, in a low voice, standing near the door of the apartment, "let this matter be settled; hesitate no longer; affix your seal to the proclamation that the nuptials are to be celebrated on the day I name. Marry her, my prince, forthwith; suffer no doubt to disturb your mind; you will be happy with my child."

Such a speech from a subject may require explanation. The man was the Emperor's counsellor, or first minister, being styled Prefect of the East. The character of this person, whose name was Rufinus, has been drawn in black colours by Claudian. Sufficiently arrogant in the reign of Theodosius, his conduct was overbearing and atrocious in that of his son, and he treated the young Emperor rather as his pupil and servant than his lawful sovereign. Arcadius wanted firmness and hardihood to oppose the rebellious and aspiring prefect; he struggled in a net and could not extricate himself. On the present occasion, however, he dared to exhibit some independence of will, for he was determined not to be forced into marriage against his inclination. This marriage, he well knew, Rufinus promoted, not from any regard to his monarch's happiness, but

merely to advance his own ambitious views, for the lady proposed as the future Empress of the East was his own daughter.

"I tell you," said Arcadius, turning from the window, "my resolution is taken; I am too young. I cannot," he stammered, "I will not marry yet."

A frown gathered on the brow of the Emperor's counsellor.

"But it is my—the nation's wish, that you should marry; delays, my prince, are ever fraught with disasters and disappointments. Come, you do dishonour to the character of a lover, who should not be anxious to put off, but to hasten the approach of the marriage-hour. Why, my prince, your gallantry is at stake," added Rufinus, with an awkward attempt at facetiousness.

"I will not marry!" said Arcadius, with greater decision in his manner.

"Then, to be plain with you, I declare at once that you shall be guided by my counsel; ay, by my will. The nuptials shall be consummated in a week from this time."

"Do not proceed too far: I wear a crown!"

A contemptuous smile was visible on the face of the bold prefect.

"Yes, I grant thou dost wear a crown; but who has power to uncrown thee?—The army. And whose influence sways that army? Mine; I tell thee, mine! Monarch of the East, beware!"

"Presumptuous man, leave me! You dared not have spoken thus to my father; but he is in heaven. Go! I would be alone."

"I obey; but ponder on my words:—Marry my child, and a brilliant reign and happiness shall be yours—refuse, and look to your throne! The army—the army is the real head of this country, as it is the disposer of the crown you wear."

The prefect quitted the room, and Arcadius, for a few

minutes, stood motionless as a statue. He knew the man's power, and that the position he himself held depended in a great measure on the good will of the army; for at Constantinople, as well as at Rome, demoralisation and corruption had commenced in the ranks of the military. The heart of the young monarch sank within him, and his features expressed a perplexity and a misery beyond the power of utterance.

"I hate her," he whispered; "loathe her from my soul: yet, as strong as my feelings of aversion are for the daughter of this Rufinus, so strong is my love for the obscure and unfriended one. To thee, Eudoxia, I turn—my pearl, the bright star of my destiny! I cannot, I cannot live without thee!"

He went down over the hills of Thrace, the mellow, rounded sun, shorn of his day-brilliance, like an immense ball of amber: the cupolas of the churches, and the marble-fronted palaces erected on the seven hills, glowed with tints of softened gold, corresponding to the woody tops of the Thracian mountains which rose in the back-ground, though far away. The Bosphorus could be traced between its winding and flowery shores nearly to the spot where it joins the Euxine, and, dyed with the soft, rich light, it resembled an immense serpent sleeping in some luxuriant garden covered with rose-leaves. Countless vessels lay at rest in the Golden Horn, the shadows of their tall masts being cast eastwards. The mountains on the Asiatic shore were gradually assuming a dusky hue; and in the Christian convents which had succeeded to the Pagan temples, in the little town of Chrysopolis (the modern Scutari), the bells were ringing, summoning the monks to their evening devotions. Far to the south the eye rested on the broad expanse of the sea of Marmora, where, unobstructed, the purple light lay in long lines on the heaving waters, like radiant paths for the

Nereids and viewless spirits of ocean to glide along, as, warned by coming evening, they might feel disposed to retire to their coral caverns on the shore. The green islets were faintly discovered, like emeralds, surrounded by topazes ; but the Hellespont, with its ruined temples lining the coast, and the plains of Troy, were just beyond the power of vision to reach. Fancy only hovered there ; and the soul, beguiled by the traditions and the immortal memories which haunt those classic regions, seemed to fly away and lose herself in dreams of departed time.

“ See Naples and die ! ” says the Italian ; but the bay made sublime by flaming Vesuvius, and beautiful by soft Parthenope, must yield in the romantic, picturesque, and luxurious, to the waters and shores which were then owned by the Greek, and are now ill-appreciated and trampled on by the worshippers of the Prophet of Mecca.

At the date of our narrative a small house stood on an eminence within the city walls, not far from the spot where the huge mass of buildings, the Turkish seraglio, is now situated. It overlooked the prospect which we have been attempting to describe. Here lived Bauto, a Frankish soldier, who had fought in the service of the late Emperor ; some chroniclers speak of his death as having happened a short time prior to this period, but others state that he was living when his beautiful daughter captivated the Emperor of the East, and the latter account, in the exercise of our office, we consider ourselves at liberty to follow.

Eudoxia was the name of the maiden alluded to ; she has been described as surpassingly lovely, and, sooth to say, she merited the name bestowed upon her—“ the Pearl of Byzantium.” Of Frankish origin, and born beyond the Alps, the style of her beauty was of a more quiet, pure, and delicate description than that which ordinarily characterised the Greek

or Roman lady; her complexion was dazzlingly fair, and her eyes of hazel had a softened brilliancy not frequently possessed by the black or azure; her abundant, rich brown hair, was gathered behind her head, being confined by a coil of gold network; her features, without being insipid, were classically regular, having that expression of gentleness associated with depth of feeling which, often beyond the expression of the higher qualities of mind, wins the heart.

Eudoxia had been sitting at her window looking at the magnificent picture spread beneath her, and as the hues from the setting sun faded gradually from the landscape and the bosom of the waters, her own cheek, as if by sympathy, grew pale. A step approached, and her father stood beside her.

"I have news to tell thee, child, and which thou must hear sooner or later. So, you do not heed me? Well, I thought news always delightful to a woman's ear."

Eudoxia smiled faintly, but did not speak.

"I have to tell thee something about our young Emperor."

The girl started, and her face suddenly became animated.

"Poor child, I pity thee—I can feel for thee. I am not much of a philosopher myself, but it behoves thee at least to be one now. Thou hast been harbouring a phantom in thy love for this Arcadius, and now it must vanish into air. But, up! cheer thee, my child!—I know thou art not ambitious to be called a queen; conquer this weakness; the world contains other worthy men, capable of making a woman happy."

"But no other for me!—no other for me!" said Eudoxia, fervently. "Yet tell me your news—let me know the worst."

"Rufinus has prevailed—the proclamation is made—the nuptials of his daughter and the Emperor are appointed to take place in a few days."

Eudoxia offered no remark, but turned slowly from her

father as though she would conceal her emotion. As she stooped in her seat, her head drooped lower and lower, yet no burst of tears or wild paroxysm of sorrow announced what her ardent and loving nature felt; womanly pride and instinctive bashfulness would veil her misery. Yet it was written too legibly on her pale cheek and painfully contracted brow; and as the father perceived how strong the ill-starred affection of his child must be, his heart bled within him. But the veteran glanced quickly around, for he heard a step enter the room. The intruder was wrapped in a mantle commonly worn by men of the patrician order, and when he removed it his appearance was only that of an officer about the court. He was a handsome young man, slightly made, and had a dignified, though not a very commanding air.

"This honour, Emperor, is unexpected," said the old centurion, bending one knee in token of fealty. "After the announcement made in Constantinople that the Emperor would shortly take to himself a queen, I did not imagine my poor roof would attract him again."

"Nay, Bauto, it has greater attractions than ever."

"I do not understand, my prince."

"In plain words, then, as thou art a plain, honest soldier, I assure thee my affection for Eudoxia grows with my years, and gains strength every time I behold her."

"Nay, forgive thy servant, but this cannot be. I will fight for thee as I fought for thy royal father, but I cannot tarnish my name; for my daughter's reputation is my own. Thou art lawfully to wed another; thou canst not then love my child. Monarch! dismiss us from thy favour—take our lives: but, oh, leave us our honour!"

Arcadius could enter into the feelings of the upright soldier, and appreciate the jealousy with which he would guard an unblemished name.

"I will not injure a hair of thy head, noble, brave old man ! I will never be the means of casting one shade of ill or disgrace on thee or thine. Thy honour shall be as sacred to me as my own."

"Thou dost speak well. Now, indeed, art thou a worthy successor of Theodosius, the great and good—the father of his people."

"Bear with me, then, Bauto ; make allowances for the perplexing situation in which I am placed. State affairs and the intrigues of the powerful urge me to contract an alliance—to you I scruple not to avow it—an alliance most repugnant to me. I may give my hand to another, but my hopes remain beneath your roof—my heart is Eudoxia's."

"I must feel flattered by this preference for my child," said the veteran ; "but the world is slow in making excuses, and ready in passing its censures. The advice I would humbly proffer—nay, the prayer I would put up, is—that you calmly and quietly take leave of Eudoxia ; that neither of you hold communication again with the other ; and that the past be entirely forgotten."

The girl looked at the window, as if intently surveying the prospect without ; shades were gathering slowly over the Bosphorus, and the moon was just lifting its round yellow disk above the Asiatic hills ; the softened light fell on her cheek—something sparkled there, but she did not know it, until the tear, becoming too heavy, rolled down and dropped on her hand. Woman's heart beat the same a thousand years ago as it beats to-day, rising rebellious, and waging war against the mind. The soul said to Eudoxia, "Part with thy lover ;" the heart cried, "Do not resign him : " so, in that fair bosom, the same conflict went on between duty and inclination, as, age after age, in a million breasts has awoken antagonistic feelings, and steeped the spirit in misery.

"You impose on me a hard task," said Arcadius; "yet it may easily, perhaps, be performed by Eudoxia."

She cast on him as he spoke a reproachful look, yet so full of tenderness that he felt he did wrong to her affection.

"Nay, I will believe, I will cling to the hope, that you are not altogether indifferent to me, and the belief that you will think of me sometimes—no, then my anguish would be doubly increased —— Thou villain!" he cried abruptly, "thou black plotter, Rufinus! of what a treasure hast thou robbed me!"

"Come, Emperor," said the old soldier, "the sooner this scene is got through the better it will be for both parties. Now, say farewell to each other—there, Eudoxia, take leave of the noble and honourable son of my late august master. You are divided by circumstances which neither of you can control; and remember, henceforth you will be strangers—you must not, whatever happen, meet again."

As Arcadius advanced to the maiden, his heart was so full that he was unable to address to her a word. She leant on his shoulder, and hid her face there; a slight sob, a deeper one followed, and then came a flood of tears: yet this was only for a moment; the pride of woman struggled hard with the soft weakness which is also woman's dower; she drew herself from his embrace, and saying faintly one more adieu, hurried into an adjoining chamber. The young Emperor, wrapping himself in the cloak which had been his disguise, quitted the house, and, sunk in deep thought, bent his way to the royal palace.

The morning fixed for the celebration of the nuptials of Arcadius and the daughter of Rufinus had arrived. The aspiring and crafty prefect resolved to give to the event as much notoriety and splendour as possible. Now were his long-cherished dreams of ambition to be realized; now, indeed, was he to be allied to royalty—to become the father of an empress. So completely did he take upon himself the management of the affair, that

everything appeared to be ordered by him, from the hymeneal procession, from the entertainments to be given to the public, even to the jewels and splendid dress to be worn by his daughter. Yes, he was obeyed while he was hated, and feared while he was secretly ridiculed.

In the house of the old Frank officer a profound quiet prevailed; the father did all he could to cheer his daughter, and reconcile her to the course of events. They were in a room which overlooked some of the principal streets of the city; for the house, as we have elsewhere observed, was situated on an eminence. The daughter of a relative, named Promotus, was present, and the younger girl, full of curiosity and vivacity, took her station at the window in order to watch the procession, which, it was understood, would proceed to the mansion of Rufinus, there to claim the bride, and bear her in splendour to the palace of the Emperor. The fair watcher from time to time reported what she saw to the inmates of the room. Bauto only felt anxious for the sake of Eudoxia, since it might have been expected that her feelings would be deeply harrowed by an event depriving her, for ever, of one for whom she had conceived such an unfortunate attachment.

The procession, in which, according to a singular ceremony then observed, were borne aloft the royal diadem, robes, and other insignia of the future empress, now approached, for the house of the prefect was near that of Bauto; the instruments of music could be distinctly heard; but one image was present to the mind of the disconsolate Eudoxia—the image of her fortunate rival; yet her heart harboured no jealousy, no bitterness, against the daughter of Rufinus, and she loved Arcadius too sincerely not to wish him happiness with his bride.

The music sounded nearer; the procession halted a moment at the foot of the hill on which Bauto's house stood; strange to say, it did not proceed to the palace of the elated prefect, but

probably, by mistake, began to ascend the orange-walk leading to the old soldier's habitation. Loud sounded the joyous instruments at the door, and presently the Grand Chamberlain,* who conducted the procession, stepped forward, and respectfully demanded admission into the house of the centurion.

Bauto's first sensation was astonishment; but, knowing the evil mind and baseness of Rufinus, he speedily concluded that this visit was intended as an insult to himself and daughter. But the good Chamberlain soon convinced him of the contrary; then Bauto suggested that the procession had committed a mistake, and ought to have proceeded to the north side of the hill, where the palace of Rufinus stood: the Chamberlain assured him they were quite right, acting in accordance with the royal command.

"This is most extraordinary!" exclaimed the old man. "Now, Eudoxia, my dear timid child, do not let thy little heart flutter so with fear; the Emperor is too good to intend thee or me any injury. Dost thou come to accuse us of any treasonable action, good Chamberlain? if so, thou hast lent thine ear to some most false and wicked story, for we are good subjects, and faithful to the Emperor."

Smiles covered the benevolent-looking face of the stout old Chamberlain.

"Brave soldier! we accuse thee of nothing; thou hast no enemies save the enemies of our country, and they have cause enough to dread and hate thee for thy valour. But know, O Bauto! that our monarch has had a conference with the nobles and all the officers of the army now in Constantinople, thou alone excepted; and they have unanimously declared him free to act as he may deem proper, with regard to choosing a partner for his throne. I have been instructed to keep this matter

* The name of this Chamberlain was Eutropius. *Vide* Gibbon, chap. xxix.

until now a profound secret from thee, from the populace, and from Rufinus."

"Yes, that we might give thee, Bauto, a little innocent surprise," said the young Emperor himself, stepping from beneath a silken canopy, for, under the peculiar circumstances, he had departed from the usual custom, and joined the procession; "and that we might show thee, too, Rufinus, that it is scarcely fitting the monarch should be the servant of the minister, and that we are not so lacking in wit as not for once to foil thee with thy own weapon—deceit: ay, we have deceived thee, man, in permitting thee to suppose our hymeneal party was bound for thy house—its destination is here. Thou wert arrogant to my father, and thou hast long enough opposed me; go, not to pine in prison, but to hang thy head in disgrace: thou art deprived of thy office; thou art no more the Prefect of Constantinople, nor a counsellor to our throne!"

"Long live the Emperor!" shouted the people; and the military officers present waved their swords in the air, in attestation of approval and delight, for every one hated Rufinus. Bauto meantime had sunk on one knee.

"Rise, soldier of the West! no humiliation," continued Arcadius; "thy long services, thy fidelity, and abilities, entitle thee to something more than the pension of an invalided centurion: be thou henceforth our counsellor in place of Rufinus, and stand about our throne. Yet know, this post is not given thee as a price for thy daughter; I renounce my claim, my hope, my desire of making her my queen, if she have the slightest scruple or reluctance to render me happy. Now, go thou in and consult with thy child."

Need we add that the blushing Eudoxia, "the Pearl of Byzantium," soon appeared, led forward by her father? But a veil concealed her features, and hung even to her feet. Half fainting, half weeping, yet with a heart palpitating with joy, she

suffered herself to be placed, as was usual on these occasions, in the royal litter; then the hymeneal procession moved down the hill, and proceeded towards the palace of the Cæsars, the musical instruments playing doubly sweet, the people waving myrtle branches and scattering flowers, and the soldiery shouting—"Long life to our Emperor Arcadius, and his Empress Eudoxia!" That day and the week following were memorable in the civic annals of Constantinople; there had been no such feasting—no such rowing of gilded barges up and down the Bosphorus; in short, no such general abandonment to happiness, since the city had stood on her seven hills, the rival of Eternal Rome.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. W. P. O'NEILL.

THE harp I woke for thee
 Hath lost a chord since then,
 But yet its melody—
 Like household hymns at sea —
 Hath still a power to pierce the souls of men,
 And vibrate on the hidden chords and deep,
 Which *seem* all tuneless,—but they only sleep !

They sleep beneath the weight
 Of worldly toil and strife,
 Until a touch — a tone —
 Of music early known,
 Recalls them back—back tremblingly to life !
 'Tis thus my strains will set thy spirit free
 From worldly coils, and bear it back to me !

OH, BURY ME IN THE COUNTRY!

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

Oh, bury me in the country,
And let the wild flowers grow
Above my dark and narrow bed,
Because I love them so!
Where the sweet wild flowers do grow,
And the blessed sun doth shine,
Oh, bury me in the country—
In the country—mother mine!

Oh, bury me in the country,
And let the long grass wave,
With a faint music, to and fro,
O'er my still and lowly grave;
Where to and fro the green grass waves,
And the little birds sing clear;
Oh, bury me in the country—
In the country—mother dear!

Oh, bury me in the country,
Where my little brother lies;
In the green churchyard far away,
'Neath the blue and sunny skies;
Where flowers spring, and the wild birds sing,
Over my baby brother;
Oh, bury me in the country—
In the country—do, sweet mother!

A CITY SIGHT.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

IN this locomotive age it is difficult to "catch" an intelligent "country cousin" fresh from the wilds of wood or heath, and ignorant of our mighty Babel and its manifold wonders. Even the cultivated foreigner is not complete until he has visited the emporium of commerce, rolled through the endless mazes of its thoroughfares, been a guest at its palaces, examined its charities, criticised its theatres and its art galleries, eaten at its clubs, been domiciled at its hotels, and last, not least, been admitted to some of the arcana of its storehouses, and the not less real wealth which is expressed by the magic of figures and the seeming conjurations on "'Change." Of course he has been whirled by an express-train to Manchester, to look at a cotton-mill; changed engines at Birmingham or Sheffield, and bought a penknife as a memento; and made a day's excursion to Portsmouth to gratify his curiosity there. From far and near they come: the Turk, with his "Frank" body-garments, but picturesque tabooshe, and who now-a-days goes to evening parties and dances the polka; the large-brained German, own cousin to ourselves; the quick-witted Frenchman; the Russian—when he can get leave; and the American, who never asks leave of anybody for anything, who goes to the world's school early, and crowds the experience of a man into the years of a boy. In short, the man of leisure *and* intelligence has been everywhere, and has seen everything.

Yet if one could fall in with an eager and yet unhacknied stranger, whose theoretic notions and mental resources were large, but personal experience of great cities was small, it would not be to the outward and apparent splendours of London that we should chiefly care to lead him. Vivid descriptions and pictorial representations must have given him a tolerably correct notion of the scenes of fashion and luxury, taking the latter word in no evil sense, but considering it the representative of the delights which money may command, including the delights of mind and taste. But we would lead him up our River, and show him our shipping at anchor, our dockyards, and the wharves and warehouses which broadly fringe the stream ; our noble bridges, with their ceaseless living tide that only ebbs in the silence of night ; and would point out the countless, busy throng, whom no change of season, nor attraction of pleasure, nor even the awful visitation of pestilence, perceptibly thins. The merchant-princes and their gentlemanly *employés* emerging from dingy counting-houses—meeting friends and business connexions at the street corners, and transacting weighty affairs in twenty seconds, or by the help of twenty words ; yet not too busy for a friendly shake of the hand, an allusion to “The Times” leader, and a laugh at the last “Punch,” all by a true chronometer—and the watches of your city men are the truest in the world—in a minute and a half. These are the heads that govern ; while round about, here, there, everywhere, are the hands that work. Porters, that look like living Samsons but fear no Philistines ; packers, whose practised ingenuity is only rivalled by the rapidity of their movements ; and amphibious creatures, whose element seems as much the river as the shore, so multifarious are their duties. Even the waggon-horses, as they stoop their heads to draw their load, and clatter their hoofs on the stones, seem to possess a semi-consciousness of their own importance—a dim perception of the dignity of Labour ; and

the sharp little dogs which trot along the moving carts, or on their piled-up bales, or peer from the portcullis-like openings of the many-storeyed warehouses, seem by their restless activity and shrill bark to typify the thousands who have their small but appointed tasks to fulfil.

Among all the mercantile relations which we instinctively connect with the City of London, surely there is not one so suggestive of thoughtful and even philosophical associations as the traffic in that article of which, if use have not brought contempt, it has certainly dulled the curiosity, admiration, and wonderment, which every block of Coal might well suggest to the reflective mind. What are the golden treasures, the silken broderies, the pungent spices, the delicious fruits, the delicate wines, which crowd our storehouses, compared with the thousands of tons of that mineral which we value—technically speaking—but to consume; yet from whose ashes there ever rises some great and beautiful result!

Imagine, if you can, a Coalless world—or England without Coals. What weary woe—what abject want! All the powers to which Steam gives what seems like a galvanic life dead, inert, or feebly moved, as the scarce, costly, wood fuel performed its poor service. But no; even this would not be, for fuel would become more precious than food, and again, as in the world's darker histories, the muscles of man, or the strength of a few trained brutes, would be the sole poor servants of his brain. The teeming looms which now clothe the world would rest silent, and rot in their inactivity; no longer would the mighty steam-ships cut their way through adverse winds and battle with the rebel waves, but sails and planks be again their abject subjects; no longer, with a fleetness surpassing that of the race-horse, could absent friends be brought together; no longer, by the same power, could the great purposes of commerce be fulfilled, and by rapid transit and cheap conveyance, the

humanising comforts of life be distributed to the comparatively poor and humble ; no longer would our streets know not night, and the broad glare of the betraying gas chase evil-doers from its precincts ; and, perhaps worse than all, no longer could the steam-press, like a beneficent power, send broad sheets at miracle prices to the farthest corners of the globe, diffusing the light of knowledge and the regenerating seeds which it makes to fructify.

In the days when Coal was little known and less used, England was thinly populated, instead of crowding her many millions together with all their crowding, struggling wants ; and this truth remembered is an answer to any thoughtless objection that a people did once exist, unconscious of the giant's power which lay in prisoned steam — unconscious of the slumbering wealth which had lain unheeded far beneath the tramping feet of countless generations. But Now, in this great Present, this very middle arch which we—children of a grand transition period—are building in the mighty bridge of the nineteenth century, there looms upon us a coherent vision of the great purposes of Coal, and the destinies of a nation to which it may lead. And so have all thinking people grown to track with no common interest the circumstances connected with it, from the moment when axe rives, or powder blasts, the ebon mass in the dark mine, disturbing it from the hidden crucible in which Nature has performed her alchemy, to the hour when it sheds warmth in our biting January weather, obeying our light blow, and at our bidding sending up the bright flame, or gleaming with a fiercer and yet more lasting glow.

This is not the place—and were it, the record would fill a volume—in which to relate a grave history that is accessible from many channels to all who seek the information ; nothing is attempted but a glance, a suggestion, that may wake up the train of associations appropriate to the annexed representation.

Associations commencing with that antediluvian period when a ranker and more profuse vegetation than any intertropical growth now known *must* have prevailed in Northern Europe; when the loaded carbonaceous air was not to be respired by bird or beast, and the huge forests of strange trees and fern and fungus undergrowth knew no sound from living throat to break the deathlike silence, or make musical the eternal solitude. Perhaps—for who can say nay?—the different atmosphere had different powers of reverberation from any we can imagine, and as from time to time huge branches—themselves large as our largest trees—interlaced and creaked in their embraces; or the monster stems from decay, or some other natural causes, fell ponderously to the earth, their crushing, crashing sound, was something weird and strange, unfit for human ears or human senses to encounter. Then came the wild convulsions, of which we can only dream and conjecture; and next the long slumbrous period of unguessed Ages, during which the transmutation was going on; then the dark scenes in the dark mine, with its saddest episode of all—the dull, stupifying labour of the little child.

Lifted to the surface of the earth, with the light of heaven shining for the first time on the black glistening masses, our thoughts follow them to the heavy, sturdy colliers, and to the charge of their swarthy crew. Then the coasting-vessels dipping to the light breeze, and swiftly skimming along the sunny summer seas, or battling with the storm and daring its fury, reach their destination at last; and their precious cargoes examined, tested, and a nominal value established according as abundance or scarcity rules the market, they wait, but not long, for the final purchaser, whose will shall make them—slaves of his bidding—direct the steam-engine, rise into the brilliant gas, or kindle to the cheerful cheering fire.

Is it not fit that the factors and merchants, whose time,



J. W. G. & A. E.

W. G. & A. E.

energies, minds, and wealth, are devoted to the great branch of commerce which we have indicated, should have an Exchange worthy of their own consequence? Yes; and it was a graceful, gracious acknowledgment of their importance, and of the dignity of the citizens of London, when His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and our beloved Queen's dear children, shed by their presence a new lustre on the Opening of the Coal Exchange. It is not our purpose to give an account of the state pageant of the 30th October, 1849, which made the day a merry holiday to the Londoners. The Prince's kind smile and gracious words are treasured in hundreds of hearts; and the feelings of the citizens on the young Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal being thus introduced to them, amounted to a rapturous fever-heat of loyalty. Yet we must briefly describe the building itself, whose completion gave occasion to the royal visit.

The façades of the Coal Exchange are simple, yet of an effective design, the fronts in Thames Street and St. Mary-at-Hill being each about one hundred and twelve feet in width, and about sixty-one in height; the windows of these handsome fronts giving light to the different counting-houses, the entrances of which are from the galleries of the Rotunda. The Rotunda itself forms a circle of sixty feet in diameter, the floor being composed of no less than four thousand pieces of wood, which are inlaid in the form of a mariner's compass. A number of curious specimens of wood are employed for this purpose, — black ebony, black oak, common and red English oak, walnut, mulberry, mahogany, American elm, &c. The effect is extremely beautiful; and the lovers of relics may be interested to know, that the dagger in the city arms is composed of a piece of mulberry wood taken from the tree planted at Deptford by Peter the Great; and that the black oak introduced is part of an old tree discovered in the bed of the Tyne, where it must have lain for centuries.

The Rotunda is lighted by a beautiful dome, rising seventy-four feet from the floor, and glazed with large thick panes of roughened plate glass,—a small upper dome, having a softened yellow tint. At convenient distances are three galleries leading to the different offices and merchants' rooms, the panellings being beautifully and appropriately decorated with representations of mines, mining instruments, fossils found in coal formations, and characteristic paintings too numerous for individual description. Among them are symbolical representations of the principal coal-bearing rivers of England. The railing of the galleries, composed of strong iron work, represents cordage. The circular tower, the base of which forms the entrance, is a hundred and nine feet high, and twenty-two feet in diameter at the lowest part, which contains the entrance vestibule. This tower enshrines the staircase, which, branching off at the first gallery, then assumes a spiral form as it rises to the other storeys.

There is a completeness, together with a fitness, about the Coal Exchange, not always to be observed in public buildings; and, we believe, there are few visitors who could walk through it, even in the most careless mood, without some kindling of those thoughts, and memories, and associations, which have been feebly shadowed forth in the foregoing pages.

